Caroloiades,

OR,

The Rebellion of Forty One.

In Ten Books.

A Heroick POEM.

Virg. *Encid.* Lib. 2.

——quis talia fando
Mirmidonum, delapumve, aut duri Miles Ulyſſi
Temperet a lachrymis———

Licenſed, *May* 22. 1688.
R. *Midgley.*

LONDON,

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THE PREFACE.

WHoſoever has Inſpected the Hiſtory of that Unhappy War which commenc'd in the time of King *Charles the Firſt*, will grant that its wonderfull and various events adminſter as much Subject for a Poem of this Nature as has been Grounded on former Story: However deplorable the diſparity may be as to our Hiſtorical facts and revolutions, in regard that theſe, from their horrid effects and contrivance, appear leſs credible then true, and propably ſhall have no future Parallel.

That the Character of that Sovereign, which gives a Denomination to this Poem, may with no leſs Magnitude (conſidering the Excellency and Grandeur of his Endowments) be as renown'd a figure for Heroick Poeſy, as any which *Homer* or *Virgill* have attributed to the Greateſt of their Heroes muſt be granted by all that are not Ignorant of their Nations Glory, or detractive from the Fame of that Incomparable King.

I ſhall not preſume to adorn my Preface by diſplaying the eſpecial and various dignities of

Heroick Poesy which in my Case might savour of Ostentation, or not unlike an Architect that should endeavour to applaud some high performance of his Science to Insinuate his own desert in a work of the same Intendment: Being rather desirous to referr my Reader to what the Judicious have Celebrately expres'd, in reference to this extraordinary sort of Poesy, without giving it any other Panygerick from my Pen. However I stand oblig'd so far to Vindicate my undertaking as to shew that it is duly grounded and concenters with such requisites of Invention as have been allowably conceded to perfect an Epique composition.

That this structure has been from the Pens of the most famous Authors, rais'd on some known Historical Truth, as the Basis or fond of such a Poem, is evident from what the first Grandees or Guides of this Science have left to the World.

But if known story gave rise to their design, they rely'd upon the strength of Fiction, in order to the beautifying and compleating the Modell and shape of their contrivance: Not unlike the skillfull Sculpturist, that out of some rough Mass of Stone polisheth and forms his several figures suitable to the representation he Intends them.

True it is that known occurrences may something Agrandize a Poem, and the Readers esteem will be more pathetically moved by Transactions that are within the compass of Man's know-

ledge,

ledge, however enlarg'd by Poetical Licenſe, then what he adjudgeth to be totally Fabulous, being induc'd to accept, on that account, what could not without Intermixtures and ſupplements of the Muſes be elevately convey'd.

Nor did the moſt remarkable Poets otherwiſe deliver the eſſential part of Hiſtorical Verity, then accompany'd with Notions whereby they rectify'd the will or practical conduct of the Mind, by improving Moralities to the moſt uſefull and exemplary Comprehenſion: By which gloſs and varniſh of Imagination ſtory was acceptably render'd, that otherwiſe had been reſtrained by too narrowly Circumſcribing the ſphere of Invention: and would be no leſs abſurd then to expect a Hiſtory inſtead of a Poem, and if it be ſimple the firſt it cannot deſerve the name of the latter.

Beſides, it is very Notorious, that few Hiſtorians compile all conſiderable deeds or events, whoſe buſineſs is to obſerve Publique and General occurrences, rather then the particular diſcovery of Perſonal concernments as they relate to Characters: Which ought to be the undertaking of the Poet who is Privileg'd to ſuppoſe what he Judgeth ſhould be emphatically declar'd if poſſibly Cohering or Aſſimilated to whatſoever might, by way of reſemblance, in any reſpect, be held Creditable; ſo that any Poetical Aſſertion, if thus Manag'd, muſt have a Legitimate Paſs-port from the Authority of the writer, and this may be Term'd

the History of the Poet, without which the vulgar or known cannot have to do with the Muses. Thus it appears that Narrations taken from the *Trojan* War did rather enlarge then confine the Pens of *Homer* and *Virgil*, to which they not only added the Embellishment of their Fiction, but Introduc'd what Characters they held proper to fill up and conspire with the Ornament and vigour of such as had their parts in the subject they treated.

Neither would they limit their Inventions to the Ethical distributions of things, as they Naturally result from humane Cogitation, but occasionally advanc'd the intellect of the Reader to the most sublime apprehension of such speculations as entertain'd with delight and wonder the contemplative faculty; and this they effected by grounding their Fictions on supernatural Causes and effects consonant to receiu'd Belief: Either as they represented Miracles and Spiritual appearances of good and bad Existencies, as also extraordinary Prodigies, Dreams, Magical Enchantments, Witchcrafts, and the like; that by an admirable Allegory did concurr and agree with the deeds and descriptions of Men.

And were this manner of Writing seperated from the most famous Poets their repute would fall to a far lower Orb of Esteem then the Monuments of their Ingenuity have defervedly Obtain'd; which shews us that they well understood the value of this sort of Invention, and how

how neceſſary it was to the Royalty of *Parnaſſus*.

Another ſupercilious Miſtake has been Improv'd by ſome from their affected ſuppoſition that a Heroick Poem cannot be produc'd, Conſonant to Chriſtianity, with that requiſite Latitude that was us'd by Poets of *Ethnick* perſuaſion.

To anſwer which conceit, whoſoever ſhall undertake to avow it, there is nothing more evident then that all Neceſſary uſe and Comprehenſion of Metaphor and Allegory relating to ſupernatural power exiſtencies and beings, is as much ours as it was Aſſiſtant to the Ancients, tho' redounding from their Largeſt Catalogues of Deities and Fictions.

And this was well perceiv'd by the late Judicious and Learned French Critique *Rapin* in his admirable reflections on this ſort of Poeſy, to whoſe exquiſite obſervations, not to inſert any remarks of Mine, I think fit to referr my Reader.

In the mean time, to come cloſer to my purpoſe by alledging ſuch Authorities as have the moſt undoubted Modern reception: I need but mention the Great *Taſſo*, and our famous *Spenſer*, by whoſe Poems, tho' the Productions of Latter Times, and agreable to Evangelical perſuaſion, it is very clear that neither as to Fiction or Allegory, they wanted any Neceſſary Ingredients or ſupplements, if compar'd with ſuch Poets who had been precedent to Chriſtian Belief. I ſhall not preſent my Reader with any Inſpections into the Poem of *Spenſer*, it being upon the matter wholly Allegory, and

therefore not ſo proper to the Application I intend.

But as for *Taſſo*, his Poem, tho' appertaining to Chriſtian Atchievements, and a Modern Story perfectly known to Chronology as any extant, is Intermix'd with as many Epiſods and ſpeculative Allegories as he could with any conveniency find room for in his *Godfrey* of *Bulloigne*: Where in his handling of that Hiſtory, we find that his Muſe is converſant with Good and Bad Angells, Miraculous Shapes, Predictions, Dreams, Fantoms, Magical Dialogues, Faſcinations, Flying in the Air, Obſcure conveyances of the perſons of Men by Diabolical contrivement, the ſtupendious opening of Trees, that ſeem'd to diſcloſe objects of wonderfull variety to entertain admiration by, rendring of his Characters more ſuperlatively obſervable, all which are the main body and deſign of his Poem. Yet this was never made his Crime, by what the moſt accurate Criticks have remark'd on him: perhaps they may have tax'd him for being exceſſive or tedious in his Narrations and deſcriptions of this high Import, but never charg'd on him to the diminution of his eſteem, or as an Illegitimate Licenſe, unbeſeeming a Poet. And this our famous *Ben. Johnſon*, well underſtood, whoſe mature Judgment gave as little room to extravagancies of the Brain as any that preceded him, by his introducing *Sylla*'s Ghoſt whereby to infuſe on the wicked Genius of *Cataline* a more Helliſh and Irreſiſtable Temptation to perfect his Impious deſign, which could

not

not have been ſo execrably Inſinuated by any other Method.

An Example that enough aſſures us that he approv'd the Allegorical part of Invention, and that it is as Legitimately ours, as it could be claim'd by any of the Ancients, when properly apply'd. I held it convenient to inſtance theſe particulars, that the Reader may not wonder if I have in ſome paſſages and fictions follow'd the example of ſo great a Poet, as well as others that famouſly preceded him in that manner of Contrivement.

It has been erroniouſly ſuppos'd by not a few, that are leſs knowing then Critical, whereby they render in their Judgments an Epique Poem more difficult to be accompliſh'd, that whatſoever is ſupernaturall, is therefore Incredible; not conſidering, that Fiction may imply an imaginary reſemblance of truth, in its remoteſt ſuppoſitions, when ally'd to the Conceptions and Tenents of Men: And thus *Medea* might be granted as much a Sorcereſs as the Witch of *Endor*: And *Niobe*, tho' but on the Credit of the Inventor, Poetically held by the decree of Heaven, Metamorphos'd into Marble, no leſs really effected, then the Transformation of *Lot's* Wife into a Pillar of Salt.

The only Author, I know of, that has totally relinquiſh'd Allegory, notwithſtanding he gives his Poem of *Gundibert* a Heroick Title, was the late Sr *William Davenant*, a perſon of no ordinary Ingenuity, however he thought fit to decline this

this manner of Writing, either because he would be singular in his way, or that he design'd to surpass others by producing of something that should be great, without being of kin to the Grandeur of former Presidents: But instead of perfecting what he intended, the deficiency of his structure was soon perceiv'd by the judicious.

And this appears, because that work of his is wholly diffus'd into sententious Moralities and Actions that have too constant a Tendency to the same Levell of thought, instead of a requisite Intermixture and Elevation of the Mind by entertaining of the spiritual or contemplative faculty.

I am far from making this Inference with any Intention to attract Applause to my self, or to lessen the fame of that Author, since as his Poem stands compos'd it has my value: And I well know, notwithstanding the derogations and severities of some, that it contains many exquisite and remote expressions, insomuch that I admire that his undertaking appears so well perform'd as I find it, however destitute of that refining of speculations and characters which has been the judicious and superlative Management of all that preceded him.

That the Introducing of Heroins was allways held an ornament to Heroique Poesy, is evident from the Constant usage and authority of the most Considerable Pens: And their reason I conceive was to Impress a Transcendent value on the splendors of Beauty when accompany'd with

with Grandeur of mind, and thereby more ſuitable to the devoirs of their Maſculine Admirers: which Celebrated inſtances are very frequently read in Poets of moſt repute, as is underſtood by every eye that is acquainted with their productions. And tho' the Examples are peculiar to ſome extraordinary Figures of Female greatneſs, yet not diſſentaneous to what has been verify'd from authentique Records, in which we may find not only the daring exploits of a *Joan of Orleans*, but the proweſs of Queens; witneſs that Gallant *Katherine*, Wife to our King *Henry the Sixth*; beſides many of every degree that for Martial renown are formerly regiſter'd.

This I judge may ſufficiently Apologize for what is related, or Character'd by me: eſpecially in that of *Flavira*, by whoſe Heroine Deſcription I would be underſtood to Include the Magnamities of other Noble & Generous perſonages that might otherwiſe deſerve their particular mention.

And he that has Inform'd himſelf of the Courageous Actions of ſome conſpicuous of that Sex, beſides others of lower Stations, relating to the unfortunate War I write of, will ſoon grant that their reſemblance may claim a ſignal room in this *Poem*.

The next thing that I am oblig'd to be accomptable for, is the Liberty I have us'd by repreſenting of Perſons by ſuch Nominations and deſcriptions as are not deriv'd from Hiſtorical certainty: And this method I take to be allow-

able

able by the practice of all that have Merited the Esteem of Epique Writers.

As for Proper Names, it must be Granted, if but for the advantage that is in the sound of words as they ought to run in Verse; that our English Tongue does not usually furnish us with such names as are proper for Poetry, as we may observe from every ordinary Argument and Dialogue, that has to do with the Muses, in which Authors Insert or Borrow such denominations of persons as are most suitable to their purpose, and none I believe can with any colour except against the same Liberty I have used here.

If we consider occurrences of whatsoever Magnitude, as they result from story, they cannot have Latitude enough, as they relate to things and persons, to embody or Capacitate a Poem of this Quality: In respect that no Truth can of it self compleat a Poetical Character, which would on those Terms, in its utmost extent tend to no more then the known sense and concernment of persons, whereby the due Consummating of their figures would be Impair'd, and which can be no way perfected but by the Artifice of Feigning in their behalf to render them more exact and compleat in themselves. A License undoubtedly conceded by all approv'd Criticks, in respect that Persons are deliver'd by that means rather as they ought to be represented then as they are found, or deduc'd from Historical Narrations: By which method the worthily Virtuous are advanc'd to a higher excellency, and the depravations

depravations of others deliver'd more perfectly Evill.

There is yet a farther advantage that redounds from this Liberty of personating of Characters, in regard that by the aptitude of one person, either in reference to Science, conspicuous deeds, Passions, or affections of the Mind, divers may be signify'd, or in a general Sense describ'd as to whatsoever Emergencies are to be understood that proceed from the facts or disposition of humane conduct.

And this requisite is pertinent to Poesy grounded on History, since without that additional supplement the most Renowned Personages would appear too solitary figur'd on the Poetick account: Or like an Imperial Palace, that should Consist only of an outward shell instead of Variety of Apartments, Furniture, and Attendents, to Illustrate its Fabrick.

Nor is it a tollerable objection, if any shall undertake to avow it, that becaule this Poem does contain Transactions that arose within the Compass of the Age we Live in, it should therefore be deny'd the Perquisites of the Muses that were the former ornaments and advantages of Writers; in respect that so much as they us'd of Historical Verity is as fully discernable in them, from what they Poetically annexed, as in any Invention I have Inserted: And there is no Eldership in Wit that can of right Challenge more freedom, in order to Legitimate Fable, then is to be conceded to Modern Ingenuity.

On

On our English Theatre 'tis sufficiently acceptable if the Scene be laid at home, tho' the nomination and facts of Characters be devis'd either as they resemble or enlarge some known Truth: And I assure my self there is no Man but will grant as full a latitude, if not a greater, in some sense, to a Poem of this contexture then he would allow to any Dramatick Composition. But I have said enough, as to the substance of what I have here produc'd, to all Candid apprehensions, or such as are not resolv'd to be perverse or Ignorant opposers.

And I dare thus far aver in behalf of my Subject, that no Rebellious, & Tragical dissentions, were ever carried on with more Hypocritical pretensions, Subtle and Treacherous Intrigues; or contrarily more famously repleniſh'd with Personal Gallantries, or the most touching and Noble Concerns of Duty and Passion, relating to Heroicks of both Sexes, then what was occasion'd by that wicked and unparallel'd War.

And above all for the Eminent display of the surpassing Character of a Monarch, more excellent then fortunate, as I have endeavour'd to Manifest it as highly as my Ability extends, and I wish it could deservedly Erect his Monument of Fame and Glory.

POSTSCRIPT.

Poſtſcript.

HAving touch'd in general the conſtruction of a Poem of this Nature, I thought fit to annex to my Preface ſome brief remarks that more particularly relate to the method I have us'd, and what the Critical Reader might Expect for his Satisfaction.

As to my Verſe, I have avoided Stanza's; and my reaſon is, becauſe I conceive them not ſo proper, as the freedom of Heroick Meaſures for a Poem of this Structure; and this choice of mine is not only ſuitable to the manner of Virgil *and other Ancient Poets, but agreeable to the moſt approv'd ſenſe of Modern Criticiſm: I need not but inſtance the Judicious* Rapin, *who aſſures us that the Compiling of* Stanza's *was the miſtake of ſome late Italian Poets, who firſt introduc'd them into their Heroick Poems, and that they weaken the beauty and flame of Verſe in the length of their periods, on which, for the moſt part, the main ſubſtance of their ſenſe does depend.*

And here I cannot but acquaint my Reader, that I took care that this work, as it is of great Signification and Import, ſhould be advantag'd by the Inſpection of ſome few Perſons, which caus'd me not only to correct but to add ſome hundreds of Lines; by which means I did, as much as in me lay, Ultimam Manum Imponere.

As

As for the Moral of my Poem, the Soul of a work of this Consistency, it is Chiefly terminated in the exemplary greatness and virtues of the Royal Person I have endeavour'd to delineate; whereby the unity of Action and other Accessaries, that ought to be Incident to such a Composition, are properly, I conceive, observed: Yet with that Regard to History that the most Considerable Battels and Sacks of War are either related, or instead of room for all their particulars; which had been more cumbersom to read then necessary to be Inserted in a Poem, Collaterally included by some pertinent and general mention.

And whosoever shall duly Consider what is here deliver'd, as it referrs to deplorable truth: will judge it rather a Divine then a Poetical Summons, to divest those Execrable deeds, Prophanations, and Hypocrisies, that tended to the Subversion of Holy Religion, together with all Moral Obligations of highest Import, as they were at once the Unparallel'd Misfortune, and deformity of Three Famous Nations.

To

To the Worthy Author of Carolostadion, &c.

LOng I expected that *First Charles* should Live
In such a Poem as the World you give.
His Character so highly did Excell,
That I admire to find it Writ so well.
No Royal worth did e're in King appear
But was in him, and such I reade him here.
And as his Sacred Virtues you rehearse,
I fully grant 'em Canoniz'd in Verse.
His Famous Queen, by you describ'd, I find
Like her self Beauteous both in form and Mind;
Vandiks best Art could neither of 'em show,
So far his Pencill does give place to you.
Smooth and succinctly great still run your Lines,
A Genius in which Wit and Nature shines.
Tho' hard an Epique Poem 'tis to Write,
That can with that just Temper raise its height.
Our *British* Heroes, tho' to story known,
Have no Record like yours of their Renown.
Thus *Lucan* and brave *Lyle* to Fame are read,
Best as you Write their deeds and what they said:

Whether as Heroes or as Lovers they,
By Nobleſt Paſſions are expreſs'd your way.
The Rebell Patrons, and their dark deſigns,
Are found by your Clear Lamp that flames in Lines:
Stories their Actions but in parcells ſhow,
Whilſt their Black Souls I fully ſee from you.
And doubtleſs it approves your Muſes skill,
That could deſcribe their excellence in Ill.
Prodigious *Nol*, whoſe riſe and wondrous height,
I thought too big for the whole Nine to Write,
Does from your Muſes Grandeur ſo appear,
As he's, full fiz'd, a mighty Villain there.
Uſefully great your Poem is deſign'd,
And Allegory unto Actions joyn'd,
And ſure none will of ſuch a Muſe complain
As to Embelliſh Truth can duly feign.
And who would not that Artifice allow,
Forfeits his Judgment juſtly unto you:
But what need I prompt Men to do you right,
When your Performance value does Invite.

J. S.

To the Author

On his Poem of *Caroloiades*.

When I a Painted ſtory do behold
Strongly deſign'd, and figur'd ſmoothly bold:
I judge it wrought by ſome prov'd ancient Hand,
Whoſe Skill could Life and nature beſt Command.
But as your Muſes Pencill well I view,
It renders equall'd Ancient Wit by New,
Our Stories figures ſo in yours are ſhown,
That in their likeneſs truth more pleas'd I own.
If ſome by travell diſtant parts have ſeen,
And what their greatneſs now and paſt has been;
Yet never there, like yours, could poem Read,
Written ſo well of men alive and dead.

With how much joy will Living Heroes see
Their deeds recorded thus of Gallantry:
And what their Youthfull toyls in Battells were,
Or Wounds by proweß felt in that times War.
Nor leß the lineage of great Captains dead
Will be oblig'd as their fames by you spread.
Thus does your Pen Old Loyalty renew,
And from its patern fortifies the new.

G. M.

To the Author of Caroloïades.

THo' I no Muſe pretend to, as do ſome
That to give Paſs-ports unto Wit preſume:
And judge if their Muſe does the Author ſtroke,
The favour, on the World, muſt paſs his Book,
I'le leave that part to ſuch as can beſtow
On under-graduate Wit probation ſo.
Whilſt your works value beſt it ſelf Commends,
As to *Pernaſſus* top its fame aſcends.
Morally great, Philoſophick, and Divine,
Yet nothing tedious in your Grand deſign.
Throughout your lines emphatical I ſee
The Genius of Heroick Poeſy:
A Skill I ſometimes thought above the Height
Of Engliſh Tongue, or Poet beſt could Write.
Fully I wiſh, to heighten Chriſtian fame,
That Brave *Lorrain*, and Great *Bavarias* name

Could find a Muſe that might their Actions tell
High, as your Engliſh Heroes do excell.
That worth is yet remaining for your glory
When your Pen will add Grandeur to their ſtory.
The *Macedonian* Victor, who for praiſe
Envy'd the Muſe *Achilles* deeds did raiſe,
Unleſs that ſuch a *Homer*, his might ſing,
From whoſe Immortal Verſe did t'others ſpring.
Surpaſſing either, to the World convey'd,
I read *Firſt Charles*, whoſe fames by you diſplay'd.
Thus brighter oft, in the Cæleſtial ſphere,
The Setting Sun then Riſing does appear.
Great *Mars*, to compleat his *Trojan* Prince,
From Heavenly race derives his excellence;
But had he this Kings attributes renown'd,
His Virtue above Demy-god he'ad found.
Thus far has *Carolides* out done
Eneidos, the Theam which *Virgil* ſung.

T. C.

To his Worthy Friend Author of *Caroloiades*.

SIR,

YOu having been pleaſed to afford me the peruſal of your Poem, aptly ſtiled Caroloiades, *when it was in its firſt rude, and rough draught, and before it was better ſhaped and corrected by you, I did freely give my ſence and opinion on many paſſages, and you ſeldom differed from my ſentiments therein. For tho' I am no great Judge of Poeſy (as you may ſee by my writing to you in Proſe) yet I am an Admirer of thoſe refined Wits, who by the ſweet harmony of Verſe have conſerved the Hiſtory of thoſe Ancient Wars, which might have been loſt had they been wrote in Proſe; and the Iliads of* Homer, *and other Antique Writings might have ran the ſame fate of time, with many other excellent Hiſtories, which perhaps*

haps periſhed, becauſe they wanted the ſpirit and ſoul of Poetry to conſerve them.

The ſubject, Sir, on which you have choſen to Write, is worthy of an Heroick Poem; Our Wars more then Civil, with the ultimate Tragedy thereof, is ſuch a period as is ſufficient to ſilence all the Muſes, and cauſe them abruptly to break off in ſighs and lamentations. I know not how it comes to paſs, that for theſe Forty Years, ſince which theſe Wars have been ended, that none of the Elevated Wits of our Age have taken upon them to deſcribe theſe mighty Actions in Heroick Verſe, untill you happily took up this ſubject ſo worthy of your Pen, which I wiſh may delight as well as inform the World; and that when Hiſtories fail, and are exſtinguiſh'd by time, your Poem may ſurvive and give knowledge of what we have ſeen to future Ages.

I am,

Your very humble Servant,

Paul Rycaut,

CAROLOIADES,

OR,

The Rebellion of *England*.

Begun in the Year, 1641.

A HEROICK Poem.

The Argument of the First Book.

Unhappy War begun in Forty One,
The Causes Mischiefs, here the Poets Song
Briefly relates: The Houses from their King
Highly divide, whence discords soon increase;
Nourish'd by Pasquills, Libells, Threats, Demands,
Nor Royal Acts of Grace suffice to calm
All daring Vulgar rage: The Queen departs,
And Heroine-like undaunted Seas does pass.

THE Wars and period of a Mighty King,
Which did from furious Crimes of Subjects spring:
My Muse presumes here to describe by Verse,
And Hero's deeds of Brave Renown rehearse.

Whoſe *Engliſh* Valours, on account of Fame,
Are no leſs blaz'd then *Greek* or *Roman* Name.
Their Grandeur weigh'd, and ſuch admir'd Deſigns,
As give high Theams unto Heroick Lines:
Had *Homer* them, or Mighty *Maros's* wit,
Unto Times Future admiration writ;
With every Fiction, as ſhould intervene,
For filling Glory to each weighty Scene.
And had their Genius, like ſome Sacred Merit,
Left with *Pernaſſus* Legacies of Spirit
To be Implor'd from thence, I well might now
That Supplication to my Soul allow:
As wondrous Actions here my Verſe relates,
And things Prodigious form'd 'gainſt high Eſtates.
No Civil War did e're ſo Impious ſway,
When Subjects durſt their Sovereigns leaſt obey.
And tho' thy Reign Firſt *Charles* fills no Record
With ſpoils of Nations, or a Lawleſs Sword:
The bad example of moſt Neighbour Kings,
Whoſe ſtern Ambition unjuſt ruine brings:

Yet

Yet in the even Conduct of thy Mind
Was Grandeur above Scepter unconfin'd.
Not more diſmay'd when unthought Storms appear'd,
Then in beſt Calms whoſe change was cauſleſs fear'd.
And to Celeſtial Councels only known,
Why he, whoſe Virtue did adorn his Throne,
Should ſo accompliſh'd not ſucceſsfull be
Againſt the Wicked when his Enemy.
Vile in their riſe, and in that more Accurſt
Becauſe proceeding from Peace loathed firſt
By Graceleſs hearts, which were too proudly bred,
And from their Peace and Riches Ranc'rous fed.
Whence Faction's Itch did more envenom'd ſprout,
Contagion ſpreading through the Vulgar Rout.
And like quick Plagues, when mingling with their breath,
The Crowd Infected e're they fear'd their death.
With theſe high Evils poyſonous Libels joyn'd;
Fame's Vulgar Magick, aptly then deſign'd
By men whoſe Subtleties could full delude,
And to their ends engage the thoughtleſs Crowd.

And next, themſelves did wholſome Patriots blaze,
More to allure the Vulgar's Giddy praiſe.
Divulging faults where none Juſt fault could find,
Or call that Crime which they for Crime deſign'd.
Nor leſs Supine 'gainſt Church then State durſt rail,
Whilſt Scots help'd *England* with their Pious Tale:
Or Covenant form'd that ſpeciouſly might bring
Both Nations to Oppoſe their Laws and King.
How did their knotty evils then awake,
The Juſt Repoſe our Monarch's Rule did take?
Abroad he ſaw Peace bleſs'd him every where,
No Leſs Made Forraign Wonder then their Fear:
Nor more, at Home, did Troubles apprehend,
Who thought, his Good might others Evil mend.
Whence Heavens permiſſive Will did him allow
Much ready Juſtice with a Sword too ſlow.
A Merit that on bad Men little gains,
Whoſe fear, not love, their duty moſt retains.
Now Pop'lar fury, with it hop'd for Swinge,
Had ſet Commotion on the ſmootheſt Hinge.

When

When Low'd desires brought Parliament Estates,
To colour more three Kingdom's wretched Fates:
In hope the Scepter without blow might fall,
Or shar'd by Lords and Commons at their Call.
No Negative Will their Sovereign they'd admit,
All they would Act, nay kill as they thought fit.
Thy bloud Great *Strafford* foremost must be Spilt,
His Head their fear, and death no loss their Guilt.
Whilst Poz'd the Senats Artifice to Maintain,
That Law did Treason in his Case Explain.
Whose fall his Princes Cares did much Augment,
Who griev'd, yet grieving gave his wrong'd Consent.
Flatter'd with hopes of future good from Men
That were bad first but to be worse agen:
And shows to Kings how dangerous they Comply,
When they (with evil) Subjects Gratify.
Nor less the Multitudes unruly Fate,
Who thought his Bloud more prosperous days should (Date.
Not judging Heav'n had but deferr'd the time
When they must bleed to expiate their Crime.

All which the Politique Houſes had foreſeen,
When left to Crouds Seditions welcome Scene.
Well knowing that ſuch muſt for their Crimes be (ſtroak'd,
Before they could be more ſubſervient yoak'd.
Or Grants obtain'd, Be aiding unto more,
That ſhould confirm an everlaſting Power
To ſit and Vote; To which their Prince Agrees,
Hoping to winn them with Benignities;
And this High gift like which none e're had been
By Subjects ask'd, or given by Engliſh King.
Whilſt they neglecting his too facile Grace,
Give to their asking ſtill a bolder Face.
Reſolv'd to Compaſs ſuch Diſloyall things,
As ſhould dethrone him with his line of Kings.
No thoughts like theſe did complicate his Cares,
And pierc'd him deeper in his Conſorts Tears:
Her Perſon Menac'd and defam'd by thoſe
Who moſt did high diſorders then diſpoſe.
Which tho' 'gainſt her Inglorioufly apply'd,
Yet no occaſion ſhe her Soul deny'd,

That

That to her King her Value could aſſure,
Or tell the World what ſhe'd for him endure.
To whom, with Meen and Greatneſs duly Joyn'd,
She briefly thus expreſs'd her Glorious Mind.
What Fate ſoe're in theſe Commotions lyes,
Or fury ſtaring in your Peoples Eyes;
Should it ſhame Starrs that ſuch preſages guide,
Or to your Rebell Subjects joyn their ſide:
No day, from aiding you, ſhall me deterr,
How diſmall e're may look the face of Warr.
Too ſure your friend, your Foes do me ſuſpect,
Since my Soul moſt your Cauſe muſt needs affect.
Like which no Glory from my Life can ſpring,
Or Courage in the Wife of ſuch a King.
What Ally won't your Warrs concern embrace,
Or Princc deſcending from a Royall Race,
When I your praiſes ſhall to them declare,
And how Compleat to Rule your Virtues are:
Theſe, your beſt Standards, I'le abroad diſplay,
If through the Occean Starrs aſſiſt my way.

To these obligements of her Soul to him,
Whose Virtue best their Merit could esteem;
He thus replyes: If Heaven designes to me
By Peace or Warr a due prosperity:
The greatness of thy Mind and Love I'le own,
Above Attempts that may support my Crown.
My Kingdoms dangers threaten every where,
As from black Clouds Men future Thunder Fear.
Fierce Pop'lar rage above its Region swells,
Whence few discern where most the mischief dwells:
But more severe that Crime unto my Heart,
As your affliction has with mine its part.
What Absence can you sever from my mind,
Where like another Soul your value's join'd.
Whilst I assisting of thy Just Retreat,
Shew my Affection's no less kind then Great.
Nor would I that true Annals should disperse
My Acts of Glory, and not Thine rehearse.
His Queen in whose Heroick Soul did meet
All things that Love and Majesty compleat:

Yields

Yields to depart, with ſo Serene a Grace,
That Grief ſeem'd vanquiſh'd in her Tender Face.
Much kindneſs ſhe expreſs'd, and more forbears;
Leſt Words too ſadly ſhould produce her Tears:
Or that her Soul to utter wanted power
How kind ſhe'd leave him in that diſmal hour.
Such Nobleſs as with Duty did attend
On this Departure, how did they contend
To fix Impreſſions on their Souls that might
Admire the Grief and Grandeur of this ſight?
Nor Judg'd they ſorrow could enough Addreſs,
With tears their wives and daughters did Expreſs.
As they fear'd evills from that hour would ſpring,
That deſtin'd was to part a Queen and King.
Thus they Lamented; and next Joyntly pray,
That Heaven might ſafely guide on Seas her way.
And from the Glory of her Voyage yield,
Fair fam'd Aſſiſtance to her King in field.
Winds ſoon their wiſhes take, whilſt *Neptun's* face
His Azur'd Curls and ſmootheſt Billows grace:

Proud

Proud that his Swifteſt waves her fraight muſt bear,
As her ſtout Ship to *Belgick* ports did ſteer.
Had former Poets this Atcheivment known,
Not their verſe *Thetis* Queen of Seas would own.
Since Love and Glory more Sublimely raiſe
A Conſort to our Empire on the Seas.
The Queen thus to a Forraign Coaſt retir'd,
Where Higheſt Potentates her worth admired,
And how ſhe more then Woman's skill apply'd,
That her Kings Cauſe might ſooneſt be ſupply'd.
When *Belgian* States (ſo long oblig'd had been
To Fam'd *Elizabeth* our Engliſh Queen;
By whom their Body-Politique did riſe
In ſpight of *Spain* then held ſo Great and Wiſe)
She with Pathetick words did highly move,
Wiſhing their Power as Gratefull as her Love.
Since by a ſad Viciſſitude of Fate,
The Engliſh Crown Courts their obliged State:
Letting 'em know to what a Glorious end
They may for ever be call'd *Englands* freind.

To

To which the *Belgick* State, with Supine pride,
(Th' effect of Power and Riches) thus reply'd;
What er's the Cauſe that this Addreſs does bring,
Thus Honour'd by the Queen to *Brittains* King.
An Envoy, which our Greatneſs muſt confeſs,
Does more then Humane Majeſty expreſs:
Far be't that our now Mighty-States diſown
Their paſt Oblig'ments to the Engliſh Throne,
By whoſe brave Aid's we did beſt force obtain
On Land and Sea to Curb Aſpiring *Spain*.
And what is more, did next advantage take
Our ſelves (of Subjects) Mighty Lords to make.
For which *Spain* Lowdly did us Rebells call,
Who durſt hope Safety by that Scepters fall.
A bold Neceſſity which Subjects brings
Firſt to oppoſe, and then Dethrone their Kings.
Whether the Brittiſh quarrell be the ſame,
Or from a ſpecious greivance would diſclaim
Like us their Monarch's Rule; in either Caſe
We can't the Engliſh Crown's demand embrace.

Leaſt

Leaſt held our States high Blemiſh to reſiſt
Our Prince at Home, and one abroad aſſiſt.
We with moſt Kings a free Commerce Maintain;
Whoſe coin may Ships, Arms, Men, from us obtain.
No Princes Wanting Cauſe our States eſpouſe,
To gain's our buſineſs when our Neighbours Looſe.
The Queen by prudence and experience taught,
Diſdains to utter the Contempt ſhe thought,
Theſe Courſer States deſerved, tho' well ſhe knew
How few Dominions are to others true,
And what a Cold redreſs moſt Princes finde,
When Fortune is to their affairs Unkinde.
Yet with her ſelf concludes (tho' ſtript of all
That could a Monarch's ſuffering Spouſe befall)
Nothing to Mis-imploy that can aſſure
Her King's great Safety, or his Ayd procure.
Such Matchleſs Gemms whoſe Luſter did adorn
The Diadems which Engliſh Queens had worn;
She, as her Glorious Offering did bring
To purchaſe ayd, more Sacred, for her King.

No ſooner Covetous *Belgians* theſe behold,
But they Comply (on ſuch) to lend their Gold:
Tho' adding to the Summ before deny'd,
So Sure are Mortalls by their profit try'd.
But oh the Fate of Princes that deplore
Their want of power as well as being poore.
Orange, who from Imperial Linage Came,
Had by Alliance no leſs mingled fame,
In ſeeing late wedded by his hopefull Son,
The eldeſt Princeſs of the Brittiſh Throne:
With Generous Greatneſs to the Queen thus ſpeaks,
Since my Bloud Glory from the Rule partakes
Of your Juſt King, 'twere mean ſhould I deny
My Purſe to ayd his Injur'd Majeſty.
Wiſhing my Treaſure could alone Compleat
Such Noble force as might his foes defeat.
And did not Age forbid, with ſuch affairs
That here Imploy my perſon and my Cares,
I'de like a Soldier 'mongſt his Braveſt Fight,
And Honour'd if my death his Cauſe could right.

The Queen thus furniſh'd by this Great Ally,
To purchaſe Arms and Men ſhe does apply
Her ſooneſt Care, Next Martialiſts conſults;
And then does ponder from their bold reſults,
How beſt to guide her Force, what Port to finde,
Wiſhing her Love could wings add to the Winde.
That ſoon returning with well-formed Power,
She might her *Charles* aſſiſt ſome uſefull hour.
The Queen thus active in a Forraign State;
My Muſe ſhall by her Meaſures here relate,
A further Progreſs of Inteſtine broils,
And how our King prepared for Martial Toyls.
Whoſe Rule, by ſtubborn Evills then oppreſt,
Tho' it ſo long Ingratefull Subjects bleſt:
Who Kingly Grace and pardon durſt neglect,
The Balms which Publick Cures ſo oft effect.
Which Impious arrogance did then Improve
In ſuch, who their Prince would not fear, nor Love.
And Notion'd thus th' Impetuous Crowd was taught
To vent defyance, to his Pallace brought.

Whitehall

Whitehall his Sacred reſidence beſet
By Crowds, for Threats and Terrors there had met;
No Humane Violence could with this Compare,
But in Men-Monſters who deny'd to Fear
The Heavenly Scepter *Jove* was thought to hold,
When he *Olimpus* ſaw attaqu'd of old.
The King, enough deploring, ſoon beheld
Th' Inflam'd vulgar Fury unrepell'd
By *London* Magiſtrates due advice or ayd,
Where more then Law was Factions then obey'd.
Who durſt his Pallace wiſh deſpoyl'd by ſuch
That Royall Manſions thought for Kings too Much,
The King leſs greiv'd from his Lov'd Court to move,
Then there to truſt ſuch Pledges of his Love,
Whoſe Tender years could not his haſt partake,
Nor Left behind ſecurely for his Sake.
His Lands, Towns, Treaſure, ſoon to be poſſeſt,
By ſuch as wiſh'd his Crown ſhouid be oppreſt.
Whilſt he retiring (like that *Trojan* Prince,
Who could no longer be his *Troy's* defence,

Yet

Yet with high Courage Reſcu'd there from Fate
The Princely Heir of that declining State,)
Had many dangers paſs'd that round him ſtood,
When ſav'd the Blooming *Hero's* of his Blood.
His *Prince of Wales* and *York's Duke* young in years,
Preſerv'd from Foes by his Supremeſt Cares:
And by their Fathers Suff'rings grew to know
The Streights to Glory they muſt undergo.
Who tho' he Kingdoms had, and Cities Great
Which ow'd obſequiance to his Regal State,
Yet in their vaſt Circumference knew not where
'Twas beſt to Influence firſt his Martial Sphere.
Till too like Private Majeſty remov'd,
And Journeying far his Prudence had approv'd
The North's * Metropolis, to which adjoyn'd
Regions to Loyal Glory full Inclin'd.
And being a Prince reſolv'dly Great and Juſt,
In Law ſupporting as his Scepters truſt:
Thought Heaven and he divinely were obey'd,
When Subjects ſhould his Cauſe moſt dauntleſs aid.

* *The City of* York.

Soon

Soon did the Nobles then themſelves convey
Unto their King, ſcorning from him to ſtay,
Or with time-ſerving Diſobedience ſtain
Their part of Honour in his Glorious Reign.
The Generous next their Brave Example take,
Whilſt ſoon, their worſt remains, both Houſes make:
An Impious Body-Politique to fit,
Where future Parliaments may bluſh to ſit.
Since from that Fatal late abuſed Name,
A ſpreading evil kindled firſt its flame.
Unhappy *Weſtminſter* ſo oft to be
The Seat of Publique Good and Infamy.
Our Second *Edward* and our *Richard* tell,
How black, from them, thy Records there do dwell.
And what adds more unto thy Monſtrous Date,
The Beſt of Kings there doom'd to wicked Fate.
Which Deeds with their Prodigious Story may
Unequall'd ſtand to the World's ending day,
Nor could the Houſes ſubtleſt Gloſs evade
Reflections by the Wiſe were early made:

When Actions, how-e're worded, did imply,
They pointed at the fall of Monarchy.
Design'd by such, to Rule, would force their way,
Tho', Slave-like Fellow-Subjects them obey.
From which Ambition (oft man's proner Curse
When tempted by bold perils to be worse)
The face of War did gradually appear,
Foreseen by more then durst divulge their fear.
Seditious *Scotland*, that had first begun
To form Rebellion before Forty One,
And from their wicked Presidents had been
Slily instructed in this Impious Sin;
That where known Story most Allegeance blots,
'Twill doubtless yield to History of *Scots*.
England they saw they could not then compell
To grant them Seats where they might warmer dwell.
For which our King they envy'd, tho' their own,
But most, because most Happy in our Crown.
Craft thus imploy'd that subtly had inclos'd
Their labour'd Mischiefs, which they thus dispos'd:

Their

Their Schiſm and Faction, unto *England* brought,
Intrigu'd ſo firm that with their Snares 'twas caught.
Which to uphold both Houſes joyn'd their Vote,
That with Arm'd *Scots* their Arms they might promote.
Rebellious *Ireland*, that could not ſtay
'Till *Scotch* and *Engliſh* Bloud was caſt away,
With headſtrong guilt begins this wicked Time,
Few apprehend which Nation's greateſt Crime.
The King his Perſon offers to oppoſe
Againſt his *Iriſh* Rebells, yet not knows
Which Kingdom would to him moſt ſafety yield,
Or where beſt firſt for him to take the Field.
England, his deareſt Pledge, Imploy'd his Grief,
Whilſt bleeding *Ireland* call'd for ſoon relief.
Which left he ſhould Conduct the Houſes pray
That he at home as unſecure might ſtay.
Reſolv'd their Pow'r his Arms ſhould firſt oppoſe,
More to encourage every where his Foes.
Fearing leſt he from Juſt occaſion might
Others ſubdue, and next them ſtronger fight.

No Sword by their Conſents with him they'd Truſt,
Whoſe great Revenge they fear'd, yet knew 'twas Juſt.
Eſſex, whoſe ſtubborn Will and ſullen Pride
Had with this Poplar Faction long comply'd,
With greater Zeal Heads their Rebellious Cauſe,
Nor grants 'tis guilt to fight againſt the Laws.
Who ſway'd by ſpecious Arts, and thirſt of Fame,
Diſcern'd not then a Loathed General's Name.
Forgetting whence Nobility did ſpring,
Or how 'tis ſtain'd when Arm'd againſt the King.
Thus crowded into Power he Leads that Force,
Which the bold Houſes Vote their Foot and Horſe.
Numbers no Leſs then Mighty to Impower
The evils which that Age did ſoon deplore.
What was thy Crime, O *London*! then to be
The Numerous Ayd of this Calamity:
Was it becauſe thou wert too richly great,
Or too long pamper'd in a bleſt Eſtate;
That thy Ingratefull heads then ſeem'd to ake,
And by pretended flame a Feaver take,

An Artifice to worſt Deluſions joyn'd,
As Zeal tranſported had the Peoples Minde.
And if my Verſe a Proſpect duly take
Of what did then ſo fierce Tranſactions make,
Truth ſoon declares that 'twas no publique Senſe
That had diffus'd ſo vild an Influence.
But heatfull Parties that within their Frames,
For ends devis'd, had rais'd ſuch horrid flames;
And but the name of Parliament did feign,
On purpoſe to convey a larger ſtain.
And which no well-form'd ſenſe allows to be
That full Conventious Publique Infamy.
A Conſtitution Great to all effects,
As it our Good diſcerns and Bad detects.
From whence the Nation beſt their Pulſe perceives,
And when 'tis ſound more ſoundneſs then receives.
If Craz'd, or will not other help endure,
That prov'd State-Phiſick can compleat the Cure.
And what, beyond all Treaſures, Aid Imparts,
It both receives and gives the Peoples Hearts.

An Envy'd Glory through which Nations see
Cause to repine our just felicity.
When wild exorbitance of Pride and heat,
In other Rules have their pernicious date.
And more detects our Late Unhappy Times,
In which Men boldly strove to heighten Crimes:
Kindled by such on each side did Convey,
Their fiery Ends the most destructive way.
By perverse Parliaments the Factions sought,
That low and poor their Monarch might be brought:
Denying, for their ends, their publick Aid,
As first their Niggard purse him disobey'd.
Which forc'd Prerogative, by Royal Right,
To claim, for Common good, the Purses Might:
An Aidfull Power that Scepters small attend,
Lest Subjects ill retain what Crowns should spend.
Tho' Pop'lar Patriots did this Act disown,
And cast aspersions on the Straiten'd Throne;
As they 'gainst Shipmoney disgusts proclaim,
With high Contests, which to Tribunals came;

That

That their Great Monarchs Rule might want ſupply,
Till Senats ſhould leſs peeviſhly deny.
When this fam'd King, whoſe Soul was full propenſe
To give his Royal Claim no wrong defence,
Conſented to give Law it's due repute,
That Legall Proceſs might his Plea promote.
Which Miſconceived in a furious Time,
When Jealouſies and fears durſt vent their Crimes,
By deeming things undutiouſly amiſs,
That men might thence diſtruſt their Nations Bliſs:
Ceas'd not their Rancour, tho' by * Act of State
This Tax aboliſh'd was to Laſting Date,
As they abetted a Diſloyal fear
Of Oblique Motions in the Royal Sphere:
Whence Crowds were Taught more ſtrictly to embrace
What then was call'd their Senat's fighting Caſe:
Leſt that ſubdu'd they might be next undone,
And Lives and Fortunes grant by Conqueſt won.

* By Act of Parliament Ship-Money was damn'd, by which and other Gracious Condeſcenſions the King endeavour'd to prevent the future Miſeries of his Nation.

A Senſe devis'd by obloquies of Fame
To blemiſh their King's Rule and Sacred Name.
Thus ſome did with moſt horrid Arts deviſe
How to Impoſe on all more Juſt and Wiſe.
Such ſubtle Members as the Houſes ſway'd,
Soon their Deluſions takingly convey'd:
With what by Vulgar Fury cou'd promote
The Cauſe which their fierce Patrons firſt did Vote.
To which their violent Spiritual Guides comply'd,
Who taught Rebellion then was Sanctify'd.
Was't not enough that former Ages found,
How ſuch Incendiaries did then abound:
That Pulpits muſt afreſh divulge their flame,
And, ſtead of Beacons, publick Broils proclaim:
Provoking Heaven and Inauſpicious Starrs
To haſte the bloudy Aſpects of our Warrs,
When in their Orbs the reſt began to fear
Leſt *Mars*, in ſpight of *Jove*, ſhould domineer.
Nor leſs the Azur'd Regions did preſage
Prodigious Fights and Battels in that Age

Arms, againſt Arms, to mens affrighted eyes,
Seem'd as array'd Battalions on the Skies;
Where flaſhings did like Guns diſcharging ſhew,
And Flames reſembled Pikes in Skirmiſh too.
Moſt fear'd what theſe ſtrange Viſions ſhould portend,
Or hop'd Heav'n might by them bad men amend.
Whilſt nothing the fierce Houſes then reſtrain'd,
Or that rough * Earl whoſe Conduct they had gain'd
Not, as they did for Bloud and Treaſure thirſt,
Or wou'd for Horrid Spoils of War be Curſt:
More ſpecious they ſeem Laws and King to treat,
So ſubtly Mortals would their guilt abate.

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* *Of* Eſſex, *who was the firſt General, and Head of this Grand Rebellion.*

The SECOND BOOK.

The Argument.

Inteſtine Diſcords by what Method ſpread,
The Quarrel the unhappy Title bears
Of King and Parliaments oppoſed Arms.
And like the body of the State confus'd,
The Members differ: Towns, Cities, Counties,
Miſerably behold their Magiſtrates,
Tho' Guardians of their Peace turn'd Enemies,
And arm'd in this deſtructive War appear.

WAR thus prepar'd and boldeſt Summons ſent
T'Incite more ſwiftly Minds to Fury bent,
Without perceiving the Impetuous Source
Of boundleſs Evils, which their Crimes did force.
Or that Peace ſeem'd their Univerſal pain,
'Till after War 'twere begg'd of Heaven again.
A Criſis oft gives Furious Tempers eaſe,
When War's rough Phyſick proves their worſt diſeaſe.
What man can in moſt touching Numbers ſhew
The various Ills with that Time's Licenſe grew:

When

When neither tie by Bloud, or Parents Tears,
Nor Conſcience which man's Soul divíner fears:
Could Son or Brothers daring heart deterr
From being ally'd more guilty by this Warr.
Or not with headſtrong fury ſoon oppoſe
The ſide their deareſt Friends for ſafety chuſe.
Nor did the Aged then forbear to ſhow,
That Peace was wither'd no leſs then their Brow:
Conſpiring in the Autumn of their Time,
To miſguide others by their Graver Crime.
Whence Evils with more Grandeur did augment,
As Age taught Youth ſo little to repent.
And by their joint endeavours did aſſure,
That this Wars fatal flame would long endure.
The Forts and Caſtles that had ſlighted been,
And by their Ruines told Wars Antient Sin;
Laborious hands did Numerouſly repair;
And with their Duſky Toils obſcur'd the Air.
Whilſt diſtant Men affrighted did behold
New forms of Terrour far ſurpaſſing old.

When

When but Bows piercing Shafts from Bulwarks flew,
And not ſo horridly——as Guns Men ſlew.
Thus ſome Lamented, whilſt the Many ſtrove
Their Nations fury higheſt to improve.
And did Tumultuous Rage through Regions ſpread,
With Thefts from Wars bold Licenſe ſadly read.
Some total Plunder'd and their Perſons ſent,
Revil'd by Crowds, to loath'd Impriſonment.
Whilſt others forc'd from Houſes and Eſtates,
Were left like Wanderers unto wretched Fates.
Tho' Charg'd upon their Souls no other Crime
Then not to Aid the Miſchiefs of that time.
When violent Men Delinquencies durſt make
In ſuch as would not Peace with them forſake:
Or hop'd that Moderate quiet might be had,
When but to live ſecure was counted bad.
Number the People's Monſter, like the Birth
Of that vaſt Giant fam'd the Son of Earth;
Its own unweildy Power did roughly bring
To Aid Intended Arms againſt the King,

Who

Who tho' his Life and Crown he ſoon might Stake,
Beheld his Leavies for his Cauſe too weak.
Courage his Hope ſuſtain'd, and Conſcious Right,
Which to defend Beſt Kings renown'dly fight.
But e're his Enemies did meer him joyn,
Or Re-inforcements further their Deſign;
Their ſtrongeſt Parties vigour he'd firſt try,
And teach them from his Sword 'twas Juſt to fly.
Whilſt then his Power in Horſe began to ſpread,
And by moſt Gen'rous Bloud of *Engliſh* Led;
Of whom he thought no praiſe enough cou'd be,
Or Greatneſs joyn'd unto their Dignity,
Untill Great *Rupert*, his Renown'd Ally,
He made Firſt Captain of their Cavalry.
A Prince that did in his High Lineage joyn
Beſt German Race with *England's* Royal Line.
And what did moſt embelliſh his High Bloud,
No leſs in Story fam'd for Brave then Good.
Who for this Expedition duly choſe
Troops beſt approv'd to meet the hardy Foes.

Worceſter that had Allegeance early ſhown,
When many Cities were diſloyal known;
(Tho' her diſtreſs from future Fate did bring
A Second *Charles* to live an Exil'd King.)
Implor'd of Heaven a ſoon Auſpicious hour,
As near her then took Field the Royal Power.
To which Campagne the Houſes eager Vote,
That War, on their part, ſhould its haſte promote;
Had ſent their firmeſt Regiments of Horſe,
In hopes they'd there ſucceed by ſtrenuous force.
Sands had theſe Glittring Troops; reſolv'd for Fame,
Led to this Field with full Couragious Flame.
His thought's with Number rais'd and boldeſt Pride,
To be held early ſignal by his Side.
Not as he wou'd the Juſter Cauſe maintain,
But Glory ſought mixt with pernicious Gain:
Which profitable *Encomium* much did ſway
Men that the Houſes ſerv'd for Praiſe and Pay.
His Troups encounter'd, ſwift Reſiſtance find;
And next like Stubble ſcatter'd by the Wind

With

With a Confuſed Haſte their flight confound,
Whilſt with their gaſping Friends Death ſtrows the (Ground.
Their Reſolute Chief whoſe Courage could not yield,
Timely to grant his Foes the Conquer'd Field,
Too deeply wounded is a Captive made;
The Prince, with Courteous grief, his Cure aſſay'd
By beſt skill'd Surgeons who his wounds explore,
But found, too far paſt aid, his Vital Power.
Nor did his Valour harden ſo his end,
As't did his Cauſe then Courage more commend.
Great *Rupert* proſp'rous thus and fill'd with hope
To gain by future Conqueſt further ſcope;
Unto his Royal Unkle did retire
With many Trophies of his Martial Fire.
The King with Temperate Thoughts ſo poyz'd his (Mind,
That no events in him a Change could find:
To his Brave Nephew, with Indulgent Grace,
Did thus expreſs; Tho' of my Princely Race,
I gladly prove thy Valour ſuch as may
Preſerve my Scepter in each doubtfull day,

Should

Worceſter that had Allegeance early ſhown,
When many Cities were diſloyal known;
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A Second *Charles* to live an Exil'd King.)
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In hopes they'd there ſucceed by ſtrenuous force.
Sands had theſe Glittring Troops; reſolv'd for Fame,
Led to this Field with full Couragious Flame.
His thought's with Number rais'd and boldeſt Pride,
To be held early ſignal by his Side.
Not as he won'd the Juſter Cauſe maintain,
But Glory ſought mixt with pernicious Gain:
Which profitable *Encomium* much did ſway
Men that the Houſes ſerv'd for Praiſe and Pay.
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To his Brave Nephew, with Indulgent Grace,
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I gladly prove thy Valour ſuch as may
Preſerve my Scepter in each doubtfull day,

Should

Should my Oppoſers fiercely ſtill adhere
To ſtain their Crimes more deeply by this War:
Yet 'tis my Royal Soul that bids confeſs,
That I muſt welcome leſs, then they, Succeſs.
Tho' they fight to reſiſt what I maintain,
Yet ſtill my Subjects are on both ſides ſlain.
Wherefore ſo Lead my Battels that I may
When Victor ſhew more Mercy ſtill then they.
As with Calm Glory thus the King expreſt,
A Warlike heat enflam'd Great *Rupert*'s breaſt:
Who thus replies, Since your ſevereſt Foes
Cannot your ſteady Greatneſs diſcompoſe;
In nothing I'le be wanting to incite
Your boldeſt Troups with forward Zeal to fight.
Nor ſhal't be ſaid that I one Peril ſhun
Where Service can for you by Arms be done.
Unto your Powers Heaven daily does diſpenſe
Aids undiſcern'd by Humane Providence.
Your Royal Standard no where is diſplay'd,
But *Welſh* and *Engliſh* gladly are Array'd.

Who,

Who, when War's Diſcipline improves their Might,
Will ſoon for you undaunted Soldiers fight.
The King tho' in his Nephew thus beheld
Example's Grandeur, which had oft upheld
Daring Attempts by forward Captains Led
Who Fortune's briskeſt Smiles had ſometimes had:
His Nobleſs, Gentry, to Atchievements prone,
That moſt Magnanimous might aſſiſt his Throne.
Yet could not he allay ſuch Anxious thought
As his Affairs in proſpect to him brought.
His Forces newly rais'd and thinly Arm'd,
And more the Sinews of their Hearts uncharm'd
By Coins alluring force, his Treaſure ſpent,
Or greateſt part, unto his detriment!
By the bold Houſes rigidly poſſeſt,
And in that Nerve of State him firſt diſtreſs'd.
Whilſt, to his grief, his wanting Files might ſay,
That Duty ſet off almoſt all their Pay.
All which did in their Grievances declare
How deep the King concern'd and Nation were.

Throughout its Parts and Orders un-intire,
And Notion'd as did leaſt their Peace conſpire.
Some Vaſſals, with their Lords, themſelves array,
Others their Lords by fighting diſobey.
No State or Birth their due diſtinction find,
Whilſt mean and bad then joyn'd their worſt deſign.
The Swain his tilt neglected in deſpair
Of what his Glebe might yield another year,
Judging that Camps would better him ſuſtain,
Then his diſorder'd toil for future Grain:
No Aid whate're but did reception find;
Wars Darling, Force, is beſt with Number joyn'd.
Eſſex from *London* march'd with higheſt State,
When throng'd Applauſes did his Soul elate,
By th'Houſes management, and Crowds deſign'd,
To heighten Fervour in his Poplar Mind.
Who with their Sanguine Zeal had leſs conſpir'd,
Had not Fame's Tinder ſo his Temper fir'd.
By which Impulſe, or from the Fate of things,
That Rugged Souls to prone Violence brings:

He

He ſoon his Army full compleated Led
Near to Campagnes in which the King's was ſpread.
Not doubting but his Num'rous Warlike Force,
So well accoutred by the Houſes Purſe,
Would ſoon the King's beſt formed Powers defeat,
When they ſhould boldeſt his in Battel meet.
And that his Cauſe no ſmooth pretext ſhould loſe,
Which for its Vail the Senate's Votes had choſe.
Unto the King a ſpecious Errand ſends,
That to his Sovereign ſafety recommends:
By wiſhing he'd from Perils ſoon withdraw,
Since no reſpect can flying Bullets awe:
Or Swords promiſcuouſly in Battels kill,
And may, 'mongſt Lower Bloud the Higheſt ſpill.
So plauſible wou'd men their Figures take,
If words, for their Offence, can Varniſh make.
The King, whoſe even Greatneſs did compoſe
His Perſon to the wonder of his Foes,
Thus to the Earl's deluſive Meſſage ſays;
Tell the bold man who for Inglorious praiſe

Does near Imbattel'd to our ſight appear;
And dares by Arms to bid his Sovereign fear.
That *Phœbus* may as ſoon decline his Light,
When Cloudy Meteors would obſtruct his ſight,
As witneſs my Juſt Glory I diſown,
Or Deeds my Scepter higheſt can renown,
Tho' with my Pers'nal Sufferings ſhou'd combine
The worſt that Armed Subjects ſhall deſign.
The King here ends: And next Great *Lindſey* ſpake,
Since Me, Great Sir, your General you make,
Suffer that I unto this Earl commit
What may my Honours Station well befit.
He is a Captain and I'de have him know
My Proweſs ſhall him equall'd that way ſhow.
But if before the fury of this day,
He'l ſingly Combate me a Soldiers way.
Our Perſons ſhall our Battel's Signal be,
As we begin to fight for Victory.
This Errand thus return'd; *Eſſex* declin'd
All other Fight then with his Army joyn'd.

Who judg'd that 'twas a much ſecurer courſe
To wave then meet Brave *Lindſey*'s ſingle force.
The King from *Edge-Hill*'s top, like *Jove* on high,
When Mortals once 'gainſt Heaven Incamp'd did lie
Undaunted ſaw the near Campagne diſcloſe
Power that durſt him divine on Earth oppoſe.
And as a Royal Chief did next deſcend
Strictly to view if orderly extend
His Battel, Wings, of Infantry and Horſe;
Inſpecting next if their Souls vig'rous force
Stood on their Looks, and how each Perſons Face
Spoke daring Conduct in his Martial place.
'Mongſt theſe, as Valours Ornament, he ſaw
Beſt Peers and Gentry Gliſtring Swords to draw.
Not readier to Command then to Obey,
Where Voluntiers they rank'd themſelves that day.
Mingled with theſe he more Intent beheld
Some by him leaſt oblig'd or favour'd hrld,
T'inlarge his Royal Files did there reſort,
Without expected Gift or Place from Court.

Whilſt others by his Royal Bounty rais'd
To Honour, Wealth, ne're in their 'Scutcheons blaz'd;
Ingratefully from his Juſt Cauſe withdrew,
Or 'gainſt him did worſt Renegado's ſhew.
Which frontleſs guilt when well the King compar'd
With ſuch, full-Soul'd with Duty, him rever'd;
Their Loyalty unpamper'd by his Gifts,
Whilſt Falſhood had in others gainfull ſhifts.
How might this Prince hope Heaven his Crown wou'd (right,
Since Conſcience thus for him won hearts to fight?
When Factions did the Houſes Votes maintain,
Blended with various Intereſts and Gain.
Some Bankrupt Commons and of Gentry ſuch
Who ſafe Eſtates and Lives would others grudge:
And purpoſely Commotions did Create,
To ſhare Large Gleaniugs by their Nation's Fate:
Which gave the King occaſion to deplore,
Where his Arms loſt they leſſen'd Virtues Store;
And could but low retaliation find,
If Bloud they vanquiſh'd mean or unrefin'd.

Eſſex, whoſe Talent was in words not great,
Or like ſuch Chiefs whoſe Oratory's heat
The fervour of their Militants could raiſe,
And by apt Speech and Conduct mingle praiſe:
Yet Leſt his Soul too heavy ſeem'd to fill
His Organs, or unbent his Armed Will,
He boldly own'd to Heaven, a ſpecious way,
His Lawleſs Cauſe as he preſum'd to pray
With Canting Teachers, who could Prayers deviſe
And Texts expound Rebellion to diſguiſe:
Befitting well the Factions of thoſe Times,
And men who fought and begg'd ſucceſs for Crimes.
Thus, to his Name's reproach, his Files he Led
In *Keinton-Field* againſt his Nations Head:
Where ſoon both Armies furiouſly Engage,
That *Engliſh* might kill *Engliſh* on that Stage.
When firſt from loudeſt Canons Bullets flew
And Ranks of Men at remote diſtance ſlew.
Some view'd their ſever'd Limbs e're they could dye
In parts by Deaths ſevereſt Cruelty.

Others were ſlain outright by one huge blow,
And happy whom ſuch Guns had killed ſo :.
Or were by ſtunning Shot bereav'd of breath,
As Canons, without wound, enforc'd their death.
Some Horſe throw Riders wanting Limbs to tread,
Others by Bullets torn in halfs lay dead.
Thus with Man's Fate the ſervile Beaſt complies,
And in Wars method moſt alike him dies.
This Thund'ring Prologue ceas'd, the Scene did fill
With thicker Miſchiefs, tho' leſs Engines kill.
Which Musket's cloſe oppoſing Peals convey,
Numerous as Attoms when the burning day
Provokes their intermingled globulous flight,
And by their adverſe motions ſeem to fight.
Which Slaughter paſt another did enſue,
That gives ſome death who had ſcap'd Powders blow.
And did as diſmal Proſpects ſoon expoſe,
As theſe fierce Legions cloſer fought their Foes.
Foot againſt Foot their brandiſh'd Pikes imploy,
And with bold Stands no leſs the Horſe annoy.

Such

Such ſooneſt fall as wou'd moſt daring live,
In ſo ſhort time Fames Stage can Honour give.
But now as Fortune wou'd the King aſſiſt,
Or teach his daring Foes leſs to reſiſt:
His Cavalry with furious drift had chas'd
Th'Enemies Horſe on their Right-Wing were plac'd.
Whilſt vanquiſh'd through this ſpacious Field they fly,
Nor thought to ſtop howe're by flight they dye.
So ſtrangely fear produc'd Ignoble haſte,
Tho' Fate they prov'd o'retook their Lives too faſt.
Great *Rupert* who the Royal Cavalry Led,
And had too far purſu'd Brigades that fled,
Remembred then the Friends he left behind,
And how diſtreſs'd perhaps he them ſhould find.
With whom the King might higheſt dangers ſhare,
Untill relieved by his Valiant Care.
Thus he preſag'd, and in his Mighty Mind,
As much his boundleſs Valour then repin'd;
That had ſurpaſs'd occaſions Limits ſo,
As Fortunes Time did from him backward go.

Whoſe

Whoſe Minutes ſlipt ſhe proudly does diſdain
The ſelf-ſame favours to beſtow again.
Whilſt in that haſty hour the Thirſt of Spoils
Too ſoon had mingled with his Soldiers Toyls.
Some ſeizing Baggage of the op'lent ſlain,
When others vaſter Booty ſtrove to gain.
Their Fatal Profit, as too early they
Would have the Gleaning of the Field that day.
Which by this Prince diſcern'd, with res'lute Brow
And higheſt Indignation bids them throw
To earth mean Pillage, and with boldeſt Might
Return with him unbroken Ranks to fight.
Being rally'd thus, like Billows on the Main
That with more furious Tides revolve again,
He forc'd his paſſage back through Armed Foes,
And Horſe and Man Impetuouſly o'rethrows.
His Soul Impatient to accompliſh more
Then he had left behind undone before.
Yet could not his Attempts, though prais'd by Fame,
Prevent the froward Caſt of Fortunes Game;

When

When the *Eſſexians* with great Valour fought,
And the King's Battel unto hardſhip brought.
Whoſe Valiant Infantry tho' o'repowr'd with force,
At once Encountred then both Foot and Horſe.
Whence many various ſad effects enſu'd,
As here Death had her Tragick Scene purſu'd.
The hardy Pikemen that ſometime withſtood
The ſtrenuous Charge of Horſe with loſs of Blood:
'Mongſt Broken Foot, defended leaſt by flight,
In much diſorder was enforc'd to fight.
Their Front compell'd to mingle with the Reare,
And many kill'd confus'dly fighting there.
Some trod to death by Horſe in furious haſt,
Others by Cruel Leiſure fell more faſt.
Too many can't reſiſt, reſiſt wou'd fain,
So much their Valour of their Fate did gain.
Such Gen'rous Chiefs as could no longer guide
Their braveſt Conduct 'gainſt the prevailing ſide,
With their diſtreſſed Militants now yield
To fall the Glory of this Bloudy Field.

Where

Where Fortune dreadfull revolutions wrought,
As if the Deſtinies her Aid had ſought.
When Valiant Bands, which like a Sacred fence
Had ſtood the Royal Standards ſtout defence,
Diſorder'd were, yet then diſdain'd to fly;
Or ceaſe to fight, but as they'd fighting die.
Belford who reſ'lutely his Squadrons Led
To force their room by laying Files firſt dead,
With Steps well dy'd in Bloud a paſſage made
Where the King's Standard's Glory was diſplay'd.
Which matchleſs Trophy he aim'd to ſurprize
As his bold Preſent to the Houſes eyes.
Whilſt Loyal * *Varney*, who with Valiant Truſt
That higheſt Enſign's ſafety hop'd to boaſt;
As he with ſignal Proweſs ſometime ſtood
Unconquer'd tho' expending Streams of Bloud,
And as Life had thus bravely from him fled,
The Standard faſt ſupported held when dead.

* Sir Edmund Varney, Standard-Bearer to King Charles the Firſt.

But this Knight's fall, tho' in deſert alone
Enough to ſave that Emblem of the Throne,
Could not without conjoyn'd Atchievments bring,
Sufficient reſcue to their [a] Figur'd King.
Which Glory valiant [b] *Smith* with others gain'd,
And to retire the Enemy conſtrain'd.
A Proweſs with their Fame muſt ſtill ſurvive,
Whilſt deeds in *Keinton-field* with Story live.
What Epithites in Verſe can aptly raiſe,
Trophees, that may perpetuate their praiſe.
Or Hiſtory that gives Truth ſuch a Teſt,
As Famous deeds are thence recorded beſt.
Too Numerous for my Meaſures to preſerve,
Or what my Muſe may doubt ſhe can't deſerve.
The day juſt ſpent (and well it happen'd ſo
When both ſides ſtill to fight reſolv'd did ſhow)
As if Heav'ns Conduct auxiouſly took care,
How Men againſt their wills ſhould Mankind ſpare.

[a] The King being Repreſented in his Standard with his Sword Drawn.
[b] Sir John Smith.

And

And thus Night ſever'd both theſe mighty Powers,
So fiercely was Imploy'd that days ſad hours.
Night, in which Terrors moſt accoſt man's thought,
And ſhapes bad deeds in worſer forms then wrought;
What apprehenſions might her hour's inſtill,
On ſuch, whoſe lateſt Guilt had been to kill.
Nor did the riſing day to them appear,
Leſs diſmall to their Conſcious Crimes or fear.
The Sun beheld far more then uſuall red,
If not his bluſh when view'd the blood here ſhed,
As ſometimes Heaven does prodigies beſtow,
To Frighten Mortalls for Miſdeeds below.
And might then op'rate whilſt with like decree,
Both Armies quit the Field, yet neither flee.
Eſſex to *Warwich* does his Forces guide,
Enough exulting that his Stubborn ſide
The King's had fought, and unſuppreſs'd cou'd own,
Such ſpoils of Dead and Living his were known.
And what Fate moſt peculiarly did prize,
Brave *Lindſey* (after made his Pris'ner) dyes.

Lindſey,

Lindſey, whoſe great Example valour taught,
In perills bold, yet theſe not heedleſs ſought;
A Captain aptly in a *Hero* Joyn'd,
As if for Honours Maſter-piece deſign'd.
And in that days fierce Harraſs like a Chief
Of Infantry, On Foot led Foot's relief;
Till overpower'd, and weaken'd much by wound,
His foes him ſeiz'd, near dead upon the ground.
Compleated thus his Memory does Claim
A laſting mention from the Tongue of Fame.
The King his Camp to *Oxford* next remov'd,
Where his Commands were full obey'd and lov'd.
As Arts to Empire muſt obſequions be,
And Meaſure thence their beſt Felicity.
The Court and Camp no ſooner ſettl'd here,
But freſh Emergencies of War appear.
London, on which the King did moſt reflect,
As a wide ſource whence flow'd the fighting Sect
That for the Houſes fierceſt did oppoſe:
To check which heat he did this ſeaſon chuſe.

Beſides he judg'd that in that Mighty Town
Were many Subjects highly did diſown
The Intereſt, which the Factious manag'd there,
And might abate if his Force nearer were.
But *London's* Temper would not then Endure
To ceaſe Rebellion by his force or Cure.
T'approach that Town to *Branford* he arrives,
Where Silver *Thames* its uſefull Current guides:
And like Viciſſitude in Humane things,
An Intercourſe of Ebb and Flowing brings.
But here he finds his March obſtructed ſo,
That he muſt fight or elſe not forward go.
The Streets and Avennues with Men beſet,
Who here (ſurviving *Keinton-field*) had met;
And with like reſolution durſt defy,
The force Conducted by arm'd Majeſty.
Hollis's Regiment being firſt at hand,
Was led to combate by his bold Command.
Soon were the Streets with gaſhly ſlaughters fill'd:
Some Houſes Ranſack'd, and their owners kill'd;

The

The Town obſcur'd from ſight by ſmoak and fire,
As if with Lives deſigned to expire.
The *Kings* ſtout foot that wou'd not yield to be,
Repuls'd by dangers worſt Extremity:
Had the oppoſing Infantry Compell'd,
To quit the Poſt which they ſo dauntleſs held.
And full of Reſolution did proceed,
To give their Vigorous force more Gallant ſpeed.
Untill obſerv'd that *London* Powers were brought,
To aid the Squadrons that already fought,
Then which; Not Mighty Seaven-hill'd *Rome* had (ſhown,
Legions more ſplendid Arm'd, and expert known;
Tho' their unhappy Guilt that bloudy time,
To be Defenders of their Senat's Crime.
Theſe *Eſſex* heads in hopes next to repair,
His Parties loſs, ſo much the Zealous care
Of many ſmart and Comely City Dames,
Who to his Strenuous Cauſe apply'd their Flames:
And might his Manhood elſe not much regard,
As doubting he too long liv'd Nature's Ward.

The *King* who did in this Conjuncture know
Timely the Reinforcements of the Foe,
Conſults ſuch Chiefs in Conduct moſt excell'd,
And round his Perſon no leſs great beheld;
Then famous *Hero's* did of old appear,
When Arm'd in Field's they *King's* Adviſers were.
And as Fame does ſuch high concernments blaze,
Her Warlike records muſt theſe Worthies praiſe:
Who did their ſubtle Enemies defeat,
And in deſpite of more as bold retreat.
Whilſt with nine Enſigns won, and other Spoyls,
The Royal Army then renown'd their Toyles.
Tho' *Kings* by Martiall Glory leaſt obtain,
When by their Subjects loſs they Trophies gain.
Or ſo inforc'd to Vindicate their Right,
As their juſt Arms muſt their delinquents fight.
Who as their Swords in battell Princes dare,
From dread of Juſtice Mercy next deſpair.
Nor Law Infring'd more Reſolute defy,
Then Conſcience, the Soul's inward Majeſty.

Nor

Now had the Sun his *Autumn* Glory ſpent,
When longer hours of Cold to Night were lent.
And fields did in their fading Green appear,
The Change of Livery Nature gives the year.
Which ſeaſon not admitting longer ſtay,
Abroad for Arm'd, both ſides withdrew their way.
So Bees in Cluſters from fierce Battles Come,
By cold enforc'd unto their waxen Home:
Untill refreſh'd by eaſe and warmer Air,
Their buſy files to fight again prepare.
Eſſex near *London* does his Quarters ſpread,
Where by the Houſes Votes they're warmly fed.
And nothing's wanted might his loſs Recruit,
At *Keinton-Field*, or *Branford's* later Rout.
Yet Neither Boaſted ſtrength, or joys beſt Guiſe,
Could tears repell from the Lamenting Eyes
That griev'd for dear Relations wanted were,
As in Death's Muſter read their Numbers are.
Tho' Pop'lar Conducts ſuch Accompts moſt hide,
Leſt People thence their dangers leſs abide.

Or from the ſum of Lives profuſely loſt,
Perceive how dear ſuch aid themſelves muſt Coſt.
The Royall force to *Oxford* next return'd,
Where Joy's were high and ſome diſaſters mourn'd.
As with Auſpitious deeds of Warr appear,
Bays that muſt needs ſome ſanguine Tincture bear.
Whilſt here the Court, that had with ſpendour fix'd,
Shin'd as with fading Glories Intermix'd.
Where Noble Matrons fear'd what Threads of Life
Fate wou'd allow their Conſorts in this Strife.
No leſs did Beauties (fain would Love eſpouſe)
Dread in their Lovers more then Life to looſe.
Which high Afflictions Civil War does find
To throw on beſt repoſe of Humane Kind.
Yet now as Fame her Feſtival wou'd raiſe,
For Celebration unto future days:
Her Record ſwift ſhe ſends on Rum'rous Wing,
As her high Preſent to be given the King:
By which from his Illuſtrious Queen was known
Her Perſon ſafe, and ſoon would meet his own;

Tho'

Tho' *Neptune* more her Greatneſs to diſplay,
Allow'd his boldeſt Seas t'oppoſe her way.
Which did the far admiring world inform;
How ſhe, Our *Heroine*, vanquiſh'd Waves and Storm.
Great *Maro* ſo did Fam'd *Eneas* blaze,
His Glory heighten'd on the higheſt Seas.
The King whoſe Love was fervent to his Queen,
By whom he, to her Fame, oblig'd had been,
As ſhe his Cauſe did to her peril aid:
To meet her Perſon no delay he made.
Attended by the Eminent of his Court,
Fully compleated in their Nobleſt ſort.
Beſide applauded Beauties that did wait
On this ſo high Concern of Love and State.
That Poets thence may future Copies take,
When they'd *Diana's* Chorus brighteſt ſpeak.
Next unto theſe their *Hero's* did attend,
Whom Fame for Warlike Deeds could beſt commend.
Edge-Hill, ſo near to *Keinton-Field* adjoyn'd,
Was then the Sphere where all theſe Luſtres ſhin'd.

Tho' Mortals that would bad Preſages make
From accidental Cauſes or Miſtake,
Might wonder that this Scene ſhould here diſplay,
Where Time muſt ſtill Inroll a Bloudy day:
As if that Heaven by Circumſtantial things
Foretold Diſaſters, which the Future brings.
The Queen whoſe Meen and Looks was Great beheld,
And in her Perſons figure too excell'd.
More Comely did to diſtant eyes appear
Then fulleſt Moon when ſhining in her Sphere.
As here the King his Conſort did behold,
High Wonder did a while his words withhold.
To ſhew her then Attractions pierc'd him more
Then all the Darts that ſhe had beam'd before:
Which high ſurpriſe did on his Soul impoſe
A Senſe, above what Speech could ſoon diſcloſe:
Untill his Thoughts found ſtrength enough to tell
How far ſhe did Supreameſt praiſe excell:
And to what Peril ſhe her Life reſign'd,
To be more Great to his Aſſiſtance joyn'd.

To which the Queen with humble Greatneſs ſaid,
What Earthly Glory higher is obey'd,
Or Power of Love, if laſting Time thence know
That I your Virtue no leſs lov'd then you.
A Greatneſs which my Life too cheap had coſt,
If I had for your ſake in Storms been loſt.
When late th'aſſaulting Billows of the Main
Oppos'd my ſafe return to you again.
And Winds ſo highly Combated in Courſe,
As if to Seas in Skies my Wreck they'd force.
Tho' Love then gave me ſuch Heroick power,
That moſt your Loſs in Me, I fear'd that hour:
'Till Heaven whoſe Scepter Boundleſs Flouds obey,
Through their deep dangers me did ſafe convey:
With Valiant Numbers freſh eſteem have won
In diſtant Climes; may that be far outdone
As they your Aid and Safety do aſſiſt,
How ſtubborn e're your Foes ſhall dare reſiſt.
And ſhould theſe not Succeſs for you obtain,
Worſe Seas I'de venture more Recruits to gain.

Tho' Merit ſeems too narrow for my Breaſt,
Who in your Love am more intirely bleſt.
And if Kings Beds throughout the World were ſeen,
Yours wou'd contain the moſt obliged Queen.
What Admirations might this Dialogue bring,
Or deſert heighten in this Queen and King.
Whilſt throngs in Counties did applauding wait
On their Great Perſons, 'till with Royal State
At Famous *Oxford* Glorioufly arriv'd;
And which of Cities ſtands moſt beautify'd
By Stately Colledges, and Learning known,
And then the Center of the Camp and Throne.
When for the welcome of the King and Queen,
This City was more great and ſplendid ſeen,
Then former time could her renown declare,
Or higheſt Orbe of Science in her Sphere.
And as ſhe then did Celebrate her Joys,
The Camp its mighty Engines too imploys;
Which as they figure beſt loud Tongues of Fame,
To Regions far applauſes did proclaim.

And next best Trumpets, (Like to such of old
By *Mars* held Sacred when their Charms more bold
The Arm'd Inflam'd, or for the Conquer'd Field
Their loudest Musick did to Triumphs yield)
Had ears remote delighted with their sound,
And Ecchoes that no voice before had found.
And what did eyes as far remov'd imploy
T'Admire the Skill was here and signs of Joy:
The Famous Engineer had made by Art
Bodies that acted beyond Natures part:
When Fireworks did in vary'd Forms arise;
Some like to Meteors blazing in the Skies:
Others like fiery Bullets seem'd to fly,
Or shot Granadoes Leaguer'd Towns do ply.
Which being past, the men whose active Might
In Running, Wrastling, Shooting, took delight:
Or durst by hardy Arms for Prizes play,
In Imitation of *Romes* Ancient way;
Had places proper unto them assign'd,
Where Chiefs and *Hero's* as Spectators Joyn'd.

And what ſublimeſt does mans thought extend,
The Learn'd as Emulators did contend
How their Addreſs they ſhould profoundeſt make;
Or in as many Tongues refin'dly ſpeak
As once th'Apoſtles did, tho' Scriptures tell
The Spirit on them for that purpoſe fell.
Nor did the Eloquence of Schools outdo
The Gloſs which Preachers did on praiſe beſtow.
Tho' Holy Writ no Perſon did convey
That like this King ſo well could Love and Pray.
As full his Conſort's Soul they had Admir'd,
If for *Rome's* ſake they had been then Inſpir'd.
Next theſe ſome Poets gladly did diſpenſe,
In this high Juncture, their ſublimeſt Senſe.
With what might moſt their Sovereigns Fame commend
Whoſe Merit long on Feet of Verſe ſhould ſtand.
Tho' of all Science, leaſt the Muſes date
Conceſſions that, from Court, their value rate,
In which high Orb few Gawdy things admit
Their ſmalleſt deference unto better Wit.

A vain neglect moſt Pens dare boldly ſlight,
That can of Courts and Men refin'dly write.
Which Glory then the Muſes chiefly ſought,
As that Kings Stile our Tongue had ſmoothneſs taught.
Whoſe Book ſo matchleſs does his figure raiſe,
As his Soul perfects there Immortal praiſe;
And 'gainſt his Foes ſuch Eloquence does ſpread,
That they will ever thence be conquer'd read.
Well might Wiſe Poets him to Fame commend,
Whoſe Wit and Virtue Divine Glory blend.
Theſe Celebrations paſt, the King and Queen
No leſs Conſpicuous in their Courts were ſeen.
Where buſy Joys and Whiſpers fill'd the Ear:
If Joy, could Joy be call'd and War ſo near;
Whoſe hours ſo roughly to their Periods flow,
That Heaven does them by Angry Stars foreſhow.

The THIRD BOOK.

The Argument.

The Wretched State of England *in the Year*
Of Forty Three, the Poet's Pencill draws.
The King abus'd by falſe Intelligence,
(The Corrupt Minions oft Intriguing Art)
The Authors Numbers in a borrow'd Name
Full repreſent, with Dornland's *figure ſhown,*
And for his Loyall praiſe, by Power of Verſe,
To after Story rais'd, with how occurr'd
The Councills, Stratagems, and deeds of Arms.

THe year recover'd had it's uſuall Spring,
When blooming hours Warrs fatall growth did (Bring,
And Ecchoes did with Tim'rous Voice reſound
The dreadfull noiſe of Armed Troups around:
As by them ſpacious Randevouz were fill'd,
Warrs Schools, where Men in killing moſt excell'd;
Yet would th'effect of diſcipline that deem,
That War might have from wicked Art Eſteem.

Eſſex

Eſſex who had ſome time at *London* ſpent,
Enough regretted, as the Houſes Meant.
His March by all their vigorous Votes to haſt,
That he no time of Action then ſhould waſt.
Or, from deliberate thought, diſpoſe his mind,
Leſs Violent then their rigid Votes deſign'd.
Which he their Armies Head might ſo diffuſe,
As in that Body Nerves might vigour looſe.
The danger moſt they Fear'd by his delay,
And next him to confirm the ſmootheſt way:
Their Pop'lar Charms, which moſt his ſoul did fit,
They, *Syren*-like, had Modell'd by their Wit.
For which Addreſs a Perſon they ſelect;
Who thus begins, If our Votes can effect
Praiſes ſufficient to compleat your worth,
Or deeds to come by Valour you'le bring forth:
Know Great and Honoured Earl, the Houſes will,
By due Obſequiouſneſs admire you ſtill.
Nor ſhall they your applauſe leſs valu'd deem,
Then worthy of the Height of their eſteem.

Tho'

Tho' Envy mourn, or talk her self then dumb,
To see our Crowds to you with Laurel come.
You, more then Chief, did first espouse our Cause,
When Threatn'd by our displeas'd King and Laws.
Your Father did to Popular deeds add Grace,
Tho' Term'd by some the headstrong of his Race.
Which Oblequy, or Court design might blaze,
When dreading most the Compass of his praise.
Contemn all Motives wou'd your conduct stay,
The Peoples heat ere Cools by small delay.
The Earl who little did applaud the Sense
Of soothing Words, the dress of Eloquence:
Or had for quick reply no ready brain;
Little return'd unto this speech again.
Like one, that won'd be understood to be
Their Creature by his prone Credulity.
And next unto his Army did repair,
Where shouts like suddain winds flew through the Air.
From which applauses, and a soul well fill'd
With such designs the Houses had insill'd,

Boldly

Boldly resolv'd, he do's towards *Redding* guide
His Armies March; a Town the Royall side
Had strengthen'd well, and Conduct duely plac'd,
That had with famous trust in War been grac'd.
Redding a Borough of a large extent,
Yet greater far in the Emolument.
Commodious *Thames* do's plenteously convey,
And opulent Freights from *London* stem their way.
Besides a Pass, that might no less withstand
A far Commerce with *England's* East by Land.
Which prejudice the Houses hop'd to Cease,
By soon Compelling by their Power that place.
But e're this Town's vast Danger we rehearse,
Some things at *Oxford* first require our Verse.
Which for their strangeness darkly Story'd are,
Or left for heedfull Poets to declare;
Whose thoughts do Records most remote sublime,
And perfect Deeds unfinish'd left by Time.
Poets are Authors, when they Actions tell,
That suit with Truth, or it resemble well.

And even the real Deeds I here purſue,
Seem no leſs ſtrange, then if allow'd untrue.
Which did ſo vild from theſe Commotions ſpring,
That all their Changes did ſtill worſer bring.
The King perplex'd, how things might further tend,
(As Mediums bad with like effects do end)
His Subjects ruin'd by a wretched War;
Some near him ſpoil'd, whilſt ſome from Countrys far
Quit their Aboads, whence they were forc'd to fly
As Objects of their Nations Miſery.
The Gen'rous Born of their Eſtates bereft,
And unto Want and Wars wild Ruines left:
Who thus deſpoil'd by men of Vulgar Race,
That ſtrove to levell all above their place,
Were forc'd by Arms to vindicate their Right,
And, to their loſs the Low of Mankind fight.
Whilſt none by ſuff'ring more renown'd was known
Then Valiant * *Dornland*, In whoſe figure ſhown

* A Name here us'd by Poetical Licenſe to deſcribe in his Character the Sufferings of many Eminent Perſons in behalf of the Crown.

The

The Muſes Pencil Story may direct,
How there his Fame beſt Copy'd ſhould be Left.
Who having dangers Paſt, and ſharp diſtreſs,
His worthy Life, and duty did addreſs.
And had affairs of that Importance brought,
As did require his Soveraigns Ear and Thought;
And witneſs'd that his future deeds ſhou'd be
No Leſs renown'd for dauntleſs Loyalty.
Whilſt from delays, and ſlights of Court he found
Some (Tho' too near the King) in heart unſound.
Who cou'd with flattering Mene their Courtſhips pay
For Treacherous ends, and Gain, the ſubtleſt way.
Whence too Indulgent Princes often find
Their Favours with their Fate too nearly Joyn'd.
This Generous ſufferer full perplex'd that he
Could not yet meet fit Opportunity,
By which he to his Soveraign might convey
Things that he found himſelf might ſafeſt ſay.
At Laſt * *Sydeſmond* paſſing by him ſaw,
To him he ſteps, and ſaid, ere you withdraw

* A borrow'd Denomination to avoid what otherwiſe in his Character might reflect on the Honour of any known Name or Family.

Acquaint the King, his Loyall Subject here
Waits to Impart what's fit for him to hear.
Sydesmond with a Glaring Parasits Look
Surveying first the Man, to him thus spoke.
Alas! mean friend, for thou in Cloaths seem'st poor,
And for thy wants perhaps woud'st Coin Implore.
Could'st thou no better furnish'd now appear;
And hope, for Cause of thine the Courtiers ear.
We favours do to Sprucer Men convey,
And who no Less us quaintly give then pray.
Perhaps thy person Merit wou'd Import,
Merit, a Drugg that slowly vents at Court.
The King's Cause glorys in their Sufferings most
Wh' are Poor and Loyall at their proper Cost.
If thou art So, in time the King may know
How many kind words he to thee does owe.
And how thou dar'st thy person too expose
With any Mony-Less against his foes.
When if well maim'd perhaps I'le thee Commend
Unto some Hospitall thy days to end.

Aboads,

Aboads, I grant, few varniſh'd Shrines Beſtow
That half-Lim'd Hero's with their exployts ſhow.
Things which brave Souls will never there repine,
That can their reliques to their Crutch confine.
Excuſe my haſt, I muſt on Men attend,
Can frankly Give, or will their money lend.
All ways are welcome Treaſure may diſburſe
To wanting Courts, or ſuch as guide their Purſe.
Thy Name I ſhould have ask'd, or let it be
(With thy Addreſs) hereafter known to Me.
Dornland's the Name (falſe Minion) I do own,
And wiſh you to your Prince, ſo juſt were known.
Whoſe Royal Cauſe I never did deſpair,
Or felt in Soul one mean relenting Care,
When other Loyalties did make their Halt,
Left Ruine, like to mine, ſhould them Aſſault.
All this I quit and gladly offer more
Then what my ſingle Merit could explore.
Things, that your ready favour might endear,
Tho' you move neareſt to your Sovereigns ear.

Perhaps a Story aptly may unfold
The means of gaining Loyal Friends and Gold.
At which *Sydesmond* shifts his wayward look,
And with a feign'd Embrace to him thus spoke.
Alas kind Gentleman! how soon amiss
May man judge man in such a world as this?
Tho' not unlike to thee one t'other day
No less glad Tidings did by me convey.
And know, (if thou hast Courts but slightly read)
That even Best Kings are oft by profit led.
Papers I guess thou hast, and would'st present;
Enough, the King shall soon know thy Intent.
The Noble *Dornland* thus being left alone;
Imploy'd his Leisure aptly to bemoan
The sad effects, which Minions might prepare,
As they give Pass-ports to the Royal ear:
And by their Fawning Avarice design
How best their Int'rests may their Purses line.
A Paper reades, which next his Breast he wore,
Some well known Poet written had before.

And

And did black guilt of Paraſiſts deſcribe,
And how to Pride and Sin ally'd their Tribe,
Which his Emphatick Verſe does thus relate;
'Tis told (ſays he) e're *Lucifer* by Fate
Was caſt from Stars, or Heav'n did him Intend
Of all Infernal Powers ſupremeſt Fiend.
A Daughter then was his of Mighty Fame,
Call'd *Sycophanta*, if none her Miſname.
Sprung from his Beams, what cou'd Serener look,
That Stars, ſome tell, with her ſmooth Court were (took.
A Tongue ſo Glibb might Tongue of Fame ſupplant,
And for worſt deeds, no Glozing words did want.
Compoſed thus, and Garniſh'd with a Dreſs,
No Painter cou'd by Drapery expreſs,
Or like to what *Aurora* beſt does wear,
When welcom'd *Phabus* to his early Sphere.
Which Flattering Beauty, being thus adorn'd
(As if for Sins allurement then Suborn'd)
With ſoothing Geſtures to her Haughty Sire
Did thus addreſs: Since *Jove* and Fate Conſpire

That shining Seats no longer now must be
The Wide Extent of your Sovereignty.
Tho' to Cœlestial Records 'twas unknown
That any Sublime Power cou'd Star dethrone.
But grant that Heavens decree does you remove
From the Illustrious Sphere is yours above.
And next Command that Lower you descend
Then the Unfathom'd Sea, or Earth extend:
Where you o're Churlish Fiends, and Ghost must Reign,
I'le win even them to obey without their Chain.
And if your Rule repute would varnish'd raise,
Sin shall from me receive the smoothest praise.
Me I am sure you will not leave behind,
So well my Arts may to your Throne be joyn'd.
This Court address'd unto her Stately Sire,
She fawning kneels to perfect her desire.
To which her Haughty Father, thus reply'd,
Hard 'twere smooth Daughter, if to you deny'd
What Greatness by my Scepter may be given,
Tho' that must fall beneath my Orb in Heaven;

Where

Where next my ſhining Pomp I joy'd to ſee
The taking Meen and Geſtures form'd by thee.
A Greatneſs Angry *Jove* to me denies,
Leſt even in Hell thy Quaint Hypocriſies
Should thoſe quick Spirits heighten to be worſe
Then does conſiſt with Heavens precedent Curſe.
Tho' for thy Glory Higheſt Powers do grant,
That thou no Greatneſs ſhalt below e're want.
Courts there thou't find moſt gladly thee will own,
And make their Arts, in thine more taking known.
And ſhould none Earth their Paradiſe now call,
Thou't leaſt, of any there, repine thy fall.
This ſaid, he downward fell with confus'd haſt,
No Thought did ever Time ſurprize ſo faſt.
Tho' ſome ſuppoſe that 'twas no more then when
A Star does ſeem to fall to ſight of Men.
His Daughter left, his Counſel ſhe obeys,
And ſwiftly unto Earth her ſelf conveys.
Kingdoms and States were ſoon made her abode
(So pronely Sin finds out the Largeſt Road.)

Where more her Artfull Flatteries to diſperſe,
She leaves her Fame to future Proſe, and Verſe.
The Gen'rous *Dornland* having ponder'd well
The uſefull Senſe, which wiſer Poets tell,
When they by choiceſt Allegories teach
How man's beſt Morals Vileneſs ſhou'd Impeach,
Commits this Poet's Verſe to further thought,
With what Inſtructions might from it be ſought.
Griev'd, that he did ſo long his Sovereign wait,
E're told what did import his Royal State.
Which apprehenſion ſoon did leſſen here,
As he beheld the King in Perſon near.
Whom by his Speech he humbly thus does move:
Since you, Juſt Prince, oblige no leſs the Love
Of Loyal Minds, then what their Souls ſhou'd dare,
When utmoſt Perils wou'd Impreſs their fear.
Howe're's the plight in which I'me now beheld;
From Friends, Lands, Houſes, Impiouſly compell'd
My Life upto a Cruel end Deſign'd
By that ſtrong Rage againſt your Powers combin'd.

Which

Which Fury, tho' it late did me ſurround,
When Guards and Scouts were my Purſuers found:
Whom as I flew through uncouth Tracts and Woods,
And ſwimming (more then weary) dangerous Flouds;
Some Star's compaſſion me did hither guide
To ſerve your Cauſe, and to expreſs beſides
Things which my Duty would to you impart,
And full aſſure the Conduct of my Heart.
The King took thought a-while e're he reply'd,
(*Sydeſmond* having whiſper'd him aſide)
And next to *Dornland* turning, thus did ſpeak:
What-e're's the Figure thou woud'ſt ſeem to make,
Think not that 'tis unto thy King unknown
How vilely men for ends have falſhoods ſhwon.
And have ſometimes deceiv'd our Royal Ear,
As one can witneſs that attends Us here.
Proof I expect of what thou wouldſt expreſs,
And if thy Flight's from *London* as I gueſs,
Supplies from thence I ſecretly expect:
'Twas told thy Errand might the like effect.

Howe're

Howe're proceed, that I may ſurely know
Whether thy Merit be miſtook or no.
Tho' Souls of Kings (next Heaven) there's nothing can
So high oblige as well-deſerving Man.
Since, Mighty Sir, you do admit that I
Atteſt before you my Integrity.
Which (without Bluſh) I wiſh as much to ſome
That to your favours hold the neareſt roome.
Alas, I fear you are too far betray'd
By ſuch as ſhould your Royall Councells ayd,
And with ſincereſt Faith preſerve untold,
What Souls corruptly guided ſell for Gold.
Your Secret Councells by the ſoothings found
Of Men unto your ſafety moſt unſound.
Friends thus deterr'd would elſe profuſely ſhow
Their Coyn and Perſons offer'd unto you.
With whatſo'ere your Cauſe might beſt ſupply,
If fighting ſo, they unbetray'd may dye.
Nor ſhall Lights Orb one days bright Meaſure run,
Till in that revolution deeds be known.

That

That moſt perniciouſly themſelves diſplay,
And ſhew what Serpents move too near your ſway.
Towards *Reading*, now does March a mighty Horde,
I ſaw Roads thickly filld with Foot and Horſe
Whence Clouds of Duſt ſo ſtrove to darken ſight,
As if they next would ſmother ayr and Light.
Eſſex their Chief amongſt them too I ſaw,
His Looks confus'd, as if ſome thoughtfull awe
Hung on his Soul, or that he did deviſe
How he might ſoon that eminent Town Surprize.
Which Left my Soveraign, ſhould not timely know,
What I have paſs'd, I willing undergo.
Nor ſhall your Cauſe Aſſiſtance want from me,
What ere's my Croſs or Future deſtiny.
More he had ſaid, but that ſome ſuddain thought
Too deeply on his Soul Impreſſion wrought;
Of what had been predicted for his Fate,
And might too nearly to his King's relate.
Which Gracious Prince did *Dornland* further Grace,
Beholding ſtrictly his firm Mene and Face.

And

And next thus ſpeaks, excuſe thou didſt not find
More quick remembrance from our Royall Mind.
Tho' better then by ſight th'art known to Me,
So well thy Merit, and thy Fame agree.
Thou didſt before, Intelligence Convey,
Which gives thy ſtory Credit too this day.
Releif for *Redding* I'le command in time,
Tho' ſome in Truſt, cannot diſcharge their Crime;
Who by Improper Correſpondence fail,
Or wou'd by faithleſs ends themſelves avail.
From which this uſefull obſervation ſprings;
Few, Earth affords, Heaven duely ſerve, or Kings.
Sydeſmond, let it be thy Task to ſhew,
By what we give, how more to him we owe.
The King withdraws, whilſt falſe *Sydeſmond* ſtays;
His eyes freſh Garniſh'd by their fawning rays,
Like Glozing Paraſits, ſome Courts have known,
When to their Princes Smiles they faign their own.
Dorniland diſcover'd had this Minion well,
(Whoſe Mene did partly what he Look'd for tell.)

Next lets him know, ſince 'tis his Thriving way
To hold it meet Men ſhould for favours pay:
He'l ſomething add to what he can expect,
If but one Juſt Obligement he'l effect:
Which was, that if his Covetous Soul could be
Induc'd to value Future Honeſty,
And that his Royall Maſter's Cauſe ſuſtain
No Miſcheif from his Tongue, and Impious Gain:
The Gift the King to *Dornland* lately gave,
He now (to bribe thee honeſt) bids thee have.
Which ſaid, this Generous ſufferer next departs;
Enough obſerv'd by him ſome Courtly Arts:
With what neglects endur'd and cold delay,
Mens expectations their attendance pay:
Whilſt buſy rumour ſoon his Name had ſpread,
And how endanger'd he from *London* fled,
Eſcaping perills of a various Form,
Like ſome ſtout ſhip that boldly ſtemms a Storm.
Beſides the faſt aſſurance he did bring
Of being a brave Aſſiſtant to his King:

Soon won the Moſt Heroick in thoſe days,
To ſerve his perſon and advance his praiſe.
Who next unto the Royall Camp repair'd,
Where high Careſſes ſoon his worth declared;
In which bold Station my Pen leaves him now,
Till future deeds his value ampler ſhow.
This Age ſo ſtrange a Curtain did undraw,
And Scenes, of various wonders, thence had ſaw.
That Hoary Time might (Novice-like) behold
Such new Amazements as ſurpaſs'd the old.
And muſt (his future perſpective diſclos'd)
Confeſs enſuing hours for ever pos'd.
Whence this Wars Story finds too narrow room
For deeds that did ſo thick together come.
Tho' wiſe Hiſtorians with leſs Care relate
The ſmall occurrences and Arts of Fate:
Then Councills, Battells, and ſuch mighty things
Which Fame applauds in Hero's and in Kings:
Permitting Time ſome leſſer deeds to vail,
Or cheaply leave 'em to their own Entail.

Which

Which method, if my Lines can here purſue;
Selecting facts, and things as likely True:
With ſuch beſides, that Nature wou'd preſent,
(Whoſe gloſs on Story to the Muſe is lent)
Enough *Parnaſſus* is Implor'd by me,
Or Time allow'd Supremeſt dignity.
Tho' nothing can effectually deplore
What did enſue on this Wars Fatall Score:
No wicked age before ſo dear did coſt
That Bloud and Treaſure had profuſely loſt.
And what if well Imploy'd, had Conquer'd more
Then all Great *England* own'd in *France* before;
And forc'd the bold offenſive *French* to be
Confin'd unto their Juſt Capacity;
Whilſt now their proſperous Arms ſo daring ſpread,
As *France* appears a univerſall dread.
How many Countries ſeiz'd and more in Claim
By ſuch dependencies, he's pleas'd to name.
As if the World he'd by like parcels take
As *Spaniſh Netherlands* their ruine ſpeak.

An apprehenſion better underſtood
When more compos'd our Mode of publique good.
'Till when, 'tis left with Myſteries of State
That with their Leiſure beſt their Senſe dilate.
And now my Story cloſer to declare,
Which might ſome ſpace for this digreſſion ſpare:
(As uſefully ſometimes the eye is ſtay'd
When Proſpects near it aptly are convey'd.)
To *Redding*, next my Muſe directs her Courſe,
Which Town was compaſs'd by the Houſes Force.
And if made theirs, would the Advantage bring
Of ſtraitening more the Quarters of the King.
Which known Inducements, with applauſe of Fame,
The Earl's ſlow Genius Jointly did enflame.
A Man that Pop'lar Motions much indear'd,
Tho' for their Compaſs he too ſlowly Stear'd.
And fitter ſeem'd his Conduct to make ſtrong,
Then with their eager Flames to hold it long.
As Furious Crowds the Man will moſt admire
That kindles from his Soul the quickeſt Eire.

Skippon a Leader by the Houſes Choſe,
To ſhape and act Deſigns when ripe for Blows;
And had in *Belgick* War repute obtain'd
From Towns by bold Attacques or Sieges gain'd.
Beſides a powerfull Talent in him lay
T'Inflame his Party their own Canting way.
Which Scripture Furies ſtrongly did incite,
For who ador'd Enthuſiaſms much could fight.
Being thus compos'd, he *Eſſex* does preſent
With Zeal Harrangu'd, inſtead of Complement.
Letting him know, that Heaven, by Mighty Love,
Did his Stout Spirit for their Cauſe approve.
A Cauſe that boundleſs Sanctity extends,
And for which Holy Light within contends.
Captain *Meſſias* ſure the Houſes Led
When their Votes you for Goſpel-Conduct ſped:
An Act the pious Souls of Saints eſpouſe,
And, like the Holy Tribes, Life fearleſs loſe.
You are their *Moſes*, and but bid them fight,
They'l out-do wonder by their Spiritual Might.

Can *Redding* ſtop us, ſhould Bulwarks be its Wall;
Alas, like *Rabbah*, ſoon 'twill yield to fall.
You lead as Truſty *Iſraelites* as they,
'Gainſt that ſtrong City, cou'd both Fight and pray.
Our Guns are Mounted, our Approaches fixt,
Let prayer with theſe be timely intermixt.
Next let our Shot the diſtant Regions ſtun,
Or tell how Loud we fight 'till *Redding*'s won.
This Pious Leader, if reputed ſo,
Did in thoſe days for Major-Gen'ral go:
And if men did his Genius rightly weigh,
He could not bolder fight then he durſt pray.
Eſſex, who had this Zealot calmly heard,
Tho' he for Modern Zeal but little car'd,
Or found much ſtruggling in his Thoughts to know
Whether his older Faith were beſt or no.
Beſides ſome Tinctures of Allegeance ſtill
Had intermixture with his Stubborn Will:
Did his divided mind perplex'dly poſe
How to diſcern what thought cou'd beſt propoſe.

Tho'

Tho' ſuch who ſtricteſt have his Soul defin'd,
To Moderation grant him moſt inclin'd.
Whilſt ſoon this War expended ſo much heat,
As Calmer thoughts cou'd not it's rage abate.
And ſhews how men taſt Politicks by Rote,
That Miſchiefs ſtir and next wou'd Good promote.
And thus this Peer, who leſs his Cauſe admir'd
Then Pop'lar Courtſhips to which he aſpir'd:
(Tho' ſeldom Crowds their fondneſs long allow,
So near their Plaudits, their detractings go.)
Did in this Juncture res'lutely intend,
That *Reddings* Siege ſhou'd him to Fame commend.
When he to *Skippon*, and ſome eager Chiefs,
Thus did expreſs, to gain their ſmooth beliefs:
What-e're the buſy World of me can ſay
Through cold miſtake of my advis'd delay:
Or that, no Feavour in my Veins I raiſe
To vent hot Bloud, or raſhly fight for praiſe.
Which Caution if ſome Tempers do deſpiſe,
They'le learn from Foes to grant my Conduct Wiſe.

Nor ſhall this Town long hope to be ſo bold
As 'gainſt our Power its own defence to hold:
Tho' for its ſuccour Aids from *Oxford* come;
Unleſs, through Trenches, they can force their room.
Afton againſt us does this place Command,
A Captain much approv'd I underſtand:
And adds to our eſteem and Warlike uſe,
If 'gainſt his Conduct we this Town reduce.
Which ſaid, his weighty Shot does *Redding* ply,
Like force of Thunder burſting from the Sky.
Walls, Houſes, Roofs, their ſcatter'd ruins ſhow,
As what withſtands the Canons mighty blow:
Whoſe monſtrous Strength doth various ruine force,
And like no other thing Kills out of Courſe;
As it by confus'd deaths does lives Bereave
Of Children, mothers, whom worſt foes would ſave.
So much beyond Mans Aim his brain deſign'd,
When wicked art did this huge murtherer find.
Great *Redding* thus diſtreſt, quick rumour flew
With noiſe of Guns whoſe ſounds the danger ſhew.

With

With what approaches made and more begun,
That ſoon the Town might be by *Eſſex* won.
Whence Subſequent Expreſſes ſwiftly bring
More Fatall News unto the afflicted King.
Letting him know, as there vaſt bullets flew
That roofs had torn, and their hard ruins threw
High, as the Sulpherous blaſt of *Etna* bears
Stones, that like Thunderbolts from Rocks it Tears;
Which falling Low, might Men or Creatures Maim,
As here bold *Aſton's* harm was much the ſame.
Who from a Tile, that by extravagant Chance
A Shot had forc'd againſt his head to Glance,
Receiv'd ſo deep a Wound upon that part;
As doubted 'twas above a Cure from Art.
A ſtrange diſaſter, and of more Import
Becauſe 'twas *Aſton's*, by whoſe brave effort,
And well prov'd conduct, *Redding* might have found
Her Story, from his Valour, full Renoun'd.
But Deſtiny had otherways deſign'd
Glory unto his End enſuing Joyn'd:

As Fatall *Ireland* did in Future ſhow,
And long as ſtands * *Tredah* his deeds 'twill Know.
Feilding by Marſhall right did then ſucceed
To hold the Town in wounded *Aſton's* ſtead;
A Cheif by many held approv'd in War,
Tho' for what Cauſe his Genius did appear
At that time Clouded, has a dubious ſenſe,
Or darkly read from paſt Intelligence.
Some tell, that he too ſoon occaſion gave
That *Eſſex* might the Town ſurrendred have:
Altho' no power he wanted to maintain
What his Oppoſers durſt attempt to gain.
Others, that he a Treaty wiſely choſe;
Leſt he was forc'd a ſtrengthleſs place to loſe,
Which from the Circuit and the large extent,
Might leſs Conſpire with Warlike Management.
Which Martial Senſe if prevalent in him,
Did much excuſe where others wou'd condemn.
A further Search my Meaſures need not guide
Of things which Story-Criticks beſt decide.

* Sir Arthur Aſton ſlain at the taking of Tredah by Oliver Cromwell, where all that bore Arms were put to the Sword.

The

The FOURTH BOOK.

The Argument.

Eſſex with high ſurprize unto the King
Beſiegeth Redding, Aſton *diſabled by*
A caſual Shot, The place his Conduct wants.
Mean while the Poet finds an Interval:
The Love of Lyſle *and* Lucas *to rehearſe,*
Whoſe objects here denomination have
In Beauteous Roſalin *and* Flavira's *flames.*
The fight at Cawſham-bridge *deſcrib'd, and how*
Fielding *by Treaty did the Town ſurrender.*

THE ſtrange ſurpriſal which theſe Tidings gave
The King at *Oxford*, next account muſt have.
Who ſoon did then a Martial Counſel call
To prevent Dangers *Redding* might befall.
For which he *Ruthen*, *Rupert*, *Lucas*, *Lyle*,
Chiefly ſelects, with others whoſe brave Toyle
Their deeds renown'd, and from Emergents knew
What did Import their Conducts moſt to do.

Great *Ruthen*, whom the King had Generall made
Of his Fierce Infantry (when *Lyndſey* paid
His debt to Fame and Nature) tho' of Race
Beneath his Predeceſſor's Noble place,
Full of Experience and in Courage great,
An union which beſt Captains does compleat.
To him, as order duly did require,
The *King* thus ſpeaks, to what may Fate aſpire
Whilſt my Oppoſers *Redding* now ſurround,
When *Aſton* Lies diſabl'd by a wound:
And what my fuller Trouble does Increaſe,
Feilding already Treats to yeild the Place:
The Cauſe, or Prudence, I'le not now diſpute;
Or what bad Men too near me might promote;
Who not by Falſe Intelligeance alone
Perplex the Senſe and Safety of my Throne,
But in my Methods ſo themſelves diſguiſe
As they Impead my being ſingly wiſe.
Tho' 'tis no ſeaſon now to Count ſuch deeds,
Whilſt Eminent *Redding* our Aſſiſtance needs:

How

How Strong ſo e're that Garriſon is Mann'd
With ſuch that dare their Enemies withſtand;
Did *Feildings* Soul their Valour not abate,
As for the Towns Surrender he does Treat.
When no Command of mine did him diſpoſe
To yeild the place on offer'd Terms by Foes.
Think timely now what apteſt you'd adviſe,
That to ſave *Redding* looks both great and wiſe.
Ruthen, whoſe Education did Impreſs
No Courtly Mean or words of Splendid dreſs;
But rather as a Souldier roughly taught,
Could act the Senſe which ſound Experience Brought.
Unto the *King*, he then did thus reply,
Much Circumſpection in Attempts ſhou'd lye.
That Seiges would from Towns by force remove,
Where men their Strengthen'd Stations firſt approve;
With Lines, Redoubts, and Bulwarks ſtrongly made,
To Cut off all that ſhall ſuch Poſts Invade.
And if experience beſt confirm'd we prize,
'Tis ſafe to fear the worſt from Enemies.

Nay

Nay rather ſome Improbables allow,
Then ſlight the Conduct of an Armed Foe.
From which Contempt, how often have I known
Some Captains fail that elſe deſerv'd Renown.
Believe me Sir, that Conduct's cheifly wiſe
Which hath moſt dread of Prudent enemies.
A Skill grown old in Forraign Feilds I ſought,
And ſaw where headſtrong Valour Miſcheifs brought;
Whence torn and Shatter'd Armies did Lament
The Bloud which they ſo diſmally had ſpent.
Next him great *Rupert* ſpeaks his Martiall Senſe,
And Soul Inflam'd with higheſt Conſcience.
Telling the *King* how much he was betray'd
By ſome who near his Ear themſelves convey'd.
What elſe does this Surprizing Leaguer ſhow,
By *Eſſex* guided before *Reading* now.
Tis not becauſe he ſlights your forces there,
Or that his Soul does thence leſs ſlow appear:
But his Incitement rais'd from ſome may own
Neglect, or worſer Crime within that Town.

Small

Small cauſe there's elſe to doubt oppoſers can
The place obtain which your Powers fully Man.
Yet this Conjuncture ſuch debates Ill ſuit,
As ſtay releif from Nicely ſpun diſpute.
Better to truſt ſome perril to a Day,
Leſt *Reddings* Loſs be charg'd on faint delay.
Tho' Clouds of Force do now begirt that Town,
Which when remov'd on your's will fix renown.
Some days I hear to *Feilding* yet remain
Ere his Cold Treaties will effect obtain.
Perhaps within that ſpace he hopes to finde
Royall Aſſiſtance from your Arms deſign'd:
In ſtraits of War the beſt reſolves I hold
Are ſuch as in Attempts appear moſt bold.
Lucas and *Lyle* this Councel ſoon approv'd,
Whoſe Warlike Souls leſs dangers fear'd then Lov'd
Strict in embracing deeds of brave Import,
And from their Valours friendſhip gain'd effort.
None more Heroick in affections were,
And like the Twins of Honour liv'd as dear.

Which

Which in our Courſe of Story we'le rehearſe,
With what their Fame, and end deſerve from Verſe.
The *King* (who like the Sun could Beams dilate
Conſpicuouſly Serene and calmly great)
His quickning Rays, and looks diffus'd a ſpace;
And next their perſons by apt ſpeech did grace.
Expreſſing his Obligements from above,
That him befriended with their worth and Love.
Beſides the Gallant Leavies that did own
Much Valiant aid and duty to his Throne.
Which ſoon cou'd Numbers in each County ſpread,
Tho' lately he ſcarce Chief or Soldier had.
When forc'd his vaſt Metropolis to leave,
And like a Common Man his perſon ſave.
This from Unruly Faction did Commence,
Which heighten'd more the Senates Inflam'd Senſe.
Whilſt there, and in Great *London* many were
Who duly did their Prince both Love and fear.
Untill Compell'd by fury to ſubmit
To others Vile diſorder'd Rule, and Wit.

From

From which harſh guilt No outward Comfort Mis
But did to humane Senſe, as ſoon decline.
My *Conſort* ſuff'ring in my Crowns diſtreſs,
Not all my Children ſafe, or ſeen to Bleſs.
My Subjects round me by diviſions rent,
Nothing entire, but my within Content.
The Scepter by Heaven's ayd I'de cheifly rule,
That Piety may ſtrengthen moſt my Soul.
If this deſert in me did firſt Incite
My Subjects proweſs to Aſſiſt my right:
When Treaſure and all other Motives fail'd,
That Scepters in diſtreſs have moſt avail'd;
My Soul's bright Banner will my Cauſe renown,
Shou'd Enſigns boldeſt Led not ſave my Crown.
Let my Example well with yours conſpire,
That Vileneſs from our Camp may ſoon retire.
With ſuch Licencious Evills that Combine
T'avert the good I beg of powers divine.
Think not the better Cauſe will have Succeſs
From ſuch Aſſiſtance Heaven diſdains to bleſs.

Believe

Believe your *King*, that Courage beſt prevails
Which joyn'd with inward virtue Foes aſſails.
O, might my Force but thus Confirm'd proceed,
And with that Glory Ayd for *Redding* Lead.
The King concluding thus; his Cheifs admir'd
The temperate thoughts within his breaſt Conſpir'd;
So Stedfaſt in worſt Exigents of State,
As ſhew'd his Greatneſs far Surpaſs'd his Fate.
Much had this Councill heedfully expreſs'd,
Before agree'd what ſeem'd that Juncture beſt.
Some, Nimble Fortune would allow moſt kind;
When Quick reſolves to bold attempts were Joyn'd.
This Mighty *Caſars* high Atcheivments tell,
Whoſe fortune did in ſwift diſpatch Excell,
His Soul no Bays more blooming e're did prize
Then ſuch with Bold and ſoon attempts did riſe.
And were now *Redding* his, the ſelf-ſame thing
(Wou'd be his Meaſure) here advis'd our *King*.
Others that well celerity Approv'd,
By different Methods their diſcuſſions mov'd.

Who

Who tho' allowing expeditious Fight,
Debated much to State that Courſe aright;
Beſides diſaſters ponder'd oft befell
Aggreſſors when ſtrong Sieges they'd repell.
Some did for Caution and delay diſpute,
Urging that Time advantage might promote:
Whoſe hours in War ſhould thriftily be ſpent,
Leſt Lives profuſely loſt they next repent.
Nor could it to ſound Captains be unknown,
How Armies but in ſight of Leaguers ſhown
Had on their Foes ſuch Terror oft Impreſs'd,
As they left Towns which were before diſtreſs'd.
And better we attempts ſhould yet delay,
Then add to *Reddings* loſs a worſer day.
So variouſly Wars Science does admit
Fineneſs to Poliſh its deſtroying Wit.
Whilſt in ſuch Stratagems Nice Reaſon lays;
The Beaſt, reſembles Man, that ſubtileſt preys.
Soon did th'effect of theſe debates appear
In the Fierce Meaſures as then Acted were,

Much

Much quicken'd by occasions hasty call,
Lest the Beseaguer'd Town to *Essex* fall.
The King's Commanders whose bold prowess stood
Heighten'd by Native Glory of their Bloud,
And what their Warlike Ancestors had done
In Publick Exigents to gain renown:
No sooner did their ready Flames receive
Summons to March, but their Impressions gave
Terror to all such Militants they led;
And what did most a vigorous Influence spread:
The *King* his Person to this March design'd,
And for their Grace his forward Conduct joyn'd.
But e're my Muse such horrors does rehearse
That must have room within her Martial Verse;
Some Gentler passions represent their Claim,
If Verse can give their Merit unto Fame:
Or sing Couragious *Lucas* with brave *Lyle*
High as their worth deserv'd or Martial Toyle.
And to the Muses glory next declare
Illustrious Love sublim'd by Souls of War.

This

This great Example Female Charms do ſhow,
When in a *Hero's* Joyn'd a Lover too.
Nor ſhall *Flavira* thy bright Story be,
Heap'd in Oblivious dull Calamity.
With what the Beauteous *Roſalin's* ſoft flame,
May Merit from Records repriv'd by fame.
Many renown'd theſe ſplendors had admir'd,
Whilſt their Souls wiſhes differently conſpir'd.
In *Roſalin's* ſmooth breaſt remain'd no ſpace
Where full affection did not *Lucas* place,
Yet ſo ſerenely calm did that admit,
As ſpoke her flower of Love and facile Wit.
Flavira more ſeverely did apply,
To heighten flames of Magnanimity.
Judging that perills to her Lover brought,
The Haughty Trophies by her wiſhes ſought.
Nor wou'd ſhe yield Fames truſty Tongue cou'd blaze
Valour that equall'd *Lyle's* Heroick praiſe.
Too proudly glorying, that her powerfull Charms
Joyn'd with her Lovers Soul propenſe to Arms.

Forgetting that too often Stars deny'd
To Crown the Ends of Womans daring pride.
Theſe Beauties that did Lineally derive
A Gen'rous Bloud did worthily Contrive,
How they might ſtricteſt Amity compleat,
And like their Lovers proye in Friendſhip great.
Oft they prolong'd diſcourſe till ſetting Sun,
Rehearſing deeds this dreadfull Warr were done:
Oft had they broke repoſe in hope to hear
Events of Fights in which their *Hero's* were.
Nor did the Objects of their paſſion find
No different Method to their Values Joyn'd.
In *Lucas* Valour fiercely did abound,
And firm as *Hanniball* in Conduct found:
When Fields were moſt Imbru'd with bloudy ſtreams,
Or Foes were charg'd Renown'd for Martiall flames.
But in Great *Lyle* another *Scipio* ſeem'd,
Calm as beſt Fortitude wou'd be eſteem'd,
Or Soul that's mild and Tracticably great,
And, like that Roman, Proweſs cou'd compleat.

Theſe

Theſe *Hero*'s who did glorioufly contend
How each might moſt appear a ſignall friend,
Had mixt with Intervalls of Martial thought,
The ſoft diſcoveries from loves Text were taught.
Dilating much *Flavira*'s ſprightly Charms,
Her darting Beams with her applauſe of Arms.
Beſides the Epithites they did allow
To *Roſalin*'s ſmooth Grace and Feature due.
And might poſe apteſt Story to convey,
Where love and Merit beſt direct their way.
Lucas, whoſe Soul was fill'd with daring flame,
And thirſt of deeds that fiercely purchas'd fame:
Relentleſs to all ſoftneſs of the mind,
By which his Martial heat might be declin'd:
Unto Couragious *Lyle* did thus expreſs;
Much is my heart obliged to confeſs
Admired *Roſalin*'s ſereneſt Praiſe,
And what her blooming ſplendors yet may raiſe.
Nor is't unknown to me how many Brave
At Beauty's Tempting ſhrine vouchſaf'd to crave:

This even *Achilles* did when he obey'd
Deidamia's Charms, tho' *Greeks* then miſs'd his aid.
But ne're of *Lucas* ſtory ſhall relate,
That Amorous leiſure ſtay'd his warlike heat.
Or that for him Gay *Hymens* Tapers burn,
Whilſt Loyall blouds oblig'd it's loſs to mourn:
Or Foes ſhall dare their Prince oppoſe with Arms,
Howe're I value womans lovely Charms.
This ſpeech the worthy *Lyle* ſeverer thought,
Then what loves Maxims uſually had taught;
And cou'd not but with Generous pity ſee,
The Grief of Soul which *Roſalin's* might be.
Whoſe ſenſe tho' Calm, as dawn of Gentleſt day,
Might yield reſentment at unquoth delay.
But much had *Lyle Flavira's* ſenſe repin'd,
And known Caprice unto her Value Joyn'd:
Prone to exact from his Atcheivments more
Then he wiſh'd Men ſhould from his deeds explore.
Diſcerning well how often Mortall praiſe,
Does leſs Mans Merit then detraction raiſe.

Theſe apprehenſions in the worthy *Lyle*,
Convey'd by looks inſtead of words their ſtile.
An outward proneneſs Nature does diſpenſe
When genuinly diſcribed her inward ſenſe.
And from the Soul's Internall worth implies
Some Trouble in the Face that truth denies.
In which ſtrict Mirror *Lucas* ſoon perceiv'd
Th' Emotions which his *Lyle* within had griev'd.
And held it no leſs worthy to Aſſay,
If Martiall thoughts cou'd his concerns allay.
To whom he thus delivers, if great friend
Thou wou'dſt with me thy Gallant worth extend;
Think not the Harmony of Lute and Voice,
Or Face which the Effeminate Man can moſt rejoyce;
Should mix their Gentle Fervors with the Flame
That Spirits deeds which ſpread a Soldiers Fame.
Not that I Love perverſly do decline
In the Attractive form of *Roſaline*:
Enough my Soul her value can admire,
When *Mars* there leaves a ſpace for Amorous fire.

This ſaid, to their Commands theſe *Hero's* ſpeed,
As apteſt Seations whence their fame ſhou'd ſpread.
The Royall Forces before *Redding* drew,
When like a diſmall Round they ſoon did view
An Armies Compaſs to a Leagure form'd,
Not from Intent the Town ſhou'd then be ſtorm'd:
Since as in Courſe of Story has been told,
Feilding did Treaty for ſurrender Hold.
And e're the Kings Battalions thither came,
The time of yielding fully known to Fame.
Treaty, beſt Captains ſometimes wiſely chuſe,
That by Conceſſions they may cheapeſt looſe.
Deeming that he too much provoketh Fate,
Who leaves to Fortune all that force may get.
But Wars intrigu's when of this ſaving kind,
Rarely obliging diſquiſitions find.
Whilſt moſt their boldeſt Criticiſms beſtow,
On deeds that Caution more then Valour ſhow.
Beſide cloſe Contracts might from gain ariſe,
Since Gold did often ſtrongeſt Towns ſurprize.

Propenſi

Propenſly Judging that each worldly Fact
Does private Int'reſt moſt deſign'd compact.
All which from Fonds of fraud in Humane Race,
And Coveteous Guilt too aptly Men imbrace;
To ſuch Conſtructions Mortalls do incline,
As like their vileneſs others they define.
The *King* whoſe Prudence greateſt was alone,
Might from Events have been Auſpitious known:
Had not his Gentle Soul been too propenſe,
Withdrawn by other far Inferiour Senſe.
And from that Times important Juncture ſhows,
That Princes beſt their perſpectives diſpoſe,
When they diſcern, from Councills they receive,
That wiſer to themſelves their Souls can give.
Some that wou'd to the King preſage ſucceſs,
Added unto their hope their Garniſh'd dreſs.
Judging that Kings ſuch Courtſhip well Allow
ThatGrandieur ſeem in Exigents to ſhow.
Others aſſur'd that *Feilding* would not fail,
By a Courageous ſally to prevail:

If firſt the Royall Conduct gain'd ſome Poſt
That might impead the bold beſiegers moſt.
Which Motive being leſs Circumſpect through haſt,
Occaſion'd Perills to enſue as faſt.
Whilſt *Eſſex Cawſham-Bridge* had then poſſeſt,
And of his daring Arms there plac'd the beſt.
Yet o're this paſs 'twas res'lutely decreed
That relief ſhould to diſtreſs'd *Redding* ſpeed.
By many cenſur'd a Pernicious Courſe,
Since Nature there had poſted too her Force.
Beſides 'twas thought ſome Leaders leaſt perceiv'd
What might that time have better been Atchiev'd.
On *Barkſhire* ſide, where large Campaigns abound,
(The Scopefull Bleſſings of that fertile Ground)
And through which (Straiten'd leſs) the Royall Power
Might *Reddings* Leagure have attacqu'd that hour.
But Heaven determin'd *Cawſham-Bridge* ſhou'd name
That days Events which wonder gave to Fame.
Rupert, his Station took to force this paſs,
(And ſure 'twas hot where his the onſet was)

No *Jove* when painted with a dreadfull Brow,
Bidding his Lightening burſt with Thunders Blow,
Could repreſent this Princes Conduct then,
Or Shot far ſurer Thunder'd deaths to Men.
Tho' loſſes on his ſide were many found,
Whoſe Soul enough taught daring to abound.
Whilſt ſmoak and Flame did ſo promiſcuous blend,
As Fames beſt eye, which ſhe did thither ſend,
Was forc'd with ſome diſorder to relate
How Chiefs renown'd and Soldiers mingl'd Fate.
Tho' no bold deeds or Life profuſely loſt,
Nor what did praiſe their res'lute Conduct moſt,
Could from the hardy Foes their poſt obtain,
Who thought no loſs too dear cou'd that Maintain.
And by recruited Courage ſoon Supply'd
The Rooms where Lives before had Stouteſt dy'd.
But leaving thus this Prince engag'd in Fight,
Some other proſpects do my Muſe Invite:
Whereby this days fierce *exit* may be known,
Tho' not each Circumſtance nor Action ſhown:

Which

Which tedious Chronicles more aptly ſpread,
And Stories where their Lumbers fully read.
Ruthen a Captain long approv'd by Fame,
In Wars harſh *Winters* paſs'd and *Summers* Flame;
And by Time Tutor'd, in himſelf beheld,
How *Ruſſe* experience in his years excell'd.
Nor leſs the *King* his Antient proweſs grac'd,
In being (as told) his Captain Generall plac'd.
And had the Soldiers part as fully ſhown,
In his Attempt to ſave the ſieged Town.
No Chief his Conduct cou'd have then outdone,
If Fortune had been that day to be won.
Much did his brave example then incite,
His Soldiers Valours led by him to fight;
And where obſerv'd leſs hardy to Aſſail,
He Strove by ſpeech to win them to prevail;
Which as his Martial plainneſs did admit
(The dialect his Soul did Chiefly fit.)
He then did utter, much in words like theſe:
Known 'tis to me how hardly Men appeaſe

The Hearts diſorder, when with Terror ſhook,
Or can't undaunted on diſaſters look:
Which ſhou'd leaſt diſaffect ſtout Soldiers Mind,
And his encreaſe of Honour, thence declin'd.
No ſtep like that in Bloody Fields I fought,
Or when Commanded ſhrank in Act or Thought.
This Me from loweſt Files did Gradual raiſe,
Untill attain'd a ſteady Captains Praiſe.
By the ſame Method let your Actions ſhow
That I your General am, and Leader now.
This Speech deliver'd with a Soldiers Grace,
And Brevity well ſuiting Time and place,
With what his long prov'd Conduct did Import
To give their hope and Courage more effort:
Soon did his drooping Militants diſpoſe
More vigorouſly againſt their daring Foes.
And now Deaths Language ſoon by Guns was ſpoke,
Limbs ſcatter'd were with halfs of Bodies broke.
Some Valiant Heads ſhot off, and as men Tell
Their Trunks a while ſtood headleſs e're they fell.

And

And where perhaps hereafter may be found
Limbs(with their Bodies) ne're went under ground.
Whilſt Lives that by ſuch Seperation fall,
Seem leſs to further Reſurrections Call,
If, in that Inſtant, Miſſing parts muſt find
Their bodies tho' to diſtant duſt confin'd.
What Man can doubt how various death was here,
Or how much thin'd by loſs Files did appear.
When Peals againſt Peals Death concey'd in Courſe;
Like Leaves, Men dropt, that feel rough *Autumns* force.
Tho' this from no ſide fury could withdraw,
Where Danger could not *Engliſh* Courage awe.
Whilſt Fortune yet a wavering Station held,
Who leaſt to Arms grants favours uncompell'd.
Eſſex w'had thought his hope enough ſecur'd,
Began to doubt how he ſtood then aſſur'd:
The Bridge, on which h'ad plac'd his ſtouteſt Files,
Strow'd thick with Bodies there gave up their Toils.
The Gentle ſtreams that underneath did Glide,
With lowder Sobbs ſeem'd then to haſte the Tide;

As

As through this Bridge the Billows had took flight
With greater Noiſe and Trembling at this Fight.
When breathleſs Corps into this ſtream were Thrown,
And on the Fleeting Billows gaſhly ſhown:
Till in ſome Calmer hour (in ſtead of Graves)
They ſunk to Earth at bottom of theſe Waves.
Theſe ſights the res'lute Earl did little pleaſe,
Beſides diſturb'd how he might next appeaſe
The Clamorous Houſes, ſhould his Conduct fail,
Or not as was Expected then prevail.
Enough obſerv'd how ſtifly ſome had ſtrove
To draw from him the Ruling Parties Love:
And did their new Erected Creatures raiſe,
That ſubt'ly blemiſh'd his Loud vulgar praiſe.
And as they ſpread the value of their own,
Had their Neglects on his Atchievments thrown.
Whoſe Poplar Soul by all Attractions ſought
To be Fames Jewell in the peoples Thought.
Deteſting all that did aſpire to riſe
Like him Conſpicuous unto Common Eyes.

Or bid him doubt that, with few ſteps of Time,
Some other Grandeur to his height might Climb.
Which apprehenſions he cou'd leaſt depreſs;
Whilſt doubtfull ſeen by him that days ſucceſs.
Skippon, whoſe bolder Zeal was ſtrictly Joyn'd
To what their fighting party had deſign'd:
And as a Prime Enthuſiaſt won on Men
Who choſe their Saints from ſturdy fighters then.
His Martial Conſolation then applys
(Fitting that Juncture) with erected Eyes.
Thou Peer, ſaid he, Heav'ns darling, whom Gods call
Hath ſet to own his Cauſe before us all,
And does this day our pious Breaſts Inſpire,
As was that Chiefs when full of ſmoke and fire.
He ſaw the Buſh, a Flaming Tipe to him
That *Iſraels* Force ſhould Enemies conſume.
Tho' at that ſight his ſtouteſt Nerves did ſhake,
(As with us Zealots may be ſaid to quake)
Till more confirm'd how 'twas a Heavenly ſign,
That God's ſelect ſhould Valours flame refine.

Let

Let this our boldeſt Enemies perceive,
And from their daring hazards death receive:
As o're this paſs their Files would force their way,
Till full by ours repuls'd this ſignal day.
Doubt not but 'twill even *Keinton-field* exceed,
Or what at *Brandford* might have been Atchiev'd,
If firmer Soul'd our conduct on had brought
The Chearfull zeal that for us that time fought.
All which I Inſtance with a Godly Flame,
That your deeds now might more exalt your fame.
The Earl who did not much in words abound,
Or Canting Gloſſes then were frequent found
With Scripture Hero's, little ſeem'd to ſay,
Or what enough approv'd to fight their way.
And now both ſides had furious Conflicts brought
As high as Valours *Zenith* cou'd be ſought.
If not, to be yet more Supremely Brave,
Wiſh'd that their Souls nabody'd force might have,
Or unconfin'd unto ſuch outward parts
Whoſe powers was leſs then vigour of their hearts.

The

The Royalists like fierce Aggressors strove
Th' *Essexians* hardy prowess to remove.
Tho' these like firmest Rock their Station held,
Too roughly fix'd to be by Waves repell'd.
Whilst Bands of Billows 'gainst their harden'd Might
Bursting retire as more supply their Fight.
And thus the Terrors of this day were seen,
With dismal Slaughters that did intervene.
Some loudly ask'd what Motives cou'd Confine
Fielding that Instant within *Reddings* Line.
And not his vigorous Sally then apply
T' divert at least the Stubborn Enemy.
Considering how much Bloud was cast away
In expectation of his aid that day.
Others with grosser Murmurs did reflect,
Upon the Cause they judg'd of his neglect:
And thus by virulent speech his Honour stain'd,
Which to that hour unquestion'd had remain'd.
So various seem'd the Sense and Deeds of some,
That would the Soul and Facts of others doom.

And

And which were here too tedious to repeat,
With all that Dy'd or Liv'd Heroick Great.
As needleſs 'twere bold *Lucas's* worth to tell,
Or how undoubted *Lyle* did then excell:
Who did in Warlike Actions ſo aſpire,
As pos'd Hyperboles to advance them higher.
But Valiant *Dornland* ſince thy Mighty Mind
Had much peculiar Glory then adjoyn'd,
And ſuch as did thy Eminent Figure raiſe
Above the Levell of Aſſociate Praiſe.
My Muſe ſhall here preſerve thy Copy ſo,
As moſt Tranſcendent thou alone muſt go.
Who tho' a Voluntier that day didſt ſerve,
That uncommanded thou might'ſt more deſerve:
And with an Active Courage unconfin'd,
Unto the Braveſt Actions formoſt joyn'd.
When judging that his Parties Strenuous Fight
Muſt leſſen, if not reinforc'd their Might.
And fearing that ſome Meſſengers Miſchance,
Or Falſhood hinder'd *Feilding's* ſoon Advance,

In some like Ominous Pendants hung too near
The Grace vouchsafed them by the Royal Ear:
Since he conceiv'd the Kings Will did import,
That *Feilding*, by some Sally's bold effort
Should passage gain for his Stout Foot and Horse
To aid the King, and his Relief inforce.
Revolving thus, his fearless Steed he guides,
Swimming the River 'twixt these fighting sides.
To this adjoyn'd a Meadow's wide extent,
(Whose Pregnant Green more Liquid growth was lent
When this Stream's spreading Arms did smoothly glide
T'Imbrace the Surface as a Teeming Bride)
And having pass'd it starts his Valiant Race,
Where he beheld direct and open space,
That from the River to the Town did lead,
And that way guides his swift and hearty Steed.
When Fortunes aid, that best Designs can wing,
Did *Dornland* then unlet or danger'd bring
Within the Town's Command; but what surprize
This bold Adventure gave his Enemies,

Or how prevented, in that Diſmal Hour,
From Intercepting him by Armed Power:
Muſt ſound Conjecture no leſs wonder give,
Then what admiring Men from Fame receive.
Whilſt like ſwift Bird, that Wings the Airy way
Where Rav'nous Fowl diſpers'dly watch for Prey,
Yet with their Greedy Gorges muſt attend
Untill with ſlower Feather'd they contend,
Or with more ſwift ſurpriſe their Tallons bring
To graſp the Bird did them before out-wing:
He then arriv'd; and next to *Feilding* ſpoke
Briefly this Senſe, with Meen compos'd and Look.
Enough my haſt the *King*'s Concern implys,
As thoſe fight yonder, if ſo far your eyes,
With any Brave by you Commanded here,
Did from ſad Opticks their Allarums ſhare.
And ſhame 'twere *Redding* ſuch ſhou'd now confine,
That Bluſh to ſtand within a Leaguer'd Line;
Like rows of Cyphers to no uſe amount,
Unleſs, in you, an Unite guides their Count;

E're Royal Bands their forc'd diſcomfits ſhow,
Tho' unfought *Feilding*, ſaw them vanquiſh'd ſo.
If you no timely Summons yet has found
That bids you haſt your Drums and Trumpets ſound,
And to your Kings Aſſiſtance win your way:
By me 'tis ſaid, nor apprehend this day
But with Couragious odds you will enforce,
What's yet undone by Royal Foot and Horſe.
Our Foes enough their Conſternation feel,
Who elſe had hinder'd my Steeds nimble heel,
Which paſſing near their Parties faces brought
Me hither, by no bold Pickeerers fought.
And if to guide or aid your reſolute way,
You'le any Streſs of Conduct on me lay;
Be well aſſur'd that *Dornland* ſhall be thine
As far as worthy Motives can enjoyn.
Theſe words deliver'd with perſpicuous Grace,
To *Feilding*'s Soul amazement gave a ſpace:
Before by ſpeech he utter'd this reply;
What Senſe will your Heroick worth deny,

That

That thus contemning Perills brought you here,
Your Valour too adorn'd with Loyall Care.
Yet know that *Fieldings* heart none need incite,
Who ſcorns to live and to be bid to fight.
By Stars I vow, and all Supreameſt Good,
No chill nor diſaffection in my bloud
Shivers my heart, or bids me turn unjuſt
Unto the Reputation of my Truſt.
Believe me, worthy Man, I'de rather chuſe
This day with other Brave my life to looſe,
Then ſtand ſuch Peeviſh cenſure which I know
Some meanly Soul'd will on my Value throw:
Did not my Stedfaſt honour me reſtrain,
And Treaty, that adds links unto the Chain;
Which I admitted after well obſerv'd,
The Place too weak, by me, to be preſerv'd.
Were *Redding* elſe inveſted this bold hour,
With all the Houſes beſt confirmed Power,
The *King* ſhould not have fought and I ſtand ſtill,
Had no expreſs to *Feilding* ſpoke his will.

But Prudence Joyn'd to Warlike Juſtice ſtays
Me from Attempting ſo inglorious praiſe.
O That my Prince might this ſoon underſtand,
E re he to loſs does longer fight Command:
Or hope my Conduct may him now repair,
Since in my breach of Faith his Cauſe wou'd ſhare.
Much had this ſpeech the Gen'rous *Dornland* mov'd,
Who Strict Integrity in Man approv'd;
Judging no Fortitude deſerv'd that name,
Unleſs beſt Juſtice does Compleat the claim.
Which Thought well Ponder'd, next he *Feilding* leaves,
And unto Courage and his Fortune gives
His Perſons Safety, reſolv'd his Truſty ſteed
The ſame way back unto the *King* ſhou'd ſpeed.
But ſoon Perceiv'd his Foes had Stations choſe,
Where they cou'd fiercely his return oppoſe,
Or any durſt with daring hazzard bring
Intelligence or Errand from the King,
That might th'engaged *Feilding*'s Soul relax,
And *Eſſex* leave a fruitleſs Truce to Tax.

The

The valiant *Dorrland* seeing now how fast
The Furious Enemy did accost his haste;
Before, behind, and round about him spread,
Admiring how they failPd to leave him dead:
Whilst Shot, like Lines unto a Point design'd,
Flew as no Center but his Heart 'twou'd find.
On all sides in his flight he fought with some,
Through others to their Fate he forc'd his room,
Untill his Nimble Courser and his Fight,
At once out-did his swift Pursuers Might.
And in this bold Adventure did receive
Such Marks of Glory with best Verse may live.
His Vesture torn with Shot, as Ensigns show,
When Eyes the Bearers Valour thence allow.
Besides some Scars upon his Visage seen,
Which told how sharp his perils then had been.
Thus he return'd and to the King made known
Nobly, what Sense of *Feilding* was his own,
With all Averments by that Chief were made,
Why he his Princes Mandate disobey'd:

Since he oblig'd by Truce muſt *Redding* yield,
And not to ſave that help to win the Field.
The *King* now *Dornland*'s worth perceived more,
Then from obſervance firſt he did explore.
Reſolving thence that with his Kingly Grace
He'd ſuch remark upon his Merit place,
That ſhould moſt aptly unto Fame convey
The Loyal value he atcheiv'd that day.
Saying, Thy Prince this Jewell gives to thee;
And if preſage of his Auſpicious be,
His Cauſe ſhall proſper with renown'd ſucceſs,
Whilſt thee, to wear this gift, Heavens will ſhall bleſs.
This worthy Mans Intelligence thus told,
Soon mov'd the *King* to bid that his force ſhould
No longer ſuffer by continuing fight
Which ſo much Fruitleſs proſpect gave to ſight.
And thus both ſides with too great loſs withdrew,
Since Engliſh bloud did that more precious ſhew.
Much like to Ships with Maſts and rigging tore,
And Men diſabl'd, next muſt tack to ſhore,

Where

Where with moſt leiſure and induſtrious Care,
Their diſmall loſs and figures they repair.

The FIFTH BOOK.

The Argument.

Redding *deliver'd, by a Martial Call*
The Actions Tax'd, and Feilding *doom'd to dye.*
Conduct deprav'd the Court and Field affects,
Which Dornlands *Soul does eminouſly revolve:*
Who unto Polyaſter *next repairs,*
From his deep Science proſpects to diſcern
Of this Wars future Actions and Events.

THe Tongue of Fame, whoſe Enſign is the Crowd,
When various Clamours ſhe diſperſeth Lowd,
Or Throws on Mortals multiply'd Miſtake,
As they through Errors-Glaſs their Proſpects take.
Whence oft to Vulgar thoughts ſuch *Mediums* riſe
That feed the *Ignis-fatuus* of their Eyes.
Nor ſeldom do conteſts in Camps proclaim
How boldly Militants Impoſe on Fame.

To

To which Court-Ministrs their concurrence yield,
When they with Martialists Intrigue in field.
And would on Measures (by the Armed chose,)
Their compliſance moſt plauſibly diſpoſe.
Whoſe Souls are to ſuch gawdy Morals joyn'd,
As leaſt unto adverſity are kind;
Or genuinly the deeds of men Expreſs,
When Int'reſted their value to depreſs.
All which unhappy *Feildings* Caſe now prov'd,
Gainſt whom both Court & Camp diſpleaſures mov'd.
Nor leſs then dreadfull Martial ſenſe muſt free
His perſon charg'd with Faithleſs Infamy.
Which did the Kings juſt Temper more Incenſe,
As *Reddings* Loſs was aggravated thence.
And thus before this Rigid Bar did come,
The once Fam'd *Feilding*, to receive his doom.
Whoſe former worth no Mitigation gain'd,
As he then ſeem'd to Honours Jury ſtain'd.
By whoſe ſtrict Verdict ſentence ſoon was paſt,
And day appointed that muſt be his Laſt;

From

From Executioners that *Mars* does call,
When his Delinquents shou'd most daring fall.
Tho' Honor'd held if they by Engines dye,
That Force with utmost dread the Arm'd to fly.
Whilst he with Constant Fortitude Comply'd
To bear th'Infliction 'gainst his Life decreed.
Whence many worthys had more value plac'd
On him so unconcern'd his end embrac'd.
As Gen'rous confidence, when Death is near,
Implys the Soul disdains her Cause to Fear.
Which worth in him Compassion more Inclin'd,
With such discernments as might aptest find
Regards of Mercy, if those Motives might
His death prevent and wounded Honour right.
Considering next if like a Soldier He
Had yielded *Redding* to the Enemy,
On Terms that prudent Captains wou'd embrace,
When they'd surrender fortified place.
The Scituation weigh'd and what might thence
Induce him not to hazzard its defence.

All which discursions with their Calm and heat,
Found soon Conveyance to the Royall Seat:
Which Pallace-Perdu's watchfully attend,
That their Address may thither first ascend.
Whilst, of Court Intercessors most admir'd.
* Beauty for *Feildings* safety then Conspir'd:
And with the Eminent Lusters of her Face,
Begg'd for this Chief her Sovereigns Act of Grace,
With Tears that most resistless, Men surprize,
When made the grief and Prayer of womens eyes.
Which Far Compassion in her Sovereign mov'd,
Who Chastly Female Gracious spendors lov'd.
And held no Bounty by their Charms obtain'd,
But was their value when with Virtue gain'd.
And to this worthy of her Sex thus said,
Happy is *Fielding* for whom you have paid,
The Value of your pity shed in Tears:
Tho' Warlike Sense a Ruffer course oft Stears.

* Supposed to be the then Dutchess of Richmond.

Then Mercies Milder *Orb* or Conduct ſhow,
Whoſe Beams from Breaſts of Kings, moſt boundleſs (flow.
Nor has Attentleſs ear to Mercies call
Been e're my Crime, or Subjects unjuſt fall.
Which Candid mildneſs ſhin'd throughout my Reign,
When Sanguine guilt did other Scepters Stain.
And if Offenders I leſs prone forgive,
Their Souls may in their bodies bluſh to live.
But Providence, whoſe ſecret Acts of Grace
Incline the hearts of Kings to Mercies Caſe;
And like Heavens bounties in the *Orbs* above,
Do Sovereign Conduct more benignly Move:
To which within the Royal Sphere was joyn'd
Wales blooming Prince, whoſe ſoon compaſſion ſhin'd.
As Princely Souls, when moſt enrich'd by Heaven,
Have Mercies Talents early to them given.
What verſe his Royal Graces can declare
In Acts (his Mirrors) ſo tranſparent are.
And in a Second *Charles* the Former known,
As Kings whoſe Souls no *Interregnum* own.

And

And thus unto his Royal Father ſaid,
Th' Addreſs that for your Gracious Pardon's made
By this fair object, let my Heart conſpire
To aid as her attractive Beams require.
Nor is't denied that with my youthfull years
Compaſſion flows where Woman ſheds her Tears.
By whoſe bright Sex I early do explore,
That hard 'tis to deny when they Implore.
Theſe Interceſſions of a Royal Son
Much on the Kings forgiving Nature won.
Glad that his Princely Heir did then appear
So Ripe in Mercy e're his Manhood year.
As if preſaging that in Future Time,
When evil Men had higheſt rais'd their Crime,
His Fam'd oblivions ſhou'd make Subjects know
How much the Father by the Son they owe.
When firſt the Condemned *Feilding* Liv'd to ſee
Himſelf acquitted by their Clemency.
After a Warlike Counſel had decreed
He ſhou'd to *Mars* as Sacrificed Bleed.

By

By which 'tis seen how oft th' Impeached find
Their fellow-Subjects less then Monarchs kind.
Much did this Gracious Act the Court divide,
As parties there did different Measures guide.
Who under Princes Good Improve the Skill
Of being most Artfull as they save or kill.
And in extremes of things such thoughts Impart
As little shew the Courtiers Candid Art.
Or as some late Caballs disposed were,
That could for interest love or hate endear:
Seldom permitting Just concern to come
Nearer the Heart then their cold Lobby-Room.
Tho' Applications early visits make,
In hope a kinder Patron next may wake:
Or not Transcendent vileness so extend,
As, more then Prince, wou'd present ends befriend.
Which Sense that Season did with fame abound,
(And with their vailed Treason after found)
Held with the Subtle Houses to Conspire,
To whom they Royal Secrets sent for hire.

Of which not few ſuſpected were that time,
But moſt the falſe *Sydeſmonds* impious Crime,
Who could ſuch ſpecious Meaſures give to things,
That Serpent-like his Soul deceiv'd the Kings.
No Pallace e're did ſuch a *Synon* know,
As Meaſures yet to come will fully ſhow.
Often he had unto the Foe convey'd,
How by his Sovereign Wars deſigns were lay'd.
And whence the wary Enemy might wave,
Attempts intended, or advantage have.
All which Clandeſtine Arts had greater ſource
From the Compoſure of the Royal Force.
Whoſe Ranks moſt fill'd with Gen'rous bloud and (flame,
That with profuſer courage Courted Fame
Then Martiall caution ſtrictly did allow,
Occaſion'd their diſaſters to enſue.
At Night their quarters forc'd when ſometimes they
Watchleſs, or more ſupine diſorder'd lay.
The Gen'rous *Dornland* this had duely weigh'd,
And how through their Miſcarriage, or betray'd;

The Loyal Militants oft defeated were,
And from Enormous loss might Tax their care.
But more did *Dornlands* busy thoughts debate,
The gift and strange Prediction which so late
His Sovereign on his Merit had bestow'd,
And like Kings Souls remote import forethow'd.
And next revolving in his Anxious mind,
If letter'd Man could Explanation find
Of thuoghts abstrusely on his sense prevail'd,
And must by deepest Science be unvail'd.
None like the famous * *Polyaster* He
Deem'd fit to Salve this seeming Mystery,
By Emblem might the Kings concern unfold,
And what of *Dornland* was to be foretold.
Polyaster who might weighty Story Fill,
With all that could Illustrate humane skill;
Having to wonder Arts and Science shown,
And was then Poet more Paophetick known.
Whose then abood near *Oxfords* confines stood,
Adorn'd with shades and the adjoyning flood.

* A Denomination under which is here described a Character of Science.

Like Manſions by the wiſer Ancients choſe,
When they'd from Worldly cares themſelves repoſe,
Or had on purpoſe thoughtfull leiſure took,
T'unfold the ſecrets of Great Natures Book.
Him *Dornland* viſits when moſt Mortall eyes
Were clos'd by ſleep, and only reſtleſs skies
To Uſher night their ſparkling Tapers lent,
Till the Worlds eye ſurvey'd the days extent.
Cœleſtiall Motions, with their Sublime Powers,
Obſerv'd by him in many uſefull hours,
Which carefull life was in his Viſage ſeen
Where in his comely Age did intervene
Wrinckles, which ſhew'd his ſoul enough oppreſt,
Tho' in that Warfull Time no ſword depreſs't
The Peacefull contemplation of his mind,
Who did like the great * *Syracuſan* find
Eſteem that ſpread with largeſt wings of Fame,
And with his Accurate knowledge blaz'd his Name.

* Archimedes the Famous Mathematician of Syracuſe.

His Lifes Strict Method did example raiſe,
The Reg'lar Ancients moſt approved praiſe,
With Contemplations ſo diſpos'd that he
To Heaven and Time might ſtill leaſt debter be.
Whoſe precious Hours his richeſt thought employ'd,
When he, as life's beſt Steward, them enjoy'd.
Admiring how the Prodigalls of Time
Durſt, that debauch'd, Annex unto their Crime.
As if the Worlds ſwift eye did beams beſtow
For ſlothfull Mans Excentrick uſe below:
Or Stars, that ow'd the Sun vaſt ſums of Light,
Did ſhine to aid the wicked deeds of Night.
With Prayer he firſt began, that aid divine
Might to his Sublime thoughts aſſiſtance joyn;
Nor did he cloſe his Eyes at Night to reſt,
Till kneeling he had own'd days founder bleſt.
Wondring that Mortalls largely cou'd receive,
And Heaven, the Authour, Thanks ſo ſparing give.
Nor more his outward form of life compos'd,
Then fitting what his inward Gifts propos'd.

His Food with beſt prov'd Temperance did agree,
When healthfull Life had long Antiquity:
And Simple meats the bodies Strength refin'd
More ſuitably Aſſiſtant to the Mind.
This wiſely Antient Contemplations rais'd,
When Temp'rate life and Science were moſt prais'd.
Nor pains or Conduct did he then remit,
That more divine might raiſe his ſublime Wit.
And when his Studies Intervall requir'd,
By that diverſion too his Soul aſpir'd.
His Room of Contemplation duely grac'd
With niches, where Compendiouſly were plac'd
Statues of ſuch whoſe Learning did impart
Truths Maxims, Crown'd by Mathematick Art.
That like the Queen of Science does convey
Proofs too Divine for Men to diſobey.
Of theſe he moſt Intentively beheld
Such as to *Brittains* Glory moſt excell'd.
And whom of all had moſt admired been,
The Matchleſs *Napier*, here was likened ſeen.

Who ſeem'd by Figure in his hand to bear
Hs *Logorithm*-Tables which his fame declare.
Above what former demonſtration wrought,
Or Problems by men held inſpir'd were Taught.
Of whom another *Euclide* well might learn,
Or *Ptolomy* his works outdone diſcern.
Whilſt this fam'd *Scots* Arithmetick does teach,
What Power of Numbers ne're before could reach.
And eaſier farr did *Archimedes* find
Sea-Sands outſum'd then *Napiers* profound mind.
Whoſe Numbers added Multiplication ſerve,
Subſtracted nothing from Diviſion ſwerve.
Which Art did to *Aſtronomy* Convey
High Computations his moſt facile way.
And taught *Geometry* to lay aſide
Old Sines and Tangents long a tedious Guide.
Wonder of Man that gave ſuch knowledge Birth
As did at once oblige both Heaven and Earth.
Next him *Polyaſter* did with Reverence view
The Famous *Briggs*, whoſe Admir'd products ſhew

The Science in his *Orb* he did extend,
And, unto Former, improv'd Talents lend.
The Artfull Staturiſt ſo his form expreſt,
That his fled looks ſeem'd warm in Stone to reſt.
Beholding Strictly as with lively ſight,
The Trig'nometrick skill he brought to light;
Which lines did repreſent in Bodies Cut,
Before him on a neat Supporter put.
Beſides the Reg'lar Solids, and the Art
His ſhadows on them did to hours impart.
Next whom renowned *Outred's* Figure ſtood,
No leſs approv'd the Carvers Art in wood.
Whereon a Girdle round his Loyns was wrought
Deep Analytick queſtions by him Taught.
At which, as emblem'd, hung that wondrous key,
His Mathematick Clavis did Convey.
Theſe Fam'd, with many other Learned were
Preſerv'd in Image by *Polyaſter's* Care.
His Mind, Invited, by their Figures ſeen,
To be in Science great as they had been.

By

By which Impulſe he oft computed things,
Remoteſt Art to humane Knowledg brings.
Rvolving if the Circles long ſought Square,
Paſt Compatations do aright declare.
And how the Wonder of the doubled Cube
Had been attempted, or a Clearer Tube
Then *Galileus* skill had brought to paſs
By Optick Doctrine, or his wondrous Glaſs.
Leaving Men doubtfull whether Orbs above
Did Worlds within their rapid Circles Move.
Or how the Earth did to his Tube appear
To rowl, inſtead of Sun, her Annuall Sphear.
Like which high *Theorems* did *Polyaſter* find
Reſults of his no Leſs Stupendious mind.
Who by his Mighty knowledge did Compleat
Productions worthy all Precedent great.
Next theſe the mighty *Hobs* he well beheld,
Whoſe Modern Soul with Gyant reaſon fill'd,
O're-match'd paſt Phyloſophick ſtrength of Thought,
By Science in his Nat'rall Method Taught.

Diſcharg'd of Terms, the Schools Impoſed Dreſs,
Where Art Fram'd words, the proper ſenſe few gueſs;
And in their Letter'd Ocean undeſcry'd
The Chart that more refin'd cou'd knowledge guide.
Whilſt this vaſt man oppos'd the Worlds miſtake,
And did his Learning Nature's Patron Make.
To Honour whom *Polyaſter* did allow
His Form in Cedar Curious Carv'd ſhou'd ſhow,
And as that Subſtance does in Trees exceed
The height of all in Forreſts Talleſt Breed,
So the Tranſcendent Genius of his Mind
Was, in his Likeneſs, thus to Fame deſign'd.
Nor leſs was his peculiar value ſhown
To Perſons whom the Muſes did renown,
Their outward Forms with ſuch high Life deſign'd,
As nought ſeem'd miſs'd but their Ætheriall Minde:
Above *Apelle'es* Pencill to expreſs,
Or what from ſtroke of Sculpturiſts Men gueſs.
No Imag'd Looks or Artfull Features tell
How the Souls *Venus* does with Mortalls dwell.

Which

Which Sublime Thought by *Polyaſter* weigh'd,
And wit this Iſlands Glory far diſplay'd,
Through Powerfull Sons of *Phebus* by whoſe ſenſe
The Mighty Nine beſt raptures did diſpenſe.
With theſe around their brows were Lawrells plac'd,
Large next to thoſe *Apollo's* Temples Grac'd:
Of which, he *Chaucer*, *Spencer*, much beheld,
And where their Learned Poems moſt excell'd.
Tho' words now obſolete expreſs their Flame,
Like Gemms that out of Faſhon value Claim.
Near theſe in Statue witty *Shakſpere* ſtood,
Whoſe early Plays were ſooneſt next to Good.
And Like a vaſt Dramatick Founder ſhow'd
Bounties of Wit from his large Genius flow'd.
Whoſe worth was by this Learned duely weigh'd,
As in Effigie there he ſtood diſplay'd.
But more ſtupendious to his Soul appear'd
Proportions which great *Johnſons* Form declar'd,
Whoſe deep Effigies he wiſh'd longer date
Then Poliſh'd art in ſtone cou'd Celebrate.

Admiring

Admiring next the wit that Crown'd his Bays,
Whose Scenes were works, when most fell short of Plays.
So aptly by him Characters expresst,
That shew'd his artfull hand and Learning best.
Whilst other Dramaticks like Planets were,
Rambling to find their Center near his Sphere.
A Province *Phœbus* did on him bestow,
When made his Wits Lieutenancy below.
As duly he did *Fletchers* Soul explore,
The Stages most Luxurian witty Store:
With worthy *Beamount* to his Figure Joyn'd,
Adapted most the Muses Twins in mind:
Whose Genius so conspir'd that *Beamount* Might
Divide with *Fletcher* wit by equall right.
Nor less then past some present he admir'd.,
Whose work for Envys darts too high Aspir'd:
Or black detraction or abusive Pen,
Fowl'd oft to Stain the worth of living Men.
Thus did *Polyaster* usefully transmit
These wondrous Authors of best Art and wit

To Future Age, wiſhing their Souls renown,
Might long ſurvive their Forms in wood and Stone.
Admiring *Dornland* had beheld a ſpace
This Learned Worthys Comely years and Grace,
Before his wonder gave expreſſion way
By words to utter what he meant to ſay.
Who thus with grave humility began,
Father of Science more then Soul of Man
Has yet Imbelliſh'd, or by Heaven allow'd
To look through Vails which inmoſt Nature ſhrowd;
Or Starry Providence, that to Vulgar ſight
Appears like Spangles, which Vain Souls delight.
As if that Heaven profuſely did beſtow
Such eyes above as ſaw not things below.
O, tell me then, if to thy ſearch 'tis ſhown,
What Future iſſue may be ſadly known
Of this outrageous War, or thence ſhall be
The *King* and Publicks future Deſtiny.
The Noble *Dornland* this no ſooner ſaid,
And *Polyaſter* had his looks ſurvey'd:

But his diſcerning eyes began apace
To power their Tears upon his Aged Face:
E're he his deep Conceptions thus expreſt;
Pardon thou worthy Man the ſoul oppreſt,
Which more, then *Niob's* drops, deſerves to fill
Fountains where paſſions might be Emblem'd ſtill.
When I conſider well this Furious Age,
Such *Hero's* Number'd on a Martiall Stage,
That for their high deſcent and Graces ſpread
Times Fatall Annalls larger then yet read.
As if our Iſle had now profuſeſt been,
Ayded by Nature to exalt her Sin.
When many beſt of theſe alas muſt find,
War, to their Gold of Virtue, too unkind.
Little 'twill pleaſe the Living Great to know
What hapleſs periods they muſt undergo.
Tho' hard to Deſtinies accounts to come
Where Martiall deeds their broken reck'nings ſum;
Tallyes, which Providence leaſt Strikes above,
That for Fates Bankers would no Chequer prove.

How

How far Heavens beaming eyes may piercing ſee,
Yet not divert Mans ragefull Miſery,
Divines can bolder by their Maxims Teach,
Then Reaſons Philoſophick Aid can reach
From the Elaborate Alphabet above,
Where Conſonants and Vowells wordleſs move
In Stars that Heavens own *Algebra* Compute,
And in their Queſtion work'd muſt leave ſome doubt.
All which the wiſe Creator might diſpenſe,
To give his Conduct the remoter ſence.
And like Heavens heightfull diſtance men allow,
Looſeth Mans thoughts that wing'd would thither go.
Much I eſteem the Soldiers Valiant Art,
And in my youthfull years in Field took part
Where Mighty *Kings* and *Chiefs* did battles guide,
Nor did I leſs then others for my ſide:
Whilſt I with grief ſome Monarchs then beheld
Unfortunate, tho' Juſt their Cauſe in field.
This I obſerv d before I did Imploy
My Soul on thoughts that peacefull bliſs enjoy:

And

And to be nearer Heaven did Improve
My ſearch of diſpenſations from above;
Where Gentleſt Stars did ſeldom Council call
To reſcue ſuch themſelves expos'd to fall.
If not ſo ſhin'd in their Excentrick Courſe,
As more Irregular render'd deeds of Force.
T'Inſpect which Scheme my diſquiſition ſpare,
Leſt my Art tell what you'd unwilling hear.
To which Magnanimous *Dornland* thus reply'd;
Moſt Learned Patron, hard 'twere by you deny'd
The Information my Deſires implore,
And which beyond Mankind you can explore.
Yet think not ſo I'de prove your ſublime Art
As thereby caution'd to unfix my heart,
Where Bloud I breed that would not Life delay
By aid of Stars, if out of Honours way.
My Life's too worthleſs ſo your Skill to Court:
No, 'tis my Sovereign's moſt Supreme Import,
Which in this War ſuch various progreſs ſhows,
And other Circumſtance my Thoughts propoſe,

That

That bid me this addreſs, if Science may
Inform my Soul a more propitious way.
To which *Polyaſter* gravely this adjoyn'd,
Think not fair Son that 'tis to man deſign'd
The Certain Methods Providence does guide,
Whoſe Ocean flows not Ebbs like other Tide.
When things Emerge they oft abſcond the why
They were produc'd from Reaſons broadeſt Eye.
How far obſcurer then muſt Mortals doom
Things more abſtruce with future Cauſes come.
If Man the Univerſe could ſearch around
And weigh all Cauſes and effects there found,
Tho' in that Compaſs does appear to ſight
One Total Wonder both in breadth and height
Cou'd he aſſure how Stars, or things below
Come to exiſt as we behold 'em now.
Or how Heaven did the worlds firſt Virgin hour
Give womb of Time a future Iſſues power.
Whence prying Man as doubtfull might Convey
The Worlds firſt Life as fix its dying day.

That

Who from this mighty round can't understand
More boundless being but at Second-hand.
Since nothing so remote perfection shows,
As thence Man his Creators essence knows.
Whilst all the Miracles which the World do fill,
Pose us to search the unknown Founders skill.
Thus even the Lowest Tide of Earthly things
Often directs us to supremer Springs:
Like Rills, through easy Channels seem to Creep,
Have Causes that Conceal'd on Mountains keep.
How then shall Man the *Gordian*-knot unty,
That's knit by much sublimer destiny.
Or that way Kingdoms revolutions find,
By far obscurer Providence design'd.
Yet what this Inquisition would require,
(Tho' I could wish declin'd thy strict desire)
My Vig'lant studies shall as far Impart,
As I can pierce with my Acutest Art,
And know that I have oft revolv'd with Care
The direfull progress of this wicked War,

With

With ſuch Cataſtrophe's I could convey
To Future Time my Hieroglyphick way.
On which, 'till now, no eye I did admit
To gueſs that dumb Prophetick figur'd wit.
Behold theſe Scrolls which are in number Three,
(Units whence ſprings odd Cubick Myſtery.)
The Firſt I offer *Engliſh* deeds contains,
With Sieges, Sallies, Battells fought on Plains.
And next in Courſe this Faithleſs *Iriſh* ſhows,
Steep'd deep in Bloud as here it figur'd flows.
The Third Diſloyal *Scotland* repreſents
With their Fallacious Coy'nanted Intents.
In all of which thou ſeeſt how many fall,
As Honours Catalogue beſt ſums them all.
Of theſe obſerve ſelectly ſuch ſet forth
Who moſt their Nations honour'd in their worth.
Of which ſome Worthies may to thee be known,
As here in likeneſs dead or living ſhown.
If my Art's Proſpect duly ſhall relate
Their Story yet reſerv'd to future date.

And in this Study'd Copy things foreſee
To no Original yet can liken'd be.
With Actions that moſt ſignally declare
The high Intrigues and Fury of this War.
No Strife ſo dear ſhall other Nations coſt
In Nobleſt Bloud and Valiant Gentry loſt,
Which in theſe Fields, by Fate's regardleſs powers,
Fall but to wither with leſs precious flowers.
More to Impreſs their Love and Valour's due;
See, in what Series here deplor'd do ſhew
The ſev'ral Fights and Skirmiſhes when they
Caus'd in their loſs their Lovers Mournfull day.
As ſeemingly thoſe eſpous'd forms appear
To drown their Souls and Looks as they weep here.
Next theſe a mournfull Spectacle is ſeen
Of pity'd Virgins, whoſe ſoft flame had been
Plighted to Warlike Lives and Glories fled,
With Joys expected from the Marriage-Bed.
(As Mortals leſs their Bleſſings prize poſſeſt,
Then ſuch by Wiſhes valu'd are or gueſt.)

And from their liken'd Luſtres here do tell,
That their Forms could with Grief unfaded dwell.
As Lillies when in Rains they Tears do ſhow,
Caus'd by rough Storms where their ſmooth features grow;
Their Native Beauty doth impairleſs Stay,
Or their laſt Glory in their dying day.
Thus Man with Grief theſe evills muſt explore
That would with full Compaſſion them deplore.
Which in this Martial Landskip here preſent
So ſadly near and diſtant Detriment:
With Turbulent change and Miſchiefs that enſue,
As unto ſight theſe dreadfull Viſions ſhew.
And whence the meanly born as bad conſpire
To raiſe by vile degrees their *Orb* ſtill higher.
Whilſt Heaven when pleas'd to joyn Afflictions worſt,
From Low and Impious fonds their miſchiefs burſt.
Next, well inſpect this face as't here appears,
Mark well his Subtle geſtures, looks and Tears;
And how his Sanguine Noſe does him betray,
As Bloody Beaks denote the Birds of prey.

Obſerve him riſing too from low Commands
By boldeſt Stepps, till there he Gen'ral ſtands.
Then Mark his Fawning and his Lips of Zeal,
That more divinely he Mens Souls might Steal,
Or Crowds ſeduce who ſeldom can adjuſt
How unſafe 'tis bad deeds and Prayer to Truſt.
Then view him here aſſaulting his Kings ear,
With *Crocodile* drops diſtill'd to ſhape a Tear.
Next ſee how he does ſhift his *Janus's* Face,
And ſlights ſupinely offer'd Sovereign Grace.
Then forward move thy eye to ſhadows there,
Which in the Artfull Pencills ſtroaks appear.
And tho' thou doſt no Viſage of them ſee,
Suppoſe 'em great as Engliſh bloud can be.
Their Coats of Arms above their heads diſplay'd,
Like Guilded fame on refin'd Honour lay'd.
Beſides a Crown that ſeems to hang in Air,
As if the Head were wanted it ſhou'd wear.
Obſerve the Figures do this Curtain hold,
Which vails theſe highly Em'nent yet untold.

As

As if the Deſtinies, that cann't relent,
Conceal'd the Horridneſs of their Intent.
Do they not repreſent the Furies when
Their dreadfull aſpects Joyn with Impious Men;
Or in their Snaky Treſſes won'd Invite
Some one to Act Hell's boldeſt Proſelite.
See how they court this Bloudy Cheif to riſe
Yet more deteſted unto Humane eyes.
And how his armed hand is ſtretch'd to Seize
The Crown, thou ſeeſt, in hope of Ayd from theſe.
Stay thy Inquiry here, for 'tis a Text
My Soul's ſtrict Comment has too far perplex'd.
Heroick *Dornland* in whoſe ſteady Breaſt
No apprehenſions had ſo deep Impreſs'd,
As theſe by Learned *Polyaſter* ſhown,
If Times dark Footſteps were to man Foreknown:
Or in ſuch Hieroglyphick Shapes expand,
When Deaths black Trumps moſt fill her winning hand.
Beſides the Figures of Peculiar Friends
Fully deſcrib'd with their Severeſt ends;

Some ſtript in Fields, and in that gaſtly plight
Their wounds diſcern'd through which their Souls took (flight.
Who Like the Naturall Fall of Humane kinde,
(Whoſe Endleſs Iſſue muſt to Clay be Joyn'd)
Embracing Earths ſmooth Surface Seem'd to Lye,
The Eve that Laſt muſt Joyn Mortallity.
More did his Inward Soul theſe ſights Lament,
Then outward Grief cou'd Saddeſt repreſent.
Mov'd from the Tragick Poſtures by him ſeen,
And objects did as diſmall Intervene.
Tho' in dark proſpects they to him were ſhown,
As Light that dimly breaks through Clouds is known,
With many Gallant perſons high eſteem'd
And ſome, of living freinds, he deareſt deem'd,
Nor did he well diſcern where fields ſeem'd ſpread
Thickeſt with bodys of the Valiant Dead,
Whither the Pencills ſhaddow might not place
With others, there obſerv'd, his dying Face.
Yet all theſe apprehenſions did Convey
No ſuch remorſe of Death or dying day:

As

As what theſe figur'd viſions might portend,
Which by this Artiſts skill had vayl'd the end,
That through this Wars Succeſs and Cruel ſtrife
His Soveraigns Cauſe might ruine with his Life.
And caus'd the Loyall *Dornland* to Conſult
What from *Polyaſter's* Knowledge would Reſult.
Whom thus he mov'd; Tell me thou Fam'd of Men,
How far this Pencill from your Thoughts and Pen
Took the Stupendious Methods I behold,
And but your Science onely can unfold,
Or Taught more haply from your ſenſe to know,
Deſigns our Soveraign Fortunate may ſhow;
With Braveſt Nobles of this Martiall Ile,
And Generous Bloud expos'd to Furious Toyl.
Or that prevented which my doubtfull Thought
May fear to your deep proſpect's ſadly brought.
To which the Great *Polyaſter* thus reply'd,
Think not fair Son the Thread is ſoon unty'd
That Subtle Deſtinies conſpire to Twiſt,
And what more high Guides Cauſes which they liſt.

Of ſuch, how Stars incline, Art may declare,
Tho' they like Nightly guides to Science are,
Confin'd from Beaming the Sublimeſt Light,
Of Providence; Then worlds of Suns more Bright.
The firſt high Author only can diſplay,
Tho' pleas'd ſometimes to uſe the darker Ray
Of Heavenly Bodies, whence ſound Art may find
Effects diſpos'd but no diſpoſers mind.
So far may Humane Calculations reach,
Tho' no Cœleſtiall Text they higher Teach.
My Study'd skill perhaps might ſo aſcend
In ſeeing deeds o're Kings and Men impend:
Tho' 'tis a Round no even influence ſhows,
And like the World to Scituation owes
Much vari'd Seaſons and diſtemper'd Times,
The hot *Meridians* force or colder Climes.
That bolder Men too pronely may admire
Why the Creators Conduct did conſpire
To form a World proves ſo unequall Great,
Or Temper'd like ſome headſtrong acts of Fate.

Let

Let this thy Further Strict enquiry Stay,
And where Art's helpleſs think 'tis beſt to pray.
The Noble *Dornland* having heard how wiſe
This Learned Man did things profound diſguiſe,
Allow'd his Modeſty no more to ask
By giving Science a ſeverer Task.
Hoping that Powers above might over-Rule
Thoughts that were too Incumbent on his Soul.
Whilſt thus from *Polyaſter* he retires,
And far beyond expreſſion him admires.

The

The SIXTH BOOK.

The Argument.

Eſſex *by Dream his Fathers Ghoſt beholds,*
By which is told his Future Deeds and End,
Chalgrave-Field, *and ſubtile* Hampden *ſlain*:
Lanſdowne *fierce Day and Valiant* Grenfields *fall,*
Waller *on* Roundway-Hill *enforc'd to run,*
Hugon, *by Spell from Sorc'reſs, Faction aids,*
Gloceſter *reliev'd and* Newberry's *Bloudy Fight.*

THE Sun paſt ending *Aprils* various Hours,
Where Stars in *Taurus* Influence growing (Powers,
Had to *May's Gemini* advane'd his height,
When Eyes far North behold no Cloudy Night:
As *Phœbus* Beams diſſolve Seas frozen there,
And never ſet for ſome Months of his Year.
'Till when they rarely ſee the early Sun,
Or how his ſhining hours on Dyals run.

But

But to their homes, their Winter Graves, compell'd,
'Till Night's long Cold by days increaſe expell'd.
An aidfull Providence that helps to Fame
Men that in Frozen Climes breed fierceſt Flame:
Which in our *Britiſh* Region did appear,
As Winter check'd War's ſpeed this Fatal Year.
In which, betime the King had *Redding* loſt,
And could not that prevent with bloudy Coſt.
From whence the haughty Houſes thought to raiſe
Further Atchievements to their Armies Praiſe.
Though in their Conduct and their Counſels were
Divided Factions moving in each Sphere.
Whilſt ſome, from ſad effects of Miſchiefs paſt,
Seem'd leſs propenſe to forward others haſt.
Which Senſe the Earl, tho' *Redding* then poſſeſt,
Found to lie heavy on his troubled Breaſt.
Who by Succeſs could not ſo ſwell his Mind,
As moderate thoughts no room in him did find.
Beſides his Soul was more Apal'd to ſee
The Hand of Heaven his open Enemy.

As in his Camp Contagious * Plague had kill'd
Numbers that late his Hardy Legions fill'd.
Nor could their Loudeſt Prieſts by Prayer obtain,
That Heaven ſhould ceaſe th' Infection theſe had ſlain.
Which much their grieved Gen'ralls Heart oppreſt,
His Army Leſſen'd thus and hopes depreſt,
Of being Improv'd by Soldierly Repute,
And Pop'lar Fame which his Soul would promote.
Theſe Thoughts, which on his Mind had fix'd their (weight,
By ſleeps ſoft aid he hoped to abate.
Which Night invites, as Natures Time of Cure,
When Souls, leſs eaſy, waking ſenſe endure.
And their Eſſential Attributes enlarge,
As Sleep the bodies Clog does moſt diſcharge.
Whilſt from the boundleſs working of the Mind,
Souls ſeem in bodies to Live unconfin'd.
Now had the Earl Repos'd ſome hours of Night,
As Stars aſcending reach'd their Midnight Height:
And Gloomy Meteors had Condens'd the Air,
Whence Forms, ſome Judge, do Thicker outſides wear:

* A great Plague in the Parliament Army ſoon after the Surrender of Redding.

Or

Or mode when Sprites their thin extenſions Hide,
And in contracted ſhapes their beings guide.
Or Ghoſts aſſume, as Frightfull Stories tell,
Bodies reſembling ſuch in Graves do dwell:
Which Fantoms much this Chief afflicted then,
Dreaming on Battels paſt and dying Men:
Some War deploring with their Lateſt breath,
Others the quarrel Blam'd at point of Death.
Or charg'd their Loſs upon his Pop'lar Guilt,
That firſt Allur'd the Bloud was after ſpilt.
Beſides which Viſion, to his greateſt dread,
He dreamt of Graves at *Keinton-field* of Dead:
Which like to Mighty Tombs of Old remain,
When Hills of Earth did Cover heaps of Slain.
And in Idea next his Soul had ſight
Of *Brandſords* day, and *Reddings* fiercer fight;
Doubting leſt Angry Ghoſts ſhould near him wait
To ſcare his Soul who caus'd their bodies Fate.
At which his Inward Horrors did Ariſe,
Seen by his Mind without her bodies Eyes.

Then

Then ſleeping Starts, next fears his ſleep to break,
Leſt his Souls dream ſhould fright him worſe awake.
As thus he lay perplex'd with various thought,
Fancies All-forming Power had Figur'd brought
His Fathers Perſon, much in looks and Meen,
And Martiall habit like what his had been.
His Beaver pierc'd with ſhot, as 'twas that time,
When he in *London* form'd his daring Crime;
And in his haughty rage and paſſion Strove
To force his Queens Imperiall Power and Love.
Which Guilt, as if acknowledg'd e're he ſpoke,
Seem'd on his brow impreſt and paler look.
And next he utter'd to his Son this Senſe;
Take from me dead my ſureſt Penitence:
Since Fame Stands well confirm'd that Spirits walk,
And Organ'd, of this World and t'other, talk.
And know I come to bid thee ſoon decline
Th'Ambitious Steps that were too Lofty Mine.
When *Phaeton* like I did attempt to riſe,
Yet in the offer fell the ſcorn of eyes.

Much bloud thou'ſt ſpilt and I had done the ſame,
Had not the Power of Juſtice quench'd my Flame.
Elſe had Crouds faithfull prov'd, no Armed hand
Could have Rule boldier chang'd within this land.
As much perhaps thy Pop'lar Soul wou'd do,
When Giddy Vulgars ſhall reſiſt thee too.
More Battles thou wilt fight and then reſign
Thy Power to Factions that Supplanted Thine.
Who after Aided by ſome Stepdams Art,
Shall by quick Poyſon kill thy Stubborn heart.
At which he ſtop'd, and Tears profuſely ſhed.
To whom his Son, in Trance, thus thought he ſaid,
O Hapleſs Father in your Ghoſt to come,
And next your Fate declare how Stars me doom.
That from your pure Exiſtence I ſhould find
How Sep'rate Souls Paternally are kind.
Then Thinks he kneeling did his Bleſſing pray,
And wiſh'd that Souls might oftner find their way
From deaths receſſes, and Teach men to ſee
Their bad deeds paſt and future miſery.

Next Thought he ſtrove t'Imbrace his Fathers knees,
Whilſt like to Air repreſs'd his figure flees:
Or as the Gloomy Horrors of the Night
Vaniſh with dreams at days approaching Light.
Thus he awak'd, and ſoon revolv'd in thought:
The ſad concern his ſlumbers to him brought.
With Viſions that did dreadfully deterr
His further Heightening this deſtructive War,
Which Nouriſh'd Factions that might ſoon conſpire
To lay him Low, and raiſe their Creatures higher.
Whence Peace he wiſh'd, tho' far remov'd from Men,
Might, as the Souls * *Aſtrea*, come again.
Yet fear'd Heavens wrath was eaſier to aſſwage,
Then the ſterne Houſes full determin'd rage.
Tho' that rough *Medium* he reſolv'd to Try,
As Time gave Calmer opportunity.
Till when on other Cauſes he could lay
The Motives did his Martial flame delay.

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* Poetically ſaid to be the Godleſs of Piety and Juſtice.

Mean while the King, that wondrous year of War,
Which adds to Fames Heroick Calendar,
Had weigh'd maturely in his Prudent mind,
What 'gainſt his Active Foes was beſt deſign'd:
Knowing the Voting Houſes had decreed,
That their Vaſt Force ſhould yet more daring ſpread:
The *North* with Mighty *Yorkſhir's* far extent
Committed to the Warlike management
Of th't Lord *Fairfax* and his Valiant Son,
Who, by their Conduct there had gain'd Renown.
Theſe how-e're held, in Soul too bravely Juſt
For ſuch who then allur'd them to this truſt
Infuſing ſubtile Notions of a Cauſe,
That well diſguis'd ſeem'd to ſupport the Laws;
Strenuouſly did their Friends and Intereſt guide
T' Oppoſe within that Sphere the Royall ſide;
'Gainſt whom the brave *New-Caſtle* did appear,
Gen'rous of mind and reſolute in War.
Whoſe high repute did many *Hero's* raiſe,
That, next his Acts, on Story fix their praiſe.

But none surpassing his admir'd Ally
Heroick [a] *Cavendish*, in whose prowess Lye
Deeds that Fames wings must as her Trophe's bear,
And verse that could his Grandeur full declare.
Nor less the Senates party did Imbroil
The West of *Englands* rich and pop'lous soil.
For which attempt they Active *Waller* chose,
A Knight whose Zeal could mighty things propose,
And whom their Votes did Celebrate so high,
As he then March'd their Western Excellency.
That far as waves there wash the *British* shore,
He might all vanquish by their Haughty power.
And was their requisite expedient thought,
Since [b] *Greenville*, *Slanning*, had stout *Cornish* brought,
That won at *Stratton-field* a mighty day,
Which Stories with their Future worth display.

---

[a] Brother to the then Earl of Devonshire.

[b] Who were both Slain as they led their Cornish Countrymen. The first of whom Sr Bevil Greenville, being kill'd at Lansdown, as is afterwards mention'd in this Poem; and the other Sr Nicholas Slanning, dying of a wound that he receiv'd at the taking of Bristol.

And

And by their Prince more gratefull underſtood,
Since this, of his Succeſſes, coſt leaſt blood.
Whoſe Temp'rate Spirit wa like Heaven's deſign'd,
In being to Offending Mortalls kind.
Yet hearts ſo harden'd had his Rugged Foes,
That they durſt Royal Grace with power oppoſe:
Howe're the diſcompos'd, or cold delay,
Of Timing *Eſſex*, wou'd their Fury ſtay.
Whilſt powers conjoyn'd from other Camps appear'd,
With ſuch the Vig'lant Houſes had declar'd
From his muſt be detach'd, and by Chiefs led
Whom they leſs doubted then this Peer their head.
And did unto Campaigns near *Oxford* guide,
The well-form'd Numbers of their daring Side.
Tho' Fame and Rumour us'd their ſwifteſt Wing
To ſpeed the bold Allarum to the King.
With theſe, a Leader, ſubtile *Hampden* joyn'd,
Vaſt in his Parts and deep contriving Mind.
Who by his Conduct and his Sword thought fit
To aid the Quarrel Patron'd by his Wit.

And more t'Inflame his fierce Aſſiſtants then,
Did thus expreſs : If with our Armed Men
Reaſon avails, or Maxims that have found
Where faſt Deſigns their ſtrong aſſurance ground ;
Know theſe are ours, with Swords that only can
Sever Prerogative Bonds Infeſting Man.
How-e're ſuch Gordian Knots Miraculous reach,
From Thrones to Subjects, as ſome vainly teach :
Or ſpeciouſly the Lawyers Brain might find,
When Courts the Peoples Purſe had theirs deſign'd.
This e're our Senate ſate, I firſt withſtood,
And held it then a Cauſe worth *Engliſh* Bloud.
Tho' now unſafe at Wrongs redreſs'd to ſtop,
'Till ſurpluſage of Power we further Lop.
That like the Limbs of ſome far-ſpreading Tree,
Shaded too long our growing Liberty.
Which res'lute force will perfect and deſign
That do the Foxes part and Lyons joyn.
'Till when the Houſes wiſely muſt diſown,
How Levell they intend to lay the Throne.

On which account, this day I welcom here,
And full reſolv'd with you in Arms appear.
Whilſt from this *Field our hopes improv'd muſt ſpring,
Where late I proſperous Led againſt the King
The Houſes bold Militia, whence firſt grew,
'Twixt him and us, the Quarrel we purſue.
Thus he expreſs'd, like one that cou'd Cajole
With powerfull words the Soldiers daring Soul.
This Speech ſcarce ended *Rupert* did appear,
With Troups well Formed to joyn fierce Battel there:
Swift, as the Trumpet's ſound, his Proweſs led,
And in that haſte ſaw ſcatter'd Foes lie dead.
The Orange Scarft, the cognizance made then
Of Reſolute *Eſſex* and his Fighting Men,
Were in their Gawdy Habits forc'd to run,
And turn their Tawny backs againſt the Sun,
Wiſhing that *Parthian*-like they now could fly,
And by back-ſhooting kill their Enemy.

* Chalgrave-Field where Mr John Hampden was firſt ſaid to be in Arms for the Parliament by raiſing the Militia in order to ſuppreſs the King's Commiſſion of Array, and in that Field afterwards received his Deaths wound.

Which Stratagem to *Rome*'s bold Legions brought
Diſaſters as that People flying fought.
But how ſhould theſe act any Conducts Part,
When headlong Fear had firſt ſurpriz'd their Heart:
And cloſe purſu'd, as all muſt needs agree,
Where *Rupert*'s Valour forc'd his Victory.
And thus confus'd unto their Camp they ſtray,
Where *Eſſex*, hoping better Tidings, lay.
Hampden, amongſt the reſt, the Field had left,
By deadly wounds almoſt of Life bereft.
Few days him end, whilſt much his Party griev'd
That Fate, of ſuch a Grandee, them bereav'd:
Leſt from Death's haſt they but in Embrio find
The change of State which his ſtrong Brain deſign'd:
Or left unmodell'd by deceaſed * *Pym*,
Who ſubt'ly to their Cauſe Intrigu'd eſteem.
Tho' by a homlier Fate the latter fell.
Whom Lice by Legions ſlew as many tell.

---

* The Louſie Diſeaſe, of which he was reported, about that time to dye of.

So

So *Herod* full of Pop'lar Vogue and Pride,
Attacqu'd by theſe moſt vulgar Vermin dy'd.
Rupert, ſucceſsfull thus in this Campagne,
Where Foes thought Fame by Cavalry to gain,
Which on their ſide more numerous did conſiſt,
Had they been Soul'd as boldly to reſiſt:
Such dread diffus'd through all their mounted Force,
As long they fear'd to fight ſuch Loyal Horſe.
And did in *Eſſex* Soul improve delay,
Caus'd by diſguſt and Fortune of that day.
Which gave the King apt Leiſure to diſpoſe
Embody'd Powers againſt his Weſtern Foes:
Whom Active *Waller* had combin'd with care,
More Pop'lar now then *Eſſex* in this War.
The Noble *Hertford*, fit for Royal Truſt,
And Int'reſted in thoſe parts to Adjuſt
His Sovereign's Cauſe, did from an Honeſt Fame
Deſerve, by him unſought, a Gen'rals Name.
Little he had of Wars experience known,
And therefore did refuſe to guide alone.

T'aſſiſt whoſe conduct by the King was choſe
His Newphew *Maurice* Daring unto Foes:
Great *Rupert* s Brother, which enough does tell
How like to him his Proweſs did excell.
Greenville, to whom brave * *Hopton* did withdraw,
When firſt Rebellion had Infring'd the Law,
Worthy of Lineage and conſpicuous known
For Gen'rous deeds that *Corniſh* hearts had won;
And bloud beſt valu'd in that fertile Soyl,
Who Gladly joyn'd with his, their Warlike Toyl:
And had with high repute ſtout Numbers rais'd
To add to thoſe at *Stratton-field* were prais'd.
Their Countrey clear'd from Foes, they next prepare
For their Kings Cauſe in diſtant climes to War.
And with due ſenſe of *Hopton's* Merit, gave
Conſent that he Supreme Command ſhould have.

---

* Who in the breaking out of the Rebellion, being forc'd from his Habitation in Somerſetſhire, Retir'd for his Safety privately into Cornwall, where he was not only worthily receiv'd by the Chief of that Country, but as they Arm'd for the King entruſted to Command them.

Since

Since he, from home remov'd, had for them fought,
And by his Conduct prov'd Advantage brought.
Soon did their Monarch's Summons them direct
Where they by *Hertford Maurice* ſhould be met:
And with their conjoyn'd power of Foot and Horſe
Oppoſe th' Impetuous growth of *Wallers* Force.
Near *Chard*, a Ville of Fertile *Somerſetſhire*,
Their joyfull Juncture was, and eccho'd there.
So when kind ſtreams in one Joynt Current flow,
Their Waves embrace and ſounds of Gladneſs ſhow.
The Royal Power by Infantry Improv'd
Of Gallant *Corniſh*, in bold Order Mov'd
Unto Campaigns the Enemy to Find,
Who then on *Lanſdown-top* his Camp deſign'd.
Uneven Ridges do that Hill Surround,
By *Waller* choſe for his Advantage ground.
Th' Aſſent and Avenu's, with care Poſſeſt
By Files and Squadrons he reputed beſt.
Whilſt Poſted thus ſome Troups he does Imploy
To Skirmiſh ſo as they might Foes decoy:

Bidding

Bidding that they when charg'd ſhould ſoon retreat,
And Tempt purſuers on to their defeat.
Aſſuring them that on the Royal ſide
Were Chiefs whoſe Courage Dangers ſo defy'd,
As ſometimes in purſuit of Glory they
Had ſcorn'd in fear of Stratagem to ſtay.
The Zealous *Haſlerig*, on *Wallers* part,
Does firſt attempt to prove his Warlike Art.
Arm'd *Cap-a-Pe* his Militants appear'd,
Who'd think they ſhock of Foes or Guns had fear'd:
Or that their Iron ſhapes ſhould not endure
The Charge of ſuch whoſe Breaſts were leſs ſecure.
Since for them better then the Royal Side
Fortune did Wars Accoutrements provide.
But howe're Fenc'd, their Bulks leſs hard they find
Then Boſoms that Inclos'd the harder Mind.
And thus the Royal Cavalry that day
Through Armed Squadrons did enforce their way:
Whoſe Foes confus'd, with a precipitant haſte,
In ſpight of Orders given, retir'd too faſt.

So

So hard it is in Wars Exploits to find
Mens practiques to their Theories adjoyn'd.
The Royal Chiefs perceiving that the Foe
Withdrew with loſs and in diſorder too:
Judg'd that occaſion, Fortune's uſefull Guide,
Would add Atchievements to their Gallant ſide;
But leſt they ſhould obſtructed find their way,
Where oppoſite Files in Paſs or Ambuſh lay:
The *Corniſh* Foot, with *Greenville* at their head,
And * Chiefs whoſe Deeds in Fames Records are read,
Did in deſpite of diſadvantage Ground
Repell their Foes, where Poſted they were found.
Who upward unto *Wallers* Camp withdrew,
Like Deer that to their Herd from Hunters flew.
Their Stout Purſuers after them aſcend,
And on the Hill Embattell'd boldly ſtand.
The Royal Horſe, the Avenu's now clear'd,
To Second *Corniſh* Gallantry appear'd.

* This General mention, intended to include all ſuch Perſons as are moſt Conſpicuous in Story, is in this and other places of this Poem ſo to be underſtood that Prolixity may be avoided in repeating of proper Names.

But

But e're their Squadrons were to Order brought,
Their Van had *Wallers* Force ſucceſsleſs fought.
Here Valiant [a] *Loer* left a Crimſon ſtoud,
And many with him ſlain of *Engliſh* Bloud.
Beſides ſuch Numbers that from Death or Wound,
In Wars Memoirs Conſpicuouſly are found.
But Youthfull [b] *Dencourt* for whoſe Noble fall
Fame does, from Verſe, peculiar value call;
Appropriate to the Manner of his End,
Which Truth does in theſe Meaſures recommend.
Wrapt in the Enemies Colours dead he lay,
That he won for his Winding-Sheet that day:
No *Heroe* could in Bed of Honour dye
Trophy'd more Glorious by Wars deſtiny.
The Fight renew'd, each ſide by Proweſs Try
To force their ſtout Embody'd Enemy.

---

[a] Sir George Loer, a Gallant Gentleman, then Major to the Regiment of Col. Thomas Howard, ſince Earl of Berks, Slain in this Battle.

[b] That the Lord Dencourt was found Dead as is here deſcrib'd is known from Hiſtory.

Nor

Nor would they Leiſure to their Guns afford,
More forward to deſtroy with Pike and Sword.
Waller who this Campaign had firſt Poſſeſt,
Some Forces ſo diſpos'd to Aid the reſt,
As what from fight or order could accrew,
He judg'd was fully his advantage now.
The *Cornish* Infantry that long had ſtood,
And would no Foot withdraw to ſave their bloud;
His beſt reſerves their Legions next Aſſail,
And 'gainſt their Valour ſomething too prevail.
Greenville diſdaining this, an Enſign takes,
And fixing it in Earth by it he makes
His dauntleſs ſtand, reſolving there to dye;
Or Live approv'd for ſignal Loyalty.
Whilſt Fame to give his Death a laſting date
Perpetuates his * Glory in his Fate.
Whoſe Truſty Militants when they beheld
Their Lov'd Chiefs fall, Fury revenge compell'd:

* By which is intimated both the Heroick end of this Gallant Perſon, and the Noble Title of Baron of Lanſdown given to his Poſterity by King Charles the Second.

Untill

Untill his Death retaliated by Blows,
And the ground ſtrow'd with Carcaſſes of Foes.
Pitty that vulgar Gallantrys ſhould be
So ſparingly convey'd by Hiſtory,
As but their General mention does appear,
Inſtead of ſingle Rooms of Glory there.
Whilſt Partial Birth, Monopolizing Fame,
Contracts Man's value to the higheſt Name;
Leaving the Low, howe're by Nature Brave,
To go without Encomium to their Grave.
Thus War, the mean deſtroy'd, in heaps conceals,
And but their ſudden ends, like Plague, reveals.
Till ſetting Sun both ſides prolong'd their fight,
Tho' *Wallers*, as appear'd, firſt wiſh'd for Night.
Who to be ſafe the next ſucceeding day,
The Time of darkneſs choſe to March away.
And as in haſte, ſome Thought, had left behind
Huge Loads of Powder:: whether ſo deſign'd
By Craft or Fate, few Tellers rightly know;
Or from what cauſe did Burſt that Fatall blow.

Sooner

Sooner then Moment did the Flame ariſe,
And ſeem'd to pierce with pointed fire the Skies.
Like a vaſt Pyramid its Bottom ſpread,
And left within that Compaſs many dead.
Which Sulphurous force transform'd their Perſons ſo,
As they did Blacker dye then *Ethiops* ſhow.
Some Blaſted liv'd in Bulks to wonder ſwell'd,
And with a ſad Amazement were beheld.
Others ſurviv'd, tho' Maim'd in every part:
Who'd not for their ſakes curſe the wicked Art
That firſt theſe ſeeds of Miſchief had deſign'd
For a deſtructive fewell to Mankind.
By this fierce Blow in this diſaſtrous Night,
Hopton had Periſh'd too or Loſt his ſight:
Had not Heavens Aid the Powders force with-held,
Tho' ſcorch'd his Viſage and his Limbs beheld.
Which Griefs with Magnitude of Mind he Bore,
Till Time his Priſtine Strength did full reſtore.
This dire Miſchance with other Motives gave
Occaſion to the Royaliſts to Leave

That

That fatal ſurface, and their march intend
Where due refreſhments might their Toyls befriend.
T'ward the * *Deviſes* they aſſign'd their way,
When *Waller* who had fear'd their longer ſtay,
Aſſum'd new hopes, from Artifice or Fate,
To vanquiſh them whom late he could not Beat.
Cloſe to their Rear, as Stars reach'd Midnight height,
His Van he led the next enſuing Night:
Judging that they, who had few hours before
Repuls'd at *Lanſdowne-field* his ſtouteſt power,
Would leaſt ſuſpect that he did then purſue
Their Marching Force from which his Lately flew.
Whilſt to conceal what by deſign he meant,
By Trumpets ſound his Martial Complement
He firſt to Noble *Hertford* does convey,
Since he as General had precedent ſway:
Next lets him know that if his Arms could bring
The ſpacious Weſt ſubjected to the King:

* A Large Borrough-Town in the Middle of Wiltſhire.

E're Sun did set he would that Value Stake,
In [a] *Cherſton* Fields if there he'd Battle make.
The Earl to this with Modeſty reply'd,
That he by Challenge ne're had him defy'd:
Wherefore he wonder'd that in *Waller*'s name,
So Bravo like, this [b] meſſage to him came.
Hopton,
With whom the Earl this Errand did debate,
Tho' full of Malade from preceding fate,
With clear Perception unto him declar'd
That Guile ſhould more then Swords of Foes be fear'd;
Since War by wicked Maxim did allow,
That Fraud Conductreſs might to Valour go:
Beſides all which impoſſible 'twould be,
Should, to this proffer, his reſolvs agree;

---

[a] A Lordſhip that did belong to the Earl and therefore ſpeciouſly Nominated by Waller, the better to diſguiſe his intended deſign.

[b] By the Author of this Poem Perſonally obſerv'd, he being in Arms all the time of that Weſtern Expedition.

To move with weari'd Foot a tedious way,
And Battle give in compass of one day.
This message Answer'd and they Marching on,
Th' Infidious part of *Waller* soon was known:
Who that they might not think his Army near,
This Errand sent e're he Attacqu'd their Rear:
Which in few moments furiously he fought,
And by a fierce surprize disorder brought
Unto some Bodies on the Royall Part,
Till better form'd they Stood his force and Art.
Nor could they March unto the Post design'd,
But as they moving fought their Foe behind:
And thus retreating they continu'd Fight,
Till to Devises come by Evening Light.
Soon as Arriv'd a Martial Court they held,
Compos'd of such that for Conduct excell'd:
Debating how their Powers might there subsist,
And orderly the Enemy resist.
Whilst now in Crowds their Horse and Foot possest
The Town, too strait to yield them food or rest:

Howe're

Howe're by fight and March they Harass'd show,
And were besides in Ammunion low.
Which to repair and to detatch more Force,
Determin'd 'twas that all their strength of Horse
Should from the Town that Night make their retreat,
Till Reinforcements they from *Oxford* meet.
Hertford and *Maurice* with them march'd away,
When *Hopton* and such Chiefs behind did stay
Whose Conduct best the Infantry could Guide,
And by example Animate their side.
Which, tho' alone, by Duplicate renown,
Resolv'd to Conquer Foes and keep the Town.
And had for several days Successfull fought,
Till want of powder to distress them brought:
Which known to *Waller* soon his Stars he Blest,
That thus Advantag'd him to win the West,
And Noblest Enemies his Captives see,
Whence he'd Triumph by Parliament decree.
This Exigent as Royalists deplor'd,
And fruitlessly had search'd for Powder stor'd,

A Truſty * Townſman makes himſelf their Guide
Unto enough of his to aid their ſide.
Provided thus, with bold Joy they defy
By Peals of Shot the daring Enemy:
And with recruited Fury Sallies make,
Where Poſted Foes they kill and Priſ'ners take.
Scorning that Works their Valour ſhould Confine,
Who durſt the Place defend without a Line.
Waller who hop'd that ſome Impending ſtrait
Would have inforc'd his Oppoſits to Treat,
That he the Town by render might obtain:
Now doubts he Trophies there deſign'd in vain.
When unto him his truſty Scouts declare,
That Bodies of recruited Foes were near,
By Princely *Maurice* and Brave *Wilmot* led:
From whoſe Vancurriers they had ſwiftly fled.
Th'Allarum taken, he withdraws his Force,
Except ſome Parties of his Foot and Horſe,

* One Pierce an Inhabitant of the Deviſes, who diſcover'd to the Lord Hopton where for ſome time he had hidden Powder.

Deſign'd to Skirmiſh and amuze the Town,
Leſt there too ſoon 'twere known that he was gone.
Few Miles he march'd 'till to a Hill he came,
Whoſe Downy Surface men do * *Round-way* name,
Where ſpeedily, as Order could admit,
He did for Fight his ſtrong Battalions fit.
Rejoyc'd to ſee with what an eager Courſe
His Foes arriv'd, tho' but Impowr'd by Horſe.
Concluding that his Cavalry and Foot,
By joynt Advantage would their Bodies rout.
Whilſt *Maurice*, *Wilmot* ſo their Troups diſpoſe,
As by their Conduct firſt they come to Blows:
And Ranks diſperſe that would reſiſt their way,
Till Flight they forc'd as their Swords numbers ſlay.
Fiery Sir * *Arthur*, who, on Zeals account,
Had thought all other *Heroes* to ſurmount:

---

* Call'd from the Village Adjacent Round-way-Hill or Down, but ſince by way of Joque call'd Run-away-Hill, Alluding to the confuſed flight of the Rebels there.

* Hazelrig a Zealous Republican.

Or that Enthuſiaſt in an Armed plight,
Was terrible as *Baſilisk* to fight;
Prov'd that his Figure dwindled in that day,
As on his *Pegaſus* he flew away.
And like a Fowl that guides the flying Train,
Did routed Squadrons lead along the Plain.
When ſome that hop'd their ſoon eſcape to make
By Steps that none in their purſuit would take:
Down the Hill's ſteep, from Miracle of Fear,
A Gallop took and broke-Neck'd periſh'd there.
The Field being 'clear'd of Horſe, the Foot remain'd,
That with ſome Volleys had a while maintain'd
Their daring Files, 'till hopeleſs to reſiſt,
By Horſe forſaken that ſhould them aſſiſt:
Their Heels, inſtead of Arms, for ſafety try'd,
But ſoon were Captives to the Conquering ſide.
This ſignal Vict'ry was the dearer got
As with Foes kill'd Fate did to death alot
Some Perſonages whom Story does rehearſe,
Enough perſpicuous without aid from Verſe:

Ye

Yet here for them and for Brave * *Dornland*'s fall
My Muſe does for a Tear-Heroique call.
He that had rais'd Example to the height
Bydeeds that Generous Loyalty compleat:
Unhappy 'twas that his brave end ſhould be
No ſtop unto his Nations Miſery.
Or that the Criſis of his Life's laſt hour
Should imply Fate unto his Sovereigns power.
Which his Kings Lips Prophetickly declar'd:
And from *Polyaſters* Science had been fear'd.
But now as if the Deſtinies revers'd
Events, which ſome Prognoſticks had rehears'd:
By the King's Power was op'lent *Briſtol* won,
And round ſtrong *Gloceſter* next his Leagure known.
Tho' much admired by diſcerning Men,
Why that Town's Siege was undertaken then:
When Rumour had on *London* fear Impreſt
From *Waller* beaten and ſubdu'd the Weſt:

* The reaſon for Introducing this Character is ſo fully given before in the Third Book, as it needs not be here repeated.

The Factious Senate too divided there,
And did their Cauſe and Perſon's ſafety fear.
Their Party wav'ring or inclin'd to yield,
Inſtead of raiſing numbers for the Field.
Eſſex demurring, and his Army weak,
And no March, if recruited, car'd to take.
'Till *Gloceſters* bold Defence their Courage rais'd,
And * *Maſſey* her Defender loudly prais'd.
Unhappy Prince whom Stars had thither brought,
That by no future Aid repair'd the fault.
So *Hannibal* before *Tarentum* ſtay'd,
And loſt *Romes* Conqueſt by time there delay'd.
Nor was then *Gloceſter's* bold defence alone
The King's Misfortune but *Hull's* ſtronger Town.
Before which Brave *Newcaſtle* then did lie
Beſieger by one Fatal Deſtiny.

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* By whoſe Conduct Gloceſter was preſerv'd, tho' afterwards he had cauſe to repent it being perſecuted by his own Party for not complying with their Antimonarchical Deſigns if not ſuſpected to have remorſe of Conſcience for oppoſing of his Sovereign.

His

His Number great and the vaſt Northern Clime
No leſs then Weſtern vanquiſh'd at that time.
And but his Enemies worſted Reliques left
To man this place of other Aid bereft:
As then Lord *Fairfax* and his Valiant Son
For their laſt refuge fled unto this Town:
By Nature ſtrong and fortify'd by Wall,
That ſeem'd for Scaling-Ladders, built too tall.
Fam'd *Troy*, though *Neptune's* Fabrick ſaid to be,
Not like to *Hull* did find ſupport from Sea.
Where through vaſt Sluces Humbers Waves may run,
And the Adjacent parts to diſtance drown.
So ſtrongly did rough *Neptune's* Trident here
Againſt King *Charles* his Scepter Leavy War.
Whilſt the Renown'd *Newcaſtle* ſoon beheld
His Trenches, Bullwarks, Tents, with Streams (orewhelm'd,
Untill his Camp, thus made a watry Lake,
He did, with loſs of Men and Time forſake.
Which Suffrance wither'd his fam'd Army's Flower,
And former Conqueſts gain'd by Warlike Power.

Who elſe Victorious might have *Eaſtward* gone,
And, with his Sovereign joyn'd, have *London* won.
When Stars from Fate's Similitude decreed,
That both at hapleſs Leaguers ſhould be ſtay'd.
But what the Counſels of that Time alledge
For undertaking *Hull* and *Glocester's* Siege:
My Muſe no Deſcants here preſumes to make,
Since from Event appears their groſs miſtake.
Which gave to *London's* Senate wiſh'd-for ſcope,
From their Diſaſters to erect their Hope.
Not doubting but, from them diffus'd, 'twould bring
Increaſe of Fury to Oppoſe their King.
Tho' they perceiv'd, amongſt the Crowds of Men,
The Fervor of the moſt abated then:
Wearied by War, or dubious whether Right
Stood on that part which them allur'd to Fight.
When * *Hugon* did to Vulgar Minds apply
His Tempting Zeal and ſtrenuous Induſtry.

* By whoſe Character I ſuppoſe the Reader may judge that the Infamous Hugh Peter, who may not be improperly termed the moſt Artificial Canter of that time's Pulpit-Traytors was Intended; & he has the Authors conſent ſo to underſtand this Nominal.

Hugon,

Hugon, who in this Story room muſt find,
From Comick part and Tragick badly Joyn'd
Whoſe Artifice could men to Fight diſpoſe,
But Laugh'd at all that dy'd in Field by Blows.
No *Levite* call'd, tho' oft in Pulpits known,
Where *Don-Quixot* he play'd without a Gown.
With Patriots of that Time in high eſteem,
And ruling Females Amorous of them.
But how his Genius to this height aroſe
My Muſe by this enſuing Wonder ſhows.
'Tis told a Witch, on *Puritan* Begot,
Came from *New-England* to aid Men of Riot.
Comely in Figure, tho' few Stories tell
That Dames of Magick did in Form excell:
As if that *Venus Pluto's* Lips to ſpite,
By Courſe Amours attracted his delight.
Demure in Speech and Geſture was her Mene,
And on her dreſs a Milkwhite Vaile was ſeen.
At diſtance Zealots did her Beams admire,
When told that ſhe could Love and Cant Inſpire.

And

And when the Sorc'reſs would the Harlot play,
On him ſhe doted that could Faithleſs pray.
Near *London* Suburbs was her then abode,
To whom by ſearch had *Hugon* found the Road.
Admitted to her cloſe Apartment there,
Her Beauty he adjudg'd above compare:
And, as 'tis thought, Charm'd by her taking ſight,
His Nerve was riſen above uſual height.
Buſy as *Sybil* ſoon he her perceives,
Inſcribing Scripture Texts on diverſe Leafs.
And as ſhe mov'd her wan and words did ſpeak,
Around her head a trembling flight they take:
And when deſcended on her Table find
The Order which for them ſhe firſt deſign'd.
Wonder, above what *Sybil's* Leafs could ſhew,
If this on Fame's account be granted true.
Not many words this admir'd Charmer us'd,
'Till kiſſing him ſhe Love and Zeal infus'd:
Letting him know that ſhe'd improve his Senſe,
By bold Intrigues and Pulpit Impudence:

Since

Since well ſhe knew his Soul did little care
Tho' retrograde to Heaven he vented Prayer.
Then takes a Leaf on which a Text was wrote,
On purpoſe Charm'd his Faction to promote:
And with a tickling whiſper next infus'd
The Spiritual Gibberiſh by him after us'd.
Which on his Knees 'tis ſaid he did receive,
To ſhew th'Adorement he th'Enchantreſs gave.
His Conge taken, the enſuing day
He broach'd in Pulpit a new Canting way.
Which being Inſpired by the Devil's Wit,
Some Inſides did of Men and Women ſit.
Whence fervent Matrons ſoon for fight deſign'd
Their Husbands, whilſt to Whore they ſtay'd behind.
Nor did the Virgins, with a Bluſh that Time,
Preſent their Gifts to aid the Publique Crime.
Who with a ſhameleſs Confidence declaim'd
Againſt all ſuch from War would be reclaim'd.
This Female Vogue, and Moneys lov'd Command,
Soon did incite the Soldiers Armed hand,

And *London* Legions to the rest adjoyn'd:
As *Essex* them for *Glocester's* Aid design'd.
Who now his hope, tho' lately droop'd does raise,
Of Meriting by Conduct renew'd Praise.
Skippon, he Led, with Chiefs of bold Import,
Rounded by Guns, that like a moving Fort
His Army did in wide Campagnes appear,
And Fruitless Charg'd by * *Rupert* when met there.
Too strong for Let, the Earl still forward goes,
'Till *Glocester* joy his bold Arrival shows.
The King when thus approach'd his Foes he saw,
By Night, does from that Town, his Force withdraw:
Fatal that Night, as Elements did show
By Thunder, Storms, and Winds that loudest blow.
This grand Relief effected by this Peer,
Return to *London* next imploy'd his Care.
And how his Warlike Caution might contrive
That he might thither without Fight arrive.

* By which is Intimated the Attacque that was given by the Kings Cavalry, Commanded by Prince Rupert, to my Lord of Essex his Army marching to relieve Glocester near Stow an open Part of that Countrey.

Left

Leſt other Actions ſhould his Fame impair,
E're he receiv'd, for this, Applauſes there.
When Stars decreed, that for a Bloudy Day,
He ſhould in *Newberry's* Field his Files Array.
Where overtaken by the Royal Power,
Both ſides engag'd as roſe the Morning hour.
Profuſely Bloud was ſoon on each part ſhed,
No Verſe can here enough lament the Dead:
'Mongſt whom *Cunningham*, Valour's Glory, fell,
And *Faukland* by the Muſes Lov'd ſo well.
Obliging *Sunderland* here alſo ſlain:
What Field like this from Noble Bloud bears Stain?
The Earl, amongſt his Deid ſome Brave had loſt,
Tho' this Advantage much his ſide could boaſt
That they with cheaper Metral had ſupply'd
Their Cauſe, 'gainſt which oppos'd the Nobles dy'd.
So few of their High Station then were known
That would in Field the Houſes Quarrel own.
Never more pois'd was Battel by Event,
Or Armies known more hours of day had ſpent

With

With equal Proweſs, ſo hard 'tis to know,
When *Engliſh* Valours Fight, which braveſt do.
Both ſides in Warlike form appear'd next day,
When *Eſſex* firſt withdrew and march'd his way.
Nor did the Roy'liſts hold it prudent then
To tempt him, in Retreat, to fight again.
Weighing the Order in which he withdrew,
Themſelves o'retoyl'd with March and fighting too.
On each part yielded that they could no more
At that time Combate as they did before.
O Fatal Soil that muſt next year contain
A Second Battel, and more *Engliſh* ſlain,
Where *Eſſex* did his rallied Enſigns lead:
Better that he o're furtheſt Seas had fled,
Or dy'd by Shipwrack on the *Corniſh* Shore,
When Treaty ſav'd his there * deſerted Power:

* A very Important Remark, the Earl having left his Army in a Strait in Cornwall he took Shipping for London and left Skippon behind him to Treat for the Army of which the Infantry had Terms leaving Arms behind them, their Horſe having broken through one Wing of the Kings Army: Theſe very men fought reſolutely, above others, ſoon after at the Secopd Newberry Fight as is intimated here, and in Fight were heard to expreſs their deſire to revenge the Kings ſucceſs in Cornwall.

Then

Then with bold Legions, ſo repriev'd, diſplay
Rebellions fury here another day.
Yet this Laſt Battle, Tho' uncurb'd his Sword,
No Future Trophy did to him afford:
Or Leſſen the Diſguſt that was expreſt
Againſt his Late Misfortune in the Weſt.
Whence the Imperious Houſes did decree
That he, their wars firſt Guide, remov'd ſhould be.
And other Conduct choſen to Enhance
Deeds, which they Judg'd he ſlowly did Advance;
Howe're his Faction did with theirs Comply,
In being their Soveraign's Common Enemy.
But how Intrigu'd their Parties and Deſigns,
Would tedious render this brief Poems Lines:
Wherefore we muſt from Paſſages deſcend,
And that may give our Story cloſer end.

The SEVENTH BOOK.

The Argument.

The Houſes their new Modell'd Army raiſe,
And Fairfax, *tho' but Knight, their General made.*
Cromwells *bold riſe and Counſells verſe relates.*
Direfull Events the Nation apprehends.
Lov's paſſion and concern with War Intrigue.
The King by Furious Storm does Leiceſter *win.*
Fairfax *to* Oxford *does his Army Guide:*
Which Action the Kings Northern March diverts.

ESSEX remov'd, the Houſes ſoon decree
That Fairfax ſhould their Captain Generall be.
Not mean his Birth, of Diſpoſition fit
To be ſubſervient to their ruling Wit.
A Complyſance they did believe Improv'd,
As they had the more haughty Earl remov'd.
By Martiall deeds this Knight had gain'd renown,
And for the Houſes was Succeſsfull known.

Implicitely

Implicitly he could their rule Obey,
Which moſt Endear'd them to his Fighting way.
Whoſe Brain more with the Soldiers part conſpir'd,
Then Ends by which to Factions Men Aſpir'd.
Or how Presbitery's Intereſt was wain'd,
As Independency Improvement Gain'd
Both in the Houſes and the Armys Senſe,
Who did their high Careſſes then diſpenſe
Unto aſpiring *Cromwells* growing Name,
The darling Leader of Fanatique Flame.
Poor had he Liv'd, altho' Gentilely born,
His Intereſt deſpicable and forlorn:
Whilſt his Life paſt, to Shame had vitious bin,
Till he, by Covert Zeal, Transform'd his Sin.
And now 'tho but Lieutenant-Generall made,
By craft was more than *Fairfax* ſoon obey'd.
And had this new form'd Army ſo Cajol'd,
As all therein ſeem'd for his purpoſe Soul'd.
Thus was the Man, and thus his figure roſe,
Above what ſtory moſt Prodigious ſhows.

But how he made progreſſion to this height
The Mediums tell, which briefly we'l recite.
Eſſex diſcarded by that Factions Power,
Of which then *Cromwell* was eſteem'd the Flower,
This Subtle Man to Grandees next propos'd
How Martiall Force might ſurer be compos'd:
If from their Numbers they'd Scelectly take
Men that by zeal their valours fiercer make:
And with them, ſo devoted, Legions fill,
Prepar'd by Conſcience for their ſakes to kill.
Declaring how Perſwaſion hardens fight,
And how men Motiv'd ſo, all perills ſlight:
Tho' States Subverted are or Thrones remov'd,
The Action ſeems to them by Heaven approv'd:
Who deem it Sublime Glory to deſtroy
Prophaner Rule which Mortalls would enjoy.
Nor feazibly will this our war proceed,
If Harden'd conſcience does not formoſt Lead.
Each man is more then man whom that Inſpires;
The Spirituall Gideons which no money hires.

And tells how fruitleſsly we conqueſt ſought
As men for us of hireling Genius fought.
Who but for Muſter pay to Fields make haſt,
And would Wars hours in Plenteous quarters waſte.
The Armed Drones that Nationall Treaſure Spend,
Without a ſting of Spirit to Contend:
Let Votes, Inſtead of them, Bold Godly chuſe
To Fight our Battells, and our Cauſe eſpouſe.
Nor think that Militants, with ſofter Flame,
Can the Fierce Honour of the Kings ſide Tame.
This zealots Speech, like Tinder's catching fire,
Did with the Houſes fervent votes conſpire:
Which by a * ſelf-deniall Nam'd decree
Ordain'd their Army ſhould new modell'd be:
O're which, tho' *Fairfax* Generall we finde,
His Power to *Cromwell* ward-like was deſign'd.

* Their ſelf-denying Ordinance ſo call'd, becauſe it allow'd no perſon of either Houſe to have Military Command, tho' purpoſely form'd to lay aſide the Earl of Eſſex and ſome others under him: notwithſtanding which Cromwell was ſo favour'd as by particular diſpenſation to ſerve under Fairfax.

The Knight but factions Nominall allow'd,
Whilſt *Cromwell* roſe the *Phœnix* of their Crowd.
Fatall Conjunction, as their Actions Tell,
That direfull on their King and Nation fell.
But how their Crimes arriv'd unto that height,
Our ſorrowfull Meaſures will in Courſe recite.
Well did the Commons Houſe Approve the Choice
Of this new Model and in hope rejoyce
Events they judg'd from ſuch a Power would ſpring,
That they held keenelt form'd againſt the King.
And tho' in t'other Houſe, the ſitting Peers
Had long concurr'd with Voting Commoners:
And had to Lapſe of Honour vilely been,
Abetters of this Wars deſigned Sin;
Yet in this Juncture had this Act withſtood,
From ſenſe perhaps of their Neglected Blood,
By which the Furious Commons did require
The Knight's Advancement and his Hardy Squire.
Howe're unto their *Eſſex* thought diſgrace,
And Peerage then deny'd a Generalls Place.

Thus did Inferiour Votes the Higher Sway,
As Lords did Commons, in effect, Obey.
And now this Novell Army does prepare
To raiſe their Faction by Succeeding war.
For whoſe Succeſs, were many prayers ſaid,
By ſuch as held themſelves moſt Sanctify'd.
Tho' Prayers, hopes, wiſhes, had their different Crime,
As *London*'s Juncto vary'd at that time:
Where for disbanded *Eſſex*'s party's ſake,
The Presbyterians high diſgnſt did Take.
And from Regret could Inwardly Scarce pray
For Independents on their fighting day.
Leſt that fierce Party, on a Martiall Score,
Shou'd end what T'other Left undone before.
Whilſt highly *Fairfax* and his Cheifs Careſs
Their Souldiers to attain by Arms Succeſs.
And with Bold confidence their March deſign'd
Where e'er they might the Royall Army find.
When rumours from this Movement every where
Buſy'd the thinking Heart and watchfull ear;

As men did Problems and concluſions draw
From what they heard, or Judg'd their Souls foreſaw.
Whence various Expectations fill'd the Minde
As to the King or Houſes they Inclin'd.
Or did their forward Emulations guide
By Gallantries obſerv'd on either ſide.
Nor did ſome Beauteous of their Sex decline
Glory, which love to Valour could Aſſigne:
If not by Speech their Rivaldries declare,
As they did Hero's Martial Acts compare.
When in *Flavira's* Character and Deeds
Was paſſion found that womans's Soul exceeds.
Brave *Lyle* ſhe Lov'd, as is declar'd before,
And thought it Heroine valour to explore
His Fame in war, the Jewell of her heart,
Like which ſhe Judg'd no Hero's valiant part.
To whom a viſit *Roſaline* now makes,
Of whoſe bright figure verſe precedent ſpeaks,
Penſive in Minde as ſhe for *Lucas* ſake,
Did proſpect of wars fatall dangers take,

And

And thought she did that Instant him behold
Leading his Troops too desperatly bold,
And how his wounded Horse did three times bound,
And threw him off as it fell dead to ground.
Wishing that, from such chance, *Flavira* might
Less prompt her Lovers Soul to dangerous fight.
And now *Flavira* as if she perceiv'd
The Sentiments that *Rosaline* had griev'd:
By complysance and Generall converse,
From what Fame did in Town or Court disperse,
A while directs her Language and her mene,
And seem'd without Caprice a Lover then:
Or that she had on Glory solely Layd
The Pride of Passion which her Soul obey'd.
Reflecting on the Exigent of Times,
And how Improv'd by mens degenerate Crimes:
From which Mean Source the Chills, to valour spring,
As some relentingly assist their King.
Tender perhaps as Ladies please to Fear,
That would their Hero's Softer Toyls endear:

And think 'tis Glorious if their choicer Beams
Do from Campaignes with-hold their Lovers flames.
Know *Roſaline*, ſays ſhe, *Flavira* ſhall
Never, her Lovers honour, ſo Enthrall.
Let it her Emulation rather be,
To heighten others by his Gallantry.
What verſe can tell how *Roſaline* was mov'd,
When theſe words heard, whoſe Soul more calmly Lov'd.
Pos'd, as ſhe would her apt return now fit
Unto *Flavira's* ſpeech, and ſprightly wit;
And could not but with troubled minde explain
Her Senſe which in theſe words did utterance gain.
Highly your valour Madam is Confeſt
By my hearts def'rence to what yours expreſt:
Whereby your Admir'd Loyallty appears
Unto our Soveraign, whom my Soul revers.
Nor ſhall e're my Affection Arm withdraw
That can in Field his Rebell Subjects Aw.
Begging of Heaven that Titulary Stars
May Loyall Lives defend throughout theſe Wars.

And

And that the Jewell Life which Love would ſave,
May not from Bloudy power a Period have.
Little this Speech did with *Flavira* weigh,
Whoſe eye was then removing to Survey
A painted Story, where the Pencills Art
Did her Great Hero's deeds to Life Impart.
And where with proud delight ſhe did behold
Fields, in which *Lyle* renownedly was bold.
And how, before him, ſhot had Numbers ſlain,
As his Files vanquiſh'd, or did poſt maintain.
Inſpecting next how in laſt *Newbery* Fight,
His valour did Amaze beholders ſight:
When to Encourage Soldiers not to Fear,
He did their Leader in his * Shirt appear.
Which Poſture ſo *Flavira's* Paſſion pleas'd,
As her ſoft Arms his Picture's form embrac'd:
Next kiſs'd his Lips, and to the Pencills Grace,
Admired the figure of his Valiant Face.

* This manner of Gallantry in Lyle, as a brave Incouragement to Militants, whom he commanded at the fight above mention'd, was obſerv'd by many, and leſt it ſhould not have an Honourable Record from Hiſtory is here mention'd.

When

When *Roſaline* did from this action finde
The high Tranſport that rul'd *Flavira's* Minde:
And how ſhe from Exceſs of Spirit gave
Encomiums by comparing of the Brave:
Whilſt Jealous Honour might in others raiſe
Exceſs of Daring to gain Womans Praiſe;
She from *Flavira* with a modeſt Grace
Retir'd, and pitying Lovers wept apace.
Fame's watchfull Tongue not only from this Scene,
But what before *Flavira's* words had been,
Promulg'd to Martialiſts that Womans heart
Encited Emulation on their Part.
Whence ſome of either Sex did make their claim
To Love and Honour by a Rivall'd Fame.
Or did, with Animoſity, Conteſt,
As they affected or Judg'd actions beſt.
This known to *Lucas*, in whoſe Gallant mind
Deſert and Glory did their Center find:
Above all Boaſt, the varniſh of the Proud,
Or Men whoſe Tongues, to Fames deceit, are Lowd,

As

As Surreptitionſly they'd fix renown
On deeds, they would be fancy'd to have done.
Yet from prevailing Senſe of Honour thought,
Himſelf diſparag'd if to Ballance brought
With any, to the Van of Fame had roſe,
Or to him were compar'd in fighting Foes.
And as a Lover lov'd the praiſes too,
Which Heroine Beauty Valour did allow.
Theſe thoughts had giv'n ſome trouble to his breaſt,
When *Lyle*, on Wars concern, to him addreſt:
Nor had he his Lov'd perſon till that Hour
Beheld, ſince his return from *Marſton-Moor*;
Where *Lucas* did to wonder fight maintain,
And of ſucceſsfull Foes had many ſlain.
A Bloody Victʻry and deplor'dly great,
Since that * day Dates the King's firſt grand defeat;
The Northern Counties wholly loſt thereby,
And Numʻrous Lives renown'd for Loyalty.

* In which as ſome write were kill'd on both ſides Nine Thouſand Men.

As ſoon as *Lyle* beheld brave *Lucas* Face,
With h ſty kindneſs he did him embrace:
Wiſhing that if in War, by Heavens decree,
Their Lives muſt have a Fatal deſtiny:
That one days Bloudy Period both might end,
And in one Grave be bury'd friend by friend.
This ſenſe of *Lyl*'s ſo generouſly kind,
Impreſs'd ſuch paſſion on the others Mind,
That his Soul yields a noble Tear to ſhed,
E're for reply he theſe words to him ſaid.
Highly thy kindneſs Valiant *Lyle* I own,
And the remarks of Honour by it ſhown,
Nor do I doubt but that ſome future Field,
Shall to us Joyntly Crops of Glory yield.
Tho' Rebells did at *Marſton-Moor* ſucceed,
Where Loyal valours did profuſely bleed:
Of whom perhaps ſome Ghoſts leſs quiet reſt
As they diſcern Mens former worth depreſt:
Or by Capricious Fame Miſunderſtood
The value of their deeds and Warlike bloud;

As Tongues of Envy ſhe to Camps does ſend
That to Impede Man's Glory there contend:
Or unto Piekes diſpoſe the Martial Breaſt,
As Actions by Compare are deemed beſt.
Away, ſome Ladies for Loves ſake rejoyce,
When they to valour give their caſting voice.
Theſe words and what their Tendency might mean,
Seem'd to prepare ſome unexpected Scene.
Well known to *Lyle* the high diſguſt of Spirit
That *Lucas* had to deſcants on his Merit:
Or any fond Perceptions that Imply'd,
Tho' by a friend, his valour equaliz'd.
Whence *Lyle* was ſorry that *Flavira's* Mind
Was, for her Lovers ſake, to Boaſt inclin'd.
And now he bends diſcourſe another way
To Wars deſigns, and Battels future day:
Telling they ſoon muſt Enemies oppoſe,
By *Fairfax*, *Cromwell*, Lead, their active Foes:
Who for fierce Wars increaſe in Soul conſpire,
Like fewell added to ſome ſpreading fire,

May Heavens decree all dire preſage reſtrain,
As Royal Powers their Cauſe in fields Maintain:
Let their bold Chiefs their private Grudges ſlight,
That Stars may aid their Union as they fight.
No matter if Fond Tongues Incline to Scan
The Martial Deeds of this or t'other Man:
Or from peculiar favour would prefer
Some they admire to Fame's firſt Room in War:
An Emulation that ſhould leaſt Infeſt
The ſteady Temper of the valiant Breaſt.
Know deareſt friend, that *Lucas* does concede
And Love the rule by which thy Soul is led.
Granting with you that valours noble part,
In ſpight of tongues, reſideth in the heart:
Yet tho' there ſeated, ſtill the Braveſt muſt
Their Overt-acts by humane praiſe adjuſt.
As Men from uſe this groſs advantage have,
That Jury-like, they honour kill, or ſave.
No Soul of Glory will a Vaunter be,
Or by form'd ſpeech declare its Gallantry.

Yet could Man's valour high aſcend as Star,
I'de have it thought at leaſt Mine went as far.
Suppoſe *Flavira's* Lips your praiſe ſhould tell,
Or boaſt that your atcheivments all excell.
Wer't not Inglorious If from *Roſaline*,
Proweſs, ſhould want her tongues applauſe, if mine.
Tho' with a Bluſh ſhe ſhould my deeds declare,
And them with Lovers Boaſted Fame compare.
Love does me to that Competition draw,
Without Intended Breach of Freindſhips Law.
When *Lyle* the Purport of this Speech had weigh'd,
His Modeſt replication thus he made.
Vain 'twere for us, Brave friend to Canvas words,
Which womans tongue, (with Paſſion ſway'd,) affords:
Or think they Leſſen honours Compleat Sum,
As from their Partiall value Plaudits Come.
Believe my heart, which never ſo conſpir'd
With womans Soul, for deeds to be admir'd.
Tho' hardly Man reſentingly will blame
Affection, when Indulgent to his Fame.

I grant that womans Love is highly great,
Said *Lucas*, that would honour Stimulate:
And thereby Loyall valour so Inhance,
That with it Love's best Glory may advance.
Such Rivaldry I willingly allow,
And in a friend it braveſt muſt Avow.
Give me thy hand as valiantly we make
This contract for our Love and honours ſake:
Who of us can Moſt foes by Conduct ſlay,
Or Perſ'nall Gallantry next Battells day;
Let him unto his Lady that report,
Or for more Grandure Publiſh firſt at Court.
To which *Lyle* did, with ſome Surprize, reply,
Brave the Propoſall is none can deny:
Yet who untill this time, of Cheif e're heard,
That would by this bold Method be preferr'd.
And if Agree'd 'tis left to Martiall Chance,
Which of our Swords or conducts 'twill advance.
Where accidents ſometimes Attempts do Ayd,
That could not elſe Auſpiciouſly be made.

Know,

Know, Answer'd *Lucas*, 'tis not Fortunes power,
That Slurrs the Dye of war some winning hower,
That can Impair this Actions high desert,
Or from Succes Select the Bravest heart.
What if resolv'd Like us few have been known,
Or that to Camps the brave Novell we own:
Th' examples rise, our Glory will be Found,
And others teach in valour to abound.
Lucas said *Lyle*, enough I do embrace
This offer, upon which you value plact;
Without enquiring by a stricter Sense,
Why the proposall does from you Commence.
And well I know with us some Chiefs Conspire,
That the worlds talk should most their facts admire:
And think they bid for Fame by Trumpets sound,
If by Compare they find themselves renoun'd.
Whence Jars and fierce Contests the Soul's divide
Of Prov'd Commanders on tho Royall side:
Who so their Animosities prefer,
Loyall Duty Slackens in this war;

And Judge 'tis brave if one another they,
In ſtead of Foes, by Arms attempt to ſlay.
To ceaſe ſuch Ills if our example may,
I'le gladly Fight as you propoſe the way.
And others teach, that competitions vye,
To turn their Force againſt the Enemy;
And leſs for Fame then for their King Imploy
The Hectors part, as they his Foes deſtroy.
Now reply'd *Lucas*, I'm endeared more
Unto thy Soul, if poſſible, then before;
That with ſuch Grandure does conſpire to raiſe
Example Joyntly to our Loyall praiſe.
Which to attain the Motive firſt was mine,
The Applications Glory I grant Thine.
And tells the world thy Soul does war Approve,
Not for the Bloud or Spoil too many Love,
But to uphold thy Soveraigns right and Laws,
And with a heart unblemiſh'd ſerve his Cauſe.
No Greedy hopes or fury Leads thee on,
But worth to act what ſhould be Glorious done.

Thus war's thy honour, and if decrees above
Permit that foes my Life ſhall firſt remove;
I beg of Heaven, that my then dying Face
May be laſt valu'd by thy Lov'd embrace.
This Careſs paſs'd, they next reſolv'd to act
According as here told their Gallant pact.
And if our Muſe can give their deeds a Glory,
They ſhall have laſting Fame within her ſtory.
Now *Roſaline* within whoſe tender Breaſt,
Terror and bad preſage had Greif Impreſt.
And finding tho' by Speech and bluſhes try'd,
Flavira's heart could not be Mollify'd:
Who had, with diſregard to other Merit,
Allow'd to *Lyle* the moſt Heroique Spirit:
From whence might dangerous Emulations Spring,
If Fame did ſuch diſcourſe to *Lucas* bring.
And his fierce minde Incite for love of her,
His value by his perill to prefer:
Occaſion gave her ſorrow to Revolve
The Apprehenſions of her tender Soul:

As firmeſt Love her reſtleſs Fears did weigh
From her firſt waking time to end of day.
Nor could ſhe take her ſoft repoſe at Night
For diſmall Dreams that did her more affright.
By which ſhe thought in Viſion ſhe beheld
Her *Lucas* wounded, or to Death compell'd.
And Judging that her preſence nor her Fears,
Or Love, tho' Interceding with her tears,
Could him, her ſoul affected, now deter
From forwarding his Perills in this War:
Reſolve ſhe does her perſon to remove,
Howe're obſcure ſhe griev'd or dy'd for Love.
A Servant old ſhe had of firmeſt truſt,
Whoſe Paps her Beauteous Infancy had Nurſt:
Whom ſolely ſhe acquaints with her Intent,
And why from *Oxford* ſhe would now Abſent:
Tho' to her grief, ſhe did from him depart,
Whoſe Love ſhe ſtill muſt carry in her heart;
Wiſhing her Breaſt, when ſhot flies thick in field,
Might Interpoſe and be her Lovers ſhield.

Then

Then ask'd her Nurſe, if ſhe could find a way
Unto ſome place where ſhe unknown might ſtay.
To which her Matron Servant thus reply'd,
Your Gracious Mother ſometime e're ſhe dy'd,
Me, by her will, your Gardianeſs deſign'd,
No Leſs then Naturall Mother to you kind:
E're ſince your Infant Lips firſt Suck'd my breaſt,
And kiſs'd as you did in my Boſom reſt.
But why, my deareſt Child, muſt your preſage,
Even to deſpair, your Tender heart engage.
Don't other Beauties, this ſad Time, behold
The Armed Lover, and obſerve when told
His Martiall acts, altho' their gentle ear
Would ſofter Sounds perhaps deſire to hear:
Yet, who of theſe, Society or place
For this Cauſe leave, or ſight of Warlike Face
By them belov'd; And wherefore ſhould you more
Then other hearts your Sorrow thus explore.
Grant me ſaid *Roſaline*, by thy Compare,
More Tender Soul'd then many Lovers are:

And that when Drumms do beat or Trumpets Sound,
My Breaſt, by inward Grief, receives a wound:
Leaſt their bold Summons ſhould the armed hand
Of him I Love too deſperatly command.
Be this the Cauſe, or let thy Soul deviſe
Any for my remove, more kind, or wiſe.
Her carefull woman having Ponder'd well
Her Ladyes Grief, and Tears that from her fell;
Her ſleep diſturb'd, and how ſhe made her moan
In Love's ſad accents as ſhe walk'd alone:
Nor could her Lute, or Muſick of her Voice,
At which when heard Birds did in Groves rejoyce;
Aſſwage the Apprehenſions of her Soul,
The waves that in her heart did reſtleſs rowl.
Unto Fair *Roſaline*, thus briefly ſaid,
Loves Fear I ſee has your Loves torment Bred:
And hard it is, I Judge, by your remove
To leave behind the fears that ſpring from Love.
But ſince in being Spectator here you find
That terrors haſt their paſtport to your Minde:

I can

I can your Fair removall ſo contrive,
As Wars events ſhan't to your ears arrive.
And where, with wellcome, you may ſeaſons ſpend
By harmleſs eaſe till Battles have an end.
Guide me kind Foſter-mother to the place,
Where I may that Content in Soul embrace:
And for my Lover there devoutly Pray
That Heaven may him defend each Fatall day.
Her wiſe attendant having theſe words weigh'd,
No longer did her Ladies ſtay perſwade.
Since in that Juncture expectations were
Busy'd by dangers of enſuing war.
And rumor'd then that to perform ſome deed,
By boldeſt Proweſs, *Lucas* ſtood oblig'd.
Wherefore ſhe with her Ladies haſt conſpires,
After ſhe her had Cloath'd in fit Attires.
And over theſe a Black ſilk-robe had hung
To vail her viſage as they paſſed on.
But for her own diſguiſe took no more care
Then on her head a Travellers hood to wear.

And thus Night come, they riv'd beyond the Line
Which *Oxford* works and Ramparts did confine.
When by few ſteps the appointed place they finde,
Whether a Truſty Servant was Aſſign'd
To wait with Horſes, on which mounted they
With all Convenient ſpeed did haſt away.
Neatly the Virgin could her Palfrey guide,
Enur'd for paſtime mettl'd ſteeds to ride:
And as hers ſometimes now remiſly trod,
His fault ſhe told him by her rein, or rod.
With care her woman to direct her courſe,
Before her rid, tho' worſe ſhe rul'd her horſe.
Yet with beſt dilligence Imploy'd her eye,
That timely ſhe might uncooth Tracts eſpy:
That from her Horſes ſteps her Ladies might
The ſafeſt tread, as on they paſs'd that Night.
No Pilate, Sayling dangerous Creek or ſtreight,
When Orient Pearls the riches of his freight,
Could with more vigilance his Compaſs ſteer,
Then for her Lady was her womans care.

Who

Who knowing long that Countreys ſite and coaſt,
From Roads ſhe to leſs uſuall ways had Croſt,
Where leaſt ſhe thought might plundering Soldiers (ſtray,
Or Troups that Foes by Star-light fought to ſlay.
And as ſecureſt way ſhe thought to Chuſe,
Nights Gloom Increaſing, the deſign'd did looſe.
This Guide now frighted for her Ladies ſake,
And dangers might enſue from her Miſtake:
No ſtep her horſe did tread on Leaf or Graſs,
But ſhe fear'd Notice gave where they did paſs.
And if ſome ſpiry Buſh by her was ſeen,
She doubted it might armed Man have been.
Her Lady ſeeing thus perplex'd her guide,
To lead her boldly on, did foremoſt ride:
Imploring, from above, her Journey's ayd,
Who was too Innocent to be afraid.
And thus ſhe ſometimes wrong and ſometimes right,
Had forward led till hours near ſpent of Night.
When ſhe by Chance a Candle did perceive
That from a Cottage ſome Small light did give.

Whither

Whither ſhe rid and calling at the door:
A Hoory Dame, from ſpinning on her floor,
Opening her wicket, with a churliſh flame,
At firſt word gave to her a Harlot's Name.
Saying, that ſhe had loſt both food and reſt
By Drabs that with their Troopers her oppreſt:
Nor doubted but ſuch horrid Queans were they,
And ſwore ſhe'd not ayd them if loſt their way.
Old woman, ſaid the Virgin, pray forbear
Words, that from bad miſtake, offend my ear.
We to no other purpoſe hither came,
Save to enquire the road t'wards *Buckingham*:
Which I ſuppoſe thy Pitty won't deny,
Or let this peice of Gold that kindneſs Buy.
The Money handled, ſoon the Belldame made
A homely Curtſey, and her pardon pray'd:
Saying inſooth Fair Miſtreſs, I perceive
I was miſtaken, ſince you frankly give.
We Countrey-folk, God wot, kind words beſt favour,
When they do likewiſe us with profit favour.

And wiſh that all as truly ſerv'd their King,
As we take pains to get and love his Coine.
Your way, when paſs'd this Gate, the right hand ſhows,
And whither you intend directly goes.
So hard it is a Kindneſs to Obtain,
Of Rugged Natures, unleſs won by Gain.
The knowing Matron by this little ayd,
Her Ladies paſſage without error made.
Towards a forreſt where ſhe did Intend
Their Journeys trouble ſhould receive an end.
And thus they forward ſafely paſs'd ſome Miles,
When Mornings face appear'd with roſy ſmiles;
As Birds ſeem'd Notes on purpoſe to prepare,
Thereby to leſſen this ſoft Virgin's Care;
And bad preſage which oft her mind did fill,
Who could not as ſhe rode but Tears diſtill:
Or blam'd ſometimes her fear, tho' caus'd by Love,
That her from *Lucas* ſight did thus remove;
And him, if wounded, not in perſon Aid,
Or by her Skill, Or Tears, his Balſom made.

Thus

Thus thoughts revolv'd within her troubled Breaſt,
As with her faithfull woman on ſhe paſt.
The Morning Smooth as was her Infant Face,
When Heaven did New born light in Skies firſt place.
Nor leſs Auſpicious did appear the way
On which they forward rid that Early day.
No Terrible man beheld, or noiſe was heard,
That might their further Progreſs have deterr'd.
Untill arriv'd unto a parting road
That led unto another by a Wood:
From whence, as if in Ambuſh laid before,
Of Armed Horſe-Men Twenty if not more,
By ſpeech Outlandiſh, and of Viſage Grim,
With rugged fury apprehended them.
And like a Dove, when by a Vulture ſeiz'd,
This Virgin Beauty was by theſe ſurpriz'd.
Whil'ſt ſhe, as Boiſtrouſly they her ſurround,
From ready thought had this expedient found;
As them, to ſpare rude ſearch, ſhe frankly gave
Her Coyn and Gems, and what then all ſhe'd ſave,

A little Picture Jewells did adorn,
And next her breast for *Lucas* sake was worn.
When these they had, and from her woman too
Had taken what they found about her now;
Like fierce *Banditi's* that could not decide
How amongst them Stollen Booties to divide:
From horrid words to Oaths their threats arose,
And next prepar'd to force their keenest Blows.
Till some more Temperate did advise the rest,
That since by Power these women they possest,
And things of value, duteous 'twas that they
Should to *Vanbralders* presence them convey:
To whose Decision their contests should yield,
He being their Supream Officer in Field.
Perswaded thus to stand to his award,
Their lovely Captive towards him they Guard.
No Beauteous Saint, when to be Martyr'd led,
By Faces dreadfull as the *Gorgon's* head:
Could more Serenely resolute appear,
Then *Rosaline* did amongst such figures here.

Walloone

Walloone Vanbralder was, and hither came,
As Verſe relates, to raiſe his Martial Name.
When many of his hardy * Nation were
Paid by the Houſes to aſſiſt their War.
When this Bold Leader *Roſaline* had ſeen,
And well obſerv'd her Comely form and Mein:
His Looks were troubled and Amaz'd his Eyes,
Like one from ſudden wonder felt ſurpriſe;
Unto his Breaſt Throbs did Allarums Beat,
And rais'd within a Lovers ardent heat.
T'Injoy her Perſon fully he inclin'd,
But by what Method no leſs pos'd his Mind:
So Love and Honour ſtruggled in his Soul,
Where hard 'twas found to yield them joyntly rule.
But now to ſeem Compos'd, howe're he meant
To Manage or Compleat his Loves intent;
He kindly Bow'd, and to her words addreſs'd
That Gentle ſeem'd; yet others with them mix'd.

* That ſome Numbers of Walloons were entertained by the 4t Parliament, for their Military Service, is well known to al that are acquainted with that Time.

Which

Which told that Martial Truſt ſevere muſt be,
Againſt whoe're befriend the Enemy:
Or ſuch that might Intelligence Convey,
Tho' of her Sex, by any Subtile way.
Or ſhould, excuſe Me that I put the Caſe,
More to deſerve ſome Chiefs deſir'd Embrace;
From Camp to Camp a Beauteous ſpy arrive,
And Teach him next our ruine to contrive.
A Crime like this the Houſes did of late
Detect, in handſom Lady, 'gainſt their ſtate.
Wherefore you muſt expect before you go,
That I your perſon will and buſineſs know.
Your taken Jewells you may have again,
But *Lucas* Picture ſhall with me remain.
The cauſe this whiſper briefly ſhall declare,
And ſuch as will require your kindeſt Ear.
What thought can gueſs how her Soul was perplext,
As this man had thus coucht his amorous Text.
Whilſt ſhe, that for loves Pitty only fled,
Muſt here deteſted Lovers Preſence dread.

But since his words, at which her Soul took fright,
Had not as yet arriv'd to wicked height:
She thus with modest confidence reply'd;
Justly by me your Inference is deny'd,
Since I have nothing done against your cause,
Or what may interfere with Martial Laws.
Wars daring Conflicts and their fierce result,
Have been my dread but never my consult.
And were the Motive of my Journey known,
Enough 'twould prove the truth which here I own.
Well I discern (said he) that Womans thought
Can speciously evade or excuse fault.
But know that to my power no less 'tis free
To tax your Crime as it appears to Me:
Or send you to the Houses under Guard,
Who may you long Imprison before heard.
Tho' unto you I gentler am Inclin'd,
As to my heart your Beams do passage find.
Perhaps you'l call this Love, and next expect
That honour should in Me cause its Neglect:

And

And you by Paſs-port to your Hero ſend,
That ſtory may my Temperance Commend.
To which, for glorious praiſe, I might comply,
Tho' Honour by that Act ſhould Love deny:
Did not Me other obligation ſway,
To diſcharge which, I muſt your perſon ſtay.
Then *Venus*, Martial Sir, 'tis I perceive
That has Commenc'd within you this Intrigue.
And whence my perſons ſafety you propoſe,
If with your wiſhes mine would kindly cloſe.
Are you a Soldier, and thus guide your Charms,
Which *Cupid* would deſpiſe did he wear Arms.
Or is't ſome ſtratagem, I can't diſcern,
That you in ſome looſe Forreign Camp might learn.
Be't what it will, my Virtue I dare truſt,
Howe're to Honour you'd appear unjuſt.
When this return, this *Walloon*-Chief did hear,
Guilt touch'd his Soul, where love would guilt endear;
Whilſt as ſhe Pleaded Virtues cauſe to him:
His lov's Tranſport he then did greateſt deem.

Her Grace, looks, Speech, by Natures ſpecial Art,
He Judg'd deſign'd Allurements to his heart:
And thought ſhe did luxuriouſly adjuſt
That Beauty had no Virtue by her truſt.
From this Courſe Principle he does deſign
How Fraud with Luſt ſhould wicked aid combine,
And by a fond device ſo manage Time,
As might compleat his vile intended Crime.
And thus does by Fictitious Story tell
That ſad diſaſter late had him befell:
As he a Beauty, to his Soul moſt dear,
Had loſt by rude ſurprize this Time of War.
Perhaps conceal'd by ſome Chiefs rigid Power,
That but too ſoon her Perſon may deflower.
A Lady lately, whether her or no,
From full report I cannot certain know,
By *Lucas* was detain'd I underſtand;
If ſo, his Pledge in you is in my hand.
And if Exchange of Beauty compaſs may
Her wiſh'd return, yours ſhall her ranſome pay.

But ſhould I apprehend, which Heaven avert
From e're afflicting of her fair deſert,
That any Impious Man, by Luſtfull force,
Has ſtain'd her Perſon to her Souls Remorſe:
The ſame I'le act on you, unleſs I find
That your Embrace proceeds from yielding mind.
Let chance the valiant *Lucas* hither Bring,
To fight at once for his Love's ſake and King:
On Terms reſolv'd defiance I'de expreſs,
And tell that I his *Roſaline* poſſeſs.
This *Synon*-Lover having form'd this Tale,
His wicked Ends pretextly to avail;
And by feign'd Cauſe ſome ſeeming Grandieur add
Unto the Method of his being had:
Concludes, that ſoon his Subtle Terrors would
This Virgins mind unto his purpoſe mold:
And to her bluſhes joyn a yielding ſenſe,
Till kiſſes won her totall Complaiſance.
Whoſe breaſt now fill'd with ſorrow, and her eyes,
Like drops engend'ring in ſereneſt Skies,

Tho' big with tears, yet did allow no grief,
By which, from this vile Man, ſhe'd ask relief:
But look upon him with a Scornfull ray,
That more then words did her diſdain convey.
Her faithfull woman, tho' attending near,
Could, not the ſenſe *Vanbralder* utter'd, hear:
He having, aſide ſome ſteps, her Lady took,
Before he had his luſtfull accents ſpoke:
Yet in her proſpect of his diſmall Face,
Where Red and Pale did vary'd Horrors place:
His rough aſpect and eyes that fiercely rowl'd,
As Comets when Prodigious Acts foretold;
She ſaw her Ladies danger, and by Tears,
Shed in abundance, did imply her Fears.
And with a womans fury next deſign'd
T'upbraid the fervor of his wicked mind:
Or elſe to kill him by ſome proper way,
Tho' Guarded by his Troops, in open day.
And if the Fact her Lady could defend,
She'd gladly forfeit life to give his End.

But otherwiſe it was above decreed,
That this Libidinous Forreign Chief ſhould bleed.
Whoſe haſty Scouts to him now Tydings brought
Of Marching Powers, on good Terms might be fought:
Their Numbers leſs then he Commanded there,
And to the next Campaign arrived were.
Adding that *Lucas* as Intelligence ſaid,
Before them as Supream Commander Led.
When fierce *Vanbralder* heard brave *Lucas*'s name,
He bid a Guard ſurround the Beauteous Dame:
And next, her to ſome riſing ſpace convey,
Whence ſhe might view the action of that day:
And with what Courage he'd her *Hero* Fight,
Or kill him, if he could, her love to ſpight:
Then with ſtern viſage does a march Command,
Till near arriv'd where did Embattled ſtand
His valiant Foes, and next a halt he makes,
And to his Trumpetter this Meſſage ſpeaks.
Tell *Lunas*, if he Leads the Troups I ſee,
That here *Vanbralder* ſtands his Enemy:

Not only as I act the Soldiers part,
But as a Lover more Inflam'd my heart.
The Object I admire he'l pronely gueſs,
When told that I fair *Roſaline* poſſeſs.
And might alledge, if his belief 'twould gain,
That cauſe beſides does bid me her retain.
Who am from chance of War perhaps of late,
In my loſt Miſtreſs full unfortunate.
As juſt it is, that I his Lady ſtay:
And if occaſion calls, ſome future day,
Her perſon as a fair exchange allow
For her I loſt, and would recover now.
This Picture too which *Roſaline* did wear,
As his Lov'd figure, to him likewiſe bear.
When *Lucas* this ſtrange Errand underſtood,
Horror and rage fomented in his Bloud.
And to expreſs his Deteſtation ſaid,
What Theory has vicious Man diſplay'd
Like him who does Ingloriouſly confer
Fowleſt diſhonour on the Name of War:

And obſervations more Fruitfull make
When heinous preſidents from Camps they take:
As if their Circuits, which the Schools ſhould be
Of Ethicks rais'd to braveſt dignity,
Did worſt conducters unto Vice contain,
Or ſuch, who proneſt Lives with vileneſs ſtain.
Wherefore for Honours Cauſe, and Glorious War,
'Gainſt him my Soul and Sword defiers are.
And if my Arms can't *Roſaline* relieve,
May Heaven her Virtue happy ſafety give.
Enough I've ſpoke, and let *Vanbralder* know,
My Trumpet ſoon a warlike charge ſhall Blow.
This Meſſenger return'd; in Martial form
They led their Powers: ſo Pilots, when a Storm
Is near approach'd, with utmoſt conduct try
To ſtem the adverſe Waves their Enemy.
Lowd neigh'd the Horſe, and with erected Ear
Fierce noiſe of War courageously did hear.
Whoſe eager ſtrength would fain his Guider ſlight,
And without Reins now carry him to Fight:

Whilſt

Whilſt as the Surface bears his Trampling Feet,
Earth ſounds, and vents a Feaveriſh fume and heat.
Tedious was time by Gallant *Lucas* thought,
Untill his oppoſits he cloſely fought:
Impuls'd at once for his Kings cauſe to kill,
And Loves revenge, which fury did inſtill:
And as their Forces now juſt meeting were,
Vanbralder does aloud to his declare:
That who of them ſo boldly could ſucceed,
As to leave *Lucas* on the Surface dead:
With Plumes and gifts he ſhould rewarded be
For killing his Chiefs hated Enemy.
Smartly alike both ſides their onſets made,
And firſt with ſhot no time of death delay'd.
Yet ſcarce a man had room, when kill'd, to fall;
As cloſe they fought in Warlike poſture all.
So pois'd their courage and their ſtrength of Horſe,
As neithers ſhock a while had greateſt force.
When Steeds did oppoſite Steeds with Fury Bite,
That could not ſpurr'd bear Ryders on to Fight.

Whoſe

Whoſe ſhining Swords, as yet not coming nigher,
Enforc'd from their keen claſhings ſparkling fire.
And ſometimes ſever'd by their Strenuous blows,
Inſtead of Limbs, the Weapons of their foes.
Till *Lucas*, Lyon-like, his way did Force,
Killing a ſtout Commander of their horſe,
And with his wounding Sword attained Room
For other Valours after his to Come.
Whilſt thus he charg'd, three fierce and huge *Wallooms*
Attack'd his Perſon, to one of which deaths wounds
He ſwiftly gives, and kills the Second ſo
That boldly fought, and ſome think hurt him too.
The Third Man, ſeeing this, away did fly,
And diſ-inhearten'd his ſtrong ſide thereby.
Which by degrees, as *Lucas* Troops preſt on,
Did Courage lack and from their Fury run.
Bold and upright, then all more Nig and Tall,
Vanbralder rid, and with ſtern voice did call
His Militants to rally, or he Swore
By lot the Tenth man elſe ſhould dye, or more.

Expreſſing

Expreſſing what a ſhame it was to them
On Forreign Soyl to fly or deſert him.
And tho' by words he could but few perſuade,
Yet with thoſe few, to charge, reſolv'd he ſtay'd.
When *Lucas* in purſuit near him arriv'd,
And by his Plumes and Scarf the Man deſcry'd
To be the perſon he that day had fought,
And would on Loves account have chiefly fought:
He bids, with ready voice, the *Walloon* know,
That he might ſingly fight with *Lucas* now.
Who would not by ſucceſs or Numbers ſtay
Him yet from gaining a victorious day:
If by Encount'ring hand to hand he'd try
Which of them two in Field ſhould boldeſt dye.
Glad was *Vanbralder* to receive this word,
And charg'd him home with Piſtoll-ſhot and Sword.
The firſt of which had almoſt *Lucas* ſtun'd,
Tho' not enforcing any Bloudy wound,
As 'gainſt his Head-piece did the Bullet light,
And left thereon a ſign of this fierce fight.

But

But *Lucas*, ſoon recovering, near him got,
Hoping to kill this mighty man with ſhot:
Unto whoſe face his Piſtol he advanc'd,
Which would not fire however ſo it chanc'd.
And now their Combat was to end by Sword;
And one would judge that Method did afford
No ſmall advantage to this huge *Walloon*,
Who had ſo vaſt a Weapon of his own.
Or near as great as that appears to Eyes
That in th'Tower for Conqueror *William's* lies.
As here this mighty Sword *Vanbralder* weilds,
Whoſe Edge he thought would cut through hardeſt ſhields,
A furious blow he at Brave *Lucas* makes,
Who by his ſteeds quick motion it eſcapes:
And, by a Nimble manage, turn'd again,
He Cuts his Foes hand off and bridle Rein:
Whoſe furious Horſe, thus freed from rule by Bit,
Diſdains his riders Weight ſhould on him ſit:
And boundeth oft unto a wondrous height,
As this, or that way moves his ruleleſs might:

Till

Till down a Precipice he takes his way,
And does by fall his Mighty Maſter ſlay.
Thus Providence did death *Vanbralder* give,
Whoſe Soul, in Body, was too bad to live.
The King's Troops many, beſides *Walloon* foes,
Kill'd here of *Engliſh* we may well ſuppoſe:
But to what Number Fighters fell that day,
Our Muſe does no Particulars convey.
Tho' near a thouſand Horſe on each ſide fought,
If from her Computation deeds be ſought.
What ſtrange diſmay by fears and doubts was then
Th' Affliction of the Beauteous *Roſaline*:
Who Guarded by *Vanbralders* Power might ſee
The Bloudy Toyles of that days Victory.
And more concern'd in Soul perhaps beheld
Her belov'd *Lucas* engag'd in that Field
With Stout *Walloons*, or huge *Vanbralders* might,
As they two did in Terrible Combat fight.
Who having fully now diſpers'd his Foes,
To free her Perſon next he boldly goes.

Whom

Whom fierce *Vanbralder* had plac'd under guard,
Which now its bold Attendance ſoon diſcharg'd:
After beheld the fortune of this day,
And to prevent their danger fled away.
When he to her arriv'd and ſaw a ſpace
The gaſtly paleneſs of her lips and Face:
And how her Cheeks were ſometimes drawn awry,
Like Mortall whom Convulſive fits do ply;
And as the fixed Stars appear in Skies,
Moveleſs beheld the Glory of her Eyes.
And thus within her womans arms ſhe lay,
Who diligent was by every carefull way
Her Lady in Lifes conflict to Aſſiſt,
And by her help her grievous pains reſiſt:
As ſometimes ſhe her Beautious Temples ſtrok'd,
Or had by Prayers and Tears heaven's ayd Invok'd.
In haſt had *Lucas* from his ſteed remov'd,
Yet fear'd to ſee the face of her he Lov'd:
As he beheld her Cheeks Impair'd of red,
And features, like remains of Beauty dead.

When

When from his Souls deep anguiſh thus he ſaid;
If Speech by me to *Roſaline* here Made
Can paſſage find, and wellcome from her ear,
'Tis beg'd that ſhe'd think *Lucas* now does fear:
And that his Soul that never yet could weep,
Or ſuffer from his breaſt a ſigh to creep,
When his bloud by moſt deſperate wounds was ſhed;
Or ſeen in fields his braveſt friends lye dead;
Does both, as he her danger does behold;
And if his Lips from hers could remove cold,
He'd willingly by it Loves power explore,
If that might her Life's priſtine warmth reſtore:
At Leaſt he'd take it as his Laſt farewell;
If her Soul muſt on earth no longer dwell.
But whileſt he thus did his Lov's paſſion vent,
Her woman on her Ladies Cure intent,
Had from a Violl Cordiall-drops convey'd,
Which *Polyaſters* skill 'tis thought had made,
And 'twixt her Lips diſpos'd ſo much of them,
As did her Life from Danger ſoon redeem.

Tho'

Tho' to that weakneſs brought ſhe ſcarce could ſpeak,
As by the hand he kindly her did take:
Whileſt all ſhe utter'd was but to expreſs
Why ſhe remov'd, and love of him Confeſs.
Which ſoon he granted, who before perceiv'd
The Cauſe that had her Gentle Temper griev'd:
And how for love of him, and kindeſt fear,
She had withdrawn to her diſaſter here.
Yet would not further paſſages relate,
That to her Mind diſquiet might create:
And chiefly did conceal how with brave *Lyle*
He had conſpir'd to Ryvall Martiall Toyl.
But to oblige heroickly her Senſe,
From his Souls Greatneſs did theſe words diſpenſe.
Sorry is *Lucas* that he now muſt ſay
That he can't Love appoint a Nuptiall day:
Since vow'd I am that *Hymen* ne're ſhall light
Taper for me, till Rebells ceaſe to fight:
Nor Houſes fit that by obtruded vote
Dare Arms in Field againſt their King promote.

But when with ſmootheſt Brow peace yields her ſmiles,
And rightfull war requires no more my Toyls:
I'le then fair *Roſalines* embrace deſire,
And meet her wiſhes with a Lovers fire.
Till when to Heaven's protection I'le her leave,
And place ſhe Judges beſt may her receive.
Or where ſhe leaſt may of fierce Battells hear,
Or what in them my Martiall perills are:
And whenſo'ere I full perceive their end,
The wellcome News to *Roſaline* I'le ſend.
In whoſe behalf her woman does declare,
Her Lady, as yet weak, and ſpeech would ſpare,
That well the Method he propos'd conſpir'd
With what, by preſent thought, ſhe moſt deſir'd:
Aſſuring him that when they fix'd on place,
He ſhould have notice in Convenient ſpace.
Being thus reſolv'd, and by Brave *Lucas* ſeen
That in few Minuts perfectly Serene
The Beauteous form appear'd of *Roſaline*,
And ſtrength reſtor'd by wonderous Medicine:

He

He gently lifts her to her Saddles ſeat,
And, with his kindeſt farewell, kiſs'd her feet.
And that ſhe might the more ſecurely ride,
Appoints, to ayd her way, a knowing guide.
But to what place her perſon ſhe withdrew,
My Muſe, in proper time, Intends to ſhew.
Whileſt valour, Loyalty, and Love's high Glory,
Commends this *Hero's* worth to future ſtory.
Who having then obtain'd a Glorious day,
With Trumpets Sound he March'd his deſign'd way.
Thus raging war fermented every where,
By Fates decree, this moſt unhappy year:
In which the King, tho' much his Force Impair'd,
As 'gainſt him had the Houſes four years warr'd;
Their Intereſt Mighty and no leſs their power,
From *Londons* Endleſs Srength, and Treaſures ſtore:
Was *Northward* March'd, as many did ſuppoſe,
T'encounter in thoſe Regions *Scottiſh* Foes;
Who would not Grant that duty ſhould compell
Their Perſons in their colder Clime to dwell:

And *Southward* to Aſſiſt the Houſes came,
Their Friends by League, but with more zealous flame
Their bold partakers as they hop'd to ſhare
Treaſures and Spoyls of *England* by this War.
Yet nearer then theſe, Enemies were found,
That 'gainſt the King, at that time did abound.
Thus was great *Leiceſter* fill'd with fighting Men,
That the King might not there have paſſage then:
But be repuls'd in caſe he ſhould aſſay,
To Curb that daring City in his way.
The King his Summons ſends to this bold Town,
Which, like to others Principled, did own,
That Royal Power did not of right Command,
Whilſt it the Houſes Arms in Field withſtand.
So far Allegiance badly then decay'd,
As Men by Power or Intereſt were ſway'd.
Affronted thus, the King ſoon Storms the place,
Which Stifly did reſiſt ſome few hours ſpace:
Till oft attaqu'd by reſ'lute Foot and Horſe,
Like Boiſtrous Waves that break through Bays by force,

This

This City they by Strenuous onſet take,
And with its Spoils their numbers richer make.
This Action great, yet Signally muſt be,
By the Permiſſive will of Heavens decree,
The laſt Succeſsfull that the King obtain'd,
As he by Arms his Crown and Life maintain'd.
Forward the King meant to have *Northward* gone,
His Soldiers heighten'd by this City won:
And were for number and repute the Flower
Of his remaining Millitary Power.
But ſoon diverted was his deſign'd courſe;
As *Fairfax* led his fierce New modell'd force
In ſight of *Oxford*, and dread to Create,
Seem'd, Siege-like, there his Army to dilate.
Hoping that Town, the Kings Force not at hand,
Durſt not, if frighted well, his Power withſtand.
Nor did he want Intelligence within,
That could avail him from * *Sydeſmonds* Sin:

* A Remarkable Paraſite and Traytor as he is deſcribed in the Third Book of this Poem.

Or others by the Houſes money paid,
As uſefull Tydings they to them convey'd.
The Queen who with her Court and Ladies there
Reſided then, what unkind cauſe of fear
Did this Appearance to her boſom bring,
Tho' the dear Conſort to a Mighty King:
Since *Londons* furious Senate durſt decree
Her Perſon Guilty cauſe their Enemy:
And that ſhe like a Kings Imperiall Wife,
Endeavour'd to preſerve his Crown and life.
When her concern was by Fame's ſpeedy wing
Carry'd unto the moſt Indulgent King:
He as a Lover and a Sovereign Chief,
Reſolv'd to give his Heroin Queen relief.

The EIGHTH BOOK.

The Argument.

Fairfax *does ſometime before* Oxford *ſtay.*
The Queen a proſpect of his Army takes.
A Martial Habit's by Flavira *worn,*
In which ſhe deeds to wonder does perform.
Sydeſmond *ſubtile* Cromwell *does deceive*
For private Gain, not ſervice of his Prince.
Naisby's *Fierce Battle, and the fatal loſs*
The Crown there ſuffers, after which the King,
His Forces every where declining, is
By the vile Armys power ſometime Reſtrain'd;
And next Impriſon'd in the Iſle of Wight.

SMall was at *Oxford* Loyall hearts repoſe,
As Eyes there ſaw how bold and numerous Foes
Begirt the Town, and as appear'd days light
Allarum'd all within to Arm for Fight:
If as Defendants Bulwarks they'd maintain,
And poſts that did leaſt Fortify'd remain;

Or for more Glory skirmiſhes deſign
By daring parties led beyond their Line.
Whilſt youthfull Students Colledges forſake,
And Pikes and Guns, to defend Science, take.
To lead whom Graveſt of the Long Robe joyn'd,
And unto Arms their Pupills diſciplin'd:
Inciting them from apt and Learned Phraſe,
To Merit, Next the Muſes, Martial praiſe.
When the fair Queen and Ladies of her Court
Early awak'd, and with a Glorious port
Aſcended to a Turret rais'd on high,
That fac'd the thick arrayed Enemy.
Where being ſeated, by each Mene and Grace,
She added to the ſplendors of her Face:
Or ſuch from Grandeur of her Bloud relate
To Daughter of French *Henry the Great.*
And now Magnanimouſly beheld the force
Of her Oppoſers ranks of Foot and Horſe:
Their Martial equipage and daring Spirit,
And what their valours ſhe allow'd might Merit

Did

Did they by rightfull War their King aſſiſt,
Or Forreign powers by his Command reſiſt.
Next pittying their bold errors dropt a Tear,
Whoſe Soul, in perills, ne're had wept for fear.
The Female Nobleſs waiting round the Queen,
Like leſſer Stars in Conſtellations ſeen,
When one of ſupreme Magnitude and height
Appears the moſt conſpicuous to ſight:
By apteſt words did ſev'rally extoll
The ſerene worth of her Majeſtick Soul:
Wiſhing that for her ſake, Time did allow,
As heretofore when Dames us'd dart and bow,
That they might with Men hardy Courage vye,
And force them, when array'd, by arms to fly.
This Glorious Spectacle by *Fairfax* ſeen,
And known that there ſpectator ſate the Queen:
His Modeſty, that always did attend
Actions that do his Valour moſt commend,
Produc'd his Bluſh, and thought his Cauſe leſs brave,
As their perfections it defiance gave.

But

But *Cromwell* hating all ſuperiour ſway,
And Legall power which Subjects ſhould obey:
Projected had in his aſpiring thought,
How he'd to ſupreme height himſelf promote:
As gradually the Ligaments of State,
He'd ſever, and vile Factions animate;
That in the end he might ſubvert the Throne,
And Line of Britiſh Kings ſo famous known:
And in this juncture gladly would have gain'd
This Town, where for ſecurity remain'd
The Queen and Royall Children, whom to ſurprize
He now and after blackly did deviſe.
And calling *Hugon*, on whoſe preaching part,
Aided beſides 'tis thought by Magick-Art,
He much rely'd to faſcinate the Soul,
And ſpirit Men againſt their Sovereigns rule:
To him thus ſaid, well I diſcern thy Gifts
In Prayer and Preaching, and ſuch Spiritual ſhifts
As do Enthuſiaſms uſefully diſperſe,
For which I can't enough thy Fame rehearſe;

When

When I revolve that quainteſt Pulpit-cheat
Could but thin ſchiſms heretofore dilate:
Whilſt thy Inſinuations Men incite
To Aid our Cauſe, yet know not why they fight.
Which Mighty Nothing, from thy Preached ſenſe,
Does fruitfull uſe of Souls to us diſpenſe.
O're Church and State Faith's *Chaos* firſt muſt ſpread,
E're here Created Rule Improveth dread.
Then *Hagon* hugs, and bids him apt Texts find
T'Inſtruct their Forlorn hopes when next deſign'd.
To which this Canting Imp did thus reply,
What words enough can *Cromwell* magnify:
Fairfax too meanly were to you compar'd,
As you for Brain and Valour ſtand rever'd.
Heaven has throughout your Viſage Sprinkl'd grace,
Like *Moſes* ſhines your elect Noſe and face.
Each of your Features do by Semblance ſpeak
A Scripture *Hero*, and his Context make.
When to *New-England* baniſh'd for a Crime,
By Prelats held Sedition at that time,

In dream I there Prophetique Viſion had;
And ſaw, as now, your Perſon Arm'd and clad.
And how at *Marſton-Moor* a Cannon ſhot,
By Miracle ſwarv'd, that elſe had miſs'd you not.
For Joy aſleep I ſmil'd, and will ſome day
To applaud you my dream in Pulpit ſay.
Accept this Liſt, in which you'l ſome perceive,
That to our Cauſe their lives will fearleſs give:
Call'd *Antinomians*, or no matter what,
If to ſupport our Ends they Act and Plot.
Their Courage fitly will this Town oppoſe:
(Where Bookmens rules aſſiſt our greateſt foes)
The *Goths* that ſack'd old Superſtitious *Rome*,
Did not more fierce deſtroyers thither come,
Then theſe would *Oxfords* Libraries deſpoil,
And Profligate the Studious Gownmens Toyl.
Thy Catalogue, ſaid *Cromwell*, I embrace;
And for facin'rous deeds againſt this place,
Such Principles and Swords I will Imploy,
As, Our Foe, prating Science, ſhall deſtroy.

And

And thou a Spiritual Renagado known,
Our Army ſhall for that Complyance own
Thee Chaplain-General, and Impower'd to preach
Sworded when e're thou men wouldſt boldeſt teach.
To aid our counſells few we muſt ſelect,
Tho' in that manage *Fairfax* we neglect:
Or elſe allure his eaſy Nature on,
To forward deeds he meant not ſhould be done.
But now the motions of this Town let's ſee,
And how t'oppoſe prepar'd the Enemy.
Mean while *Flavira*, who from height of Mind
Fame to her Sex and beauty had deſign'd:
And would not grant that Natur's elder choice,
Or cuſtom, deem'd by her man's partiall voice,
Should Proweſs moſt on Sex of men confer,
And Value heighten'd by their deeds in war:
Excluding women by a tender Name,
And habit, from advent'ring life for fame.
Or ſeldom rais'd to higher future Glory,
Then to adorn, with Men, a painted Story.

And next Magnanimouſly does diſdain
That womans habit ſhould her Soul reſtrain
From ſuch Atchievments, *Hero's* might admire,
And in her brave eſteem, her Sex raiſe higher.
Diſcreetly weighing the Commanding Cauſe,
That Subjects call'd to Fight for King and Laws.
And tho' no woman Summon'd it to Ayd,
None were forbid, ſhe judg'd, if not afraid.
Nor did ſhe doubt but in *Lyles* Gallant Minde
Her virtues would ſublimer value finde:
If as her Soul his valour did eſteem;
His might, on that account, her worthyer deem:
And by alternate Glory next Improve
The eſtimate of Fame as well as Love.
But her deſigns ſhe ſo reſolv'd to Guide,
As for *Flavira* ſhe'd be not eſpy'd:
Whileſt habited like man to fields ſhe'd go,
And there encounter with the warlike Foe.
Her woman-dreſſer did not now explore
Further her Ladies ſenſe then told before:

Thinking

Thinking that to raiſe Mirth, by ſome Surpriſe,
She did intend her perſon to diſguiſe.
Or from her love of Arms and ſprightly Minde,
To viſit the Kings Camp, thus clad deſign'd.
Perhaps that valiant *Lyſle* might there confeſs
How well ſhe did become a Heroine dreſs.
But this ſhe might intend her waiter thought,
When way from *Oxford* might be ſafer ſought:
Or chiefly to take pleaſure in her glaſs,
By ſeeing how, Arm'd, her Figure Beauteous was.
By quick degrees her Lady ſhe undreſt,
And on her ſlender Body plac'd a Veſt,
For mode and Colour like the youthfull wear,
Of ſuch as Gayeſt then led Troops of war.
Next compaſs'd round her tender waſt with Steel,
Which tho' her pain ſhe ſeem'd no pain to feel.
Upon her helmet a white Croſs was plac'd,
To ſhew that Spotleſs Faith her valour grac'd,
And Juſt defyance of the bloody Crime
Of Boundleſs Hereſies that Fatall Time.

A Negro

A *Negro* Page ſhe for attendant took,
That to her Horſe and Arms would carefull Look:
Charging her woman, if inquiry made
Of means by which ſhe undiſcern'd convey'd
Her perſonall remove, ſhe was to ſay
The wonder muſt remain to future day.
When in convenient time ſhe ſhould receive
Notice to come and ſerve her if alive.
And mounted on her Steed by early day,
Through Lanes and Streets ſhe took the privat'ſt way,
Till beyond *Oxfords* outworks ſhe had Joyn'd
With Forces for ſhout Skirmiſhes deſign'd.
Where with a dauntleſs ear ſhe heard the Noiſe
Of Canon, that moſt terribly deſtroys;
And ſaw how ſhot off heads from bodies flew,
And Comely Limbs whoſe want the Owners ſlew.
Nor brandiſh'd weapons, nor the array'd field,
Or grimmeſt looks which Foes embattell'd yeild
Could her concern, as with a gentle Brow
Theſe Horrors with contempt, ſhe then did view.

Whilſt

Whil'ſt boldly weilding of her Naked Sword;
She thought it's bright reflection did afford
More beauty to her face then e're before
She from her cleareſt Mirror could explore.
And like ſome youthfull Squire that had abroad
Attain'd in Camps a gen'rous warlike Mode:
She courteouſly to Militants then ſpeaks
As room amongſt their marſhall ranks ſhe takes.
Adding beſides, their courage to Incite,
The Cauſes Juſt concern for which they fight.
And how tho' young, She early had Inclin'd
To ſeaſon with beſt fortitude her Minde.
Whilſt other Tempers, if but fine in face,
To meaner charms, in ſtead of War's give place.
As ſhe had thus expreſs'd ſome Troops appear
That to attaque her Party order'd were.
Which when obſerv'd, ſhe blam'd Cheifs of her ſide
That now too ſlow, ſhe thought to charge did guide.
Longing to come to Strenuous handy blows,
And dye her Maiden Sword in Bloud of Foes:

Engage they ſharply did, and for a while
Fairfax his Party ſomething did prevail:
For they ſelected Bodies were of Men,
By *Cromwell* held moſt Zealous fighters then.
But ſoon *Flavira*, wanting other guide,
Did rally into Form her worſted ſide:
And by renewing of the Charge again,
Not only did th' oppoſing Force reſtrain:
But them purſuing to their body threw
A hand Granade, which firing divers ſlew.
Some tell it near to *Cromwells* Horſe did light,
As with reſerves he ſeconded the fight:
But howſoe're fame does her deeds report,
'Tis ſure that he obſerv'd her brave effort:
And blam'd his Soldiers 'cauſe they could not ſlay
One that ſo boldly fought their Rancks that day.
And ſwore, by *Lord of Hoſts*, that they ſhould try
Once more to ſlay this daring Enemy.
For ſure ſome Spirit 'tis, or not the leaſt
Of Devills in a luſty Popiſh Prieſt:

As

As by the Croſs I plainly apprehend,
That does upon the Youngſters Helmet ſtand.
Such Croſſing Enemies I'de firſt deſtroy,
That with their Catholick Arms our Cauſe annoy.
And will be Loyal to their Sovereigns truſt,
Tho' his Laws their Faiths ſafety don't adjuſt.
Away and loſe no time by longer halt,
Leſt valour cool e're you again aſſault.
'Tis but a party, howe're bold they are,
And yours is more if Numbers we compare.
Our General would ſcorn it ſhould be ſaid,
That he detach'd more Troops to give you aid.
And if you can't leave all that party dead,
I'le him reward that but the Croſiers head
To me preſents: a Superſtitious fool,
That after Croſſing fights without a Rule.
Commanded thus, they readily aſſail,
And hope their valours fiercely may prevail.
When *Oxfords* Chiefs no leſs couragious led,
That both ſides receiv'd loſs from Numbers dead.

But this could not Phanatique Fury ſtay,
Which through th' oppoſing party forc'd its way.
That in ſome haſte the braveſt did retire,
Whilſt Friends and Foes *Flaviras* Soul admire.
Who ſometimes turning fought, then fled to fight,
Then fiercely wheels and deſtroys Foes by fight.
A many blows at her oppoſers ſtrook,
Yet blam'd their force when view'd her beauteous look.
Perhaps rejoyc'd as by indulgent chance,
Their Swords her face did miſs, and ſideway glance.
If ſo her viſage pleas'd in Ragefull toyl,
What man would not admire her kindeſt ſmile.
And as ſhe thus engag'd, ſome fighters ſtay'd,
That boldly fought for her defence and ayd:
When others rallying, onſets made again,
And did their ground ſucceſsfully maintain.
Till Prudence had oblig'd 'em to retire,
As they beheld more Num'rous parties nigher,
Which *Fairfax* from his mighty Camp had brought,
And could not be by power of *Oxford* fought.

When

When *Cromwell* ſaw his parties forc't retreat,
Whom moſt *Flavira's* Courage did defeat,
He bit his Tongue for rage, and curs'd in mind,
As bloudily revenge he then deſign'd.
And could not in his Viſage for a ſpace,
Compoſe the uſual Couſenage of his face.
Till looks and ſpeech conſpir'd his Canting way,
Or when for wicked ends he'd faſt and pray.
Vowing that for the Croſſed Champions ſake,
He'd vengeance on that Chriſtian S[illegible]rake.
For as in front, a Croſs that figure bore,
Who was by Metaphor a Romiſh Whore,
So in the Forehead of each Church we ſee
Erected is a *Harlots* Dignity.
Wherefore 'twill well become our Zealous flame
To ruine Croſſes, and ſo Churches maim,
That Saints before moſt comely figur'd there,
May without Noſe or Limbs provoke our jeer.
And ſure his power by Time was bolder known,
That Silver-ſhrin'd *Diana* melted down,

And her admir'd Temples ſtructure raz'd,
Then he, by holy Coſt, there firſt her plac'd.
Hugon when heard theſe words did laugh for joy,
Since thus Commiſſion'd Churches to deſtroy:
And plunder from within them what was left,
Since Abbys fall enrich'd their growing Sect.
And next declar'd, altho' by Heavenly will,
They did not then the daring Croſier kill:
That better 'twas as he'd diſperſe a tale,
Which more, then kill'd the Imp, ſhould them avail.
And how *True-Proteſtant* Children to devour,
This furious thing was ſent by Romiſh power:
And unto wonder could, inſtead of Meat,
A Wooden Croſs with Superſtition Eat.
And, ſhould the King prevail, had power from thence,
T'afflict our fleſhly friends by Penitence.
And force our Dames, that Thimbles, Bodkins, wear,
By Croſſes figur'd on 'em Crimes to fear.
This I confeſs laſt audience I forgot,
As I had long diſcours'd of other plot.

Cromwell,

Cromwell, the Tale approv'd, and bid when next,
On this occaſion, he ſhould chuſe a Text:
To *Fairfax* ſo to preach as might his Soul,
Unto their change deſign'd, devouteſt Fool.
And now bids *Hugon* him amuſe by Prayer,
Made againſt Kingly Rule and Spiritual Power,
Whilſt *Cromwell* would with *Ireton* Counſels joyn,
That fitter was to further their deſign.
Yet, tho' ſome days fac'd *Oxford*, little more
Their Army did then was perform'd before.
Now had the Sun, within the Weſtern Main,
Some hours his Steeds refreſh'd, as Poets fain.
When the Moon's *Orb* with Stars, Nights twinkling (eyes,
Aroſe to comfort Earth with Beams from Skies.
A ſeaſon that deſigning Man fits beſt,
Whilſt others would Indulge their harmleſs reſt.
When *Fairfax* had ſtrict Guards near *Oxford* ſet,
That paſſers thence and ſpies might Intercept,
Of which ſome had detain'd a ſingle man,
Who from that City haſtily mov'd then;

Like Caſſock'd Schollar Grave his Robe appear'd,
And no leſs Reverend ſeem'd his face and beard;
For Prieſt they took him, which enough that time,
If but for Function ſake, was deem'd a Crime.
And ſearching of him found a written paſs,
By the Queens Royal hand inſcribed was.
Death in worſt ſhape they unto him declare,
Thinking, for Popiſh Fighters, he made Prayer,
Or with the Armed Croſier Joyn'd of late,
Whoſe Valour boldly did their force defeat.
Smiling he heard their threats, and told that he
Would *Cromwell*, if brought to him, ſatisfy.
To whom conducted, *Cromwell* took no care
Further a while t'inſpect the man's affair:
Or thought to hang him without more ado,
Since that he was a Prieſt he judged true.
Till he maturer ſome concerns did weigh,
That poſſibly this Man could ſoon betray,
Either as Fear of death or torture might
His Soul unto diſcovery affright.

And

And taking him apart, the man he found,
To be *Sydeſmond*, to his purpoſe ſound:
Who holding of his falſe beard in his hand,
Like part on ſtage that undiſguis'd does ſtand,
Fawning Addreſs he thus to *Cromwell* makes:
See Famous Chief what pains *Sydeſmond* takes,
That dangerouſly his perſon does Commit
To diverſe perills whilſt Imploy'd his wit,
For your Aſſiſtance, and the Cauſe you ſerve,
What 'ere of King and Queen ſuch deeds deſerve.
Kind Lady, ſhe her paſs-port me allow'd,
That none might me Impede when I remov'd
Where Royall powers Command, in hope that I,
As promis'd 'twas, would 'gainſt yours prove a ſpy.
I took the paſs that you might better ſee
The Confidence theſe Soveraigns have in me.
Whilſt I do now my utmoſt Care Imploy
That they may *Oxford's* rule ſmall time Injoy:
And how Triumphantly your Army may
This Teeming Eagle and her young ones Slay.

Obſerve

Obſerve this perſons Name I here preſent,
Whom I corrupted have to my Intent.
And ſhall to you betray an *Oxford*-port,
By which the Town you'l gain by ſmall effort.
But firſt I muſt make good the Promis'd Coyn
That is aſſur'd him upon word of mine.
Not doubted by the Houſes that for gain
Unto their Cauſe, I ſuch Intrigues maintain.
Cromwell embrac'd the Motion, and profeſt
Sydeſmond was moſt dear unto his Breaſt:
And ſhould Advantages to come receive,
By which his favour richly he'd perceive,
Since he endeavour'd ſo their power to ayd,
As Martiall proſpects would be ſurer made.
And who'd not in a Per'lous Journey Try
The ſhorteſt way, if more Secure thereby.
Here take this Gold, and let the Care be thine,
In proper time, to perfect this Deſign.
The Coyn *Sydeſmond* takes, and when alone
Laugh'd well to think how ſmooth his cheat had gone.

And that by his device he could Cajoal,
The ſubtile *Cromwell's* disbeleiving Soul.
Since neither Hell nor he did know the man
That would give up a Port in *Oxford* then.
And was a fiction for his ends deviſ'd,
And by his craft might be enough diſguiſ'd;
As things at *Oxford* chang'd, or aid arriv'd,
E're this deſign, if true, could be contriv'd.
And haſting his return unto the Queen,
'Twas ſure he told her not with whom he'd been.
Who by a tale well feign'd another way,
Expected from her bounty thanks and pay.
The Senat's Army that before this Town
Some days had ſtaid and nothing Signal done:
Drew off, referring unto future Hour
What might be there effected by their Power:
Either as Force or Powerfull Gold ſhould aid
Deſigns, that might in time be ſurer laid.
Having from beſt Intelligence now heard,
That the King did his Northern March retard.

And

And after *Leiceſter* by Storm bravely won,
Deſign'd to guide his Army t'wards this Town.
Leaſt in his abſence *Oxford* ſtraiten'd were;
And ſiege, or Storm make his Foes Victors there.
Fairfax who had with reſ'lute *Cromwell* thought,
Time long e're they the Royal Army fought:
Their numbers great, and full compos'd of Men
That 'gainſt the King were fierceſt fighters then:
Reſolv'd with all convenient haſt to find
Some fit Campaign where Battle might be joyn'd.
Oxford thus freed, and Supernumeraries there
Which well the Town could in that juncture ſpare:
The Prudent Queen and Council did detach
Troops thence of Cavaldry ſtrictly charg'd to March
Unto their Sovereigns Camp the neareſt way,
And boldly aid him on next Battles day.
With theſe *Flavira*, full reſolv'd that fame
Should to her Martial deeds give laſting name,
Like ſome young *Hero* rides a Voluntier,
To meet in far Campaign's ſevereſt War.

Diana's

Diana's Form, when brighteſt Arm'd in Field,
Could ne're ſuch chaſt and ſprightly luſters yield,
As did her comely Beams and Warlike Grace;
Enſoul'd by *Mars*, tho' *Venus* was her Face.
And Journeying thus till Night for reſt did call,
The worſt bed ſometimes to her Lot did fall.
Yet with no Niceneſs, Beauties refin'd Care,
She did that way her perſons hardſhip ſpare.
Nor doubts my Muſe that ſuch ſhift then ſhe made,
Tho' ſeeming Man, that none were with her Lay'd.
Whoſe Laſt days march more admir'd then the reſt,
As accidents are by our verſe expreſt:
Has ſuch relation unto perſons here,
As will to wonder, ſpeak their ſhame or fear.
A Yeoman's wife, handſome, young and Gay,
Black-eye'd, to boot, whence darts flew *Cupid's* way:
Was Landlady when from theſe Troops did come,
Commanders to her houſe for quarter-Room.
'Mongſt whom *Flavira* did arrive unknown,
And hop'd, within her walls, to ly alone.

The Beauteous houſewife, as does ſtory tell,
Lov'd youthfull Soldiers Dalliance full well:
And was eſpecially 'tis thought that Night,
Enamour'd of one there of goodly plight.
Her Husband old and Jelous to diſpair,
Obſerv'd her looks abroad, at home, at prayer:
And if her eye betray'd a wanton Rowl,
It deeply frighted his Suſpicious Soul.
But ſhe found means to keep his humour low,
Leſt his words ſhould her Amorous Genius ſhow;
Saying that man does worſt himſelf Cornote,
That from ſuſpition would diſcourſe promote:
And how their Gentile quarterers might Complain,
If ſhe to wellcome them, ſhould Smiles reſtrain.
For which ſome Teſty husbands in that time
Plunder'd had been to puniſh their harſh Crime.
This Motive moſt the Covetous man Cajol'd,
Who above all things fear'd to loſe his Gold.
At Supper pleas'd they ſtoutly fed and quaff'd,
And with the Beauteous houſe-dame talk'd and Laugh'd:

And as amongſt Chiefs here Brave healths went round.
Their Trumpets did a chearfull muſick ſound.
When fair *Flavira*, as in Courſe arriv'd
The Cup to her, had ſome excuſe contriv'd:
Or that it would not with her health conſpire
To drink beyond what nature did require.
Untill a Health, to famous *Lyle* begun,
To her was offer'd as it paſs'd along:
Who bluſhing could not chuſe but kindly ſip
The Liquor as this Health requir'd her lip.
Which ſome obſerv'd, who little did ſuſpect
That love did, in her Viſage, bluſh effect;
And thought it caus'd from want of uſe and Meen,
That this ſuppoſed youth was baſhfull ſeen,
As he to War 'mongſt jolly *Hero's* came,
And did by modeſt looks their Licence blame.
Some queſtion'd if in Beauteous Mien there were
Form that with her ſmooth figure might compare:
Or ſingly wiſh'd that their chance ſo ſhould light,
As they, in Bed, might ſolve their doubt that night.

Supper

Supper well paſt, and time of reſt being come,
The better ſort had Beds within that home:
But ſo far ſtraighten'd, as the moſt of thoſe
Did there with Bedfellows accept repoſe.
Unto *Flavira*'s lot a ſole Bed fell,
Becauſe pretending that ſhe was not well.
Or was hers by the Houſe-dam's ſpecial Grace,
Who ready was t'oblige a Comely face.
A tranſom Lattiſe did divide that Room,
Where to another Bed one was to come,
That had been to the gay Houſe-Miſtriſs known,
And for her ſake was not to lye alone.
Her Husband next ſhe carefully diſpos'd
To watch his houſe, leſt if in bed repos'd,
Some Camp retainers to theſe Perſons might
Imbezzell from the Houſe his goods that night.
Her Husband thus imploy'd, the Gayfull Dame
To the appointed Bed and Lover came.
But e're they fitted were for full Embrace:
Her Jelous Husband, by a ſtealing pace,

Himſelf

Himſelf by Moon-light to the Room convey'd,
And on *Flavira*'s bed along he laid:
Which well he knew might one Man lodging ſpare,
And was convenient for his eye and ear.
So zealous is Mans jealouſy to find
Facts that when known do moſt afflict the mind.
The Virgin wak'd, and feared 'twas ſome Man,
By drink made ruleleſs, that diſturb'd her then.
And as ſhe was reſolving ſoon to riſe,
His gentle whiſper he to her applies,
Deſiring ſhe'd a while her ſelf contain
Within her Bed, and quiet there remain:
If ſhe, at his requeſt, would prove ſo kind
To him that ſadly grieved was in mind.
Theſe words ſhe heard——
But could not their intended ſenſe define,
Or what he lying by her might deſign:
Till Judging that he did her Sex miſtake,
She ſeem'd to reſt and to him nothing ſpake.
Whilſt ear he cloſely to the Lattiſe laid,
And heard the Jog's within his Wifes bed made:

At which he ſigh'd, but ſigh'd with greater pain
As he lov's motion heard renew'd again.
Flavira wondering why the man thus griev'd,
And judging he might be by help reliev'd:
Naked, unto her ſmock, from bed ſhe roſe,
Intending to put on her Manly Cloaths.
When from the Amorous Wife the Gallant came,
And claſp'd her round with a ſurprizing flame.
The Virgin ſoon for her defence prepar'd,
As thus he, in his ſhirt, to her appear'd.
When he by earneſt words did much deſire
That ſhe would now unto her bed retire;
And not, whate're ſhe gueſs'd, the fact diſcloſe
That had that time diſturb'd her ſoft repoſe.
His laſt requeſt ſhe grants, and ſmil'd in thought
At the adventures which that night had brought.
And next her habit for her March put on,
That ſhe from this bad quarter might be gone.
How afterwards did Man and Wife agree,
My Muſe thinks no concern to her, or me.

Tho'

Tho' ſhe deplores the vices of that time,
Too pronely then the Royal Parties crime.
Strong in Recruits and Valiant force the King
His Army did to fatal *Naſeby* bring.
Not diſmaller was *Romes Theſſalian* fate,
When *Pompey* there o'rethrown and *Roman* State,
Then the Effuſion here of Loyal bloud,
By wicked Arms that King and Laws withſtood.
The Mornings * Queen ſoon clouded did appear,
And ſeem'd her mournfull Purple Robe to wear;
As ſhe did her ſad Throne Aſcend that day,
And ſaw the hapleſs King his Powers array.
When *Fairfax* 'gainſt him did Embattell'd ſtand,
That Fortune might be won by armed hand:
Who with his Chiefs accuſtom'd to ſucceſs,
Thought Stars their Rebell Swords did therefore bleſs:
When but permitted for a ſcourge to Crimes,
That were their Nations in thoſe horrid times.
Now Heavens Omnipotent Pencil did in Skies
Delineate marvells to obſerving eyes;

* Call'd Aurora by Poetical denomination.

By Figures, that to wonder did declare
The juſt, and unjuſt Cauſe, of this vilde War:
If, on Fames word, my Muſe here aptly may
Such Prodigies to future age convey.
Three Mighty Shapes above did then appear,
Vaſter in Form then Conſtellations there:
Whoſe Characters perſpicuouſly were read,
By large Inſcriptions plac'd o're every Head:
The Firſt of theſe did Piety renown,
Beauteous her Face, and wore a Diamond Crown:
White was her Robe, yet brighter far then Rays
Of *Phebus* when he fineſt them conveys.
To Sov'reignty, which next to her did ſtand,
She gave a Scepter from her holy hand:
His Veſture ſuch as on a Solemn day,
Our Kingly Power and Majeſty diſplay.
Tho' all the purfled Stars that it adorn'd,
For earthly Glory, dark on ſudden turn'd.
Yet ſtill his figure Royally look'd great,
Like to King *Charles* when moſt diſtreſs'd by Fate.

To wonder next State Order was beheld,
Or ſuch as under Sceptred Rule excell'd:
Where Myter'd Dignity, by Sovereign Grace,
Before all Civill has an honour'd place.
And where in ſev'rall Magnitudes appear
Degrees of Nobleſs in the Royal Sphere.
The ſhort Rob'd next, who from the ſtudied Law,
Judiciall Reverence to their Science draw;
On Seats of Judgments gravely ſeem'd to ſit,
And aid the Publick by their learned wit.
Cloſe unto theſe were ſeen the ruling Gown,
And order of th' Incorporated Town;
Where Royal Charters, God-like do Create
The body Politiques Eternal State.
Nor did beſt Science, or Mans uſefull Art,
Want in this Viſion their becoming part.
Or how from Kingly Rule their values riſe,
By honour given to Humane Induſtries.
Oppos'd to Piety fierce diſcord ſtood,
Her Monſtrous figure cloath'd in Robes of bloud:

And seem'd to feed on Serpents as they hung
Upon her Sanguine Person all along.
Her hands did round th' *Horizon* Libells Throw,
Worst seeds of ill when e're in States they grow.
Furious her Eyes, and had a Throat so wide
As some thought Churches down it then did slide.
To Aid her, proud Rebellion claim'd a part,
Demure in looks and Speech, but base in heart:
Various as Popular Sense, her Person dress,
And thus she lyes to Vulgar ears Express:
Sister to fame, Fame did her now allow,
And gave this *Gyantes* a Trumpet too.
A Crown she wore and on it stood upright
A Sword, whose point seem'd to touch Skies to fight:
Near to her side wild Anarchy did stand,
The confus'd guide of worst dispos'd Man:
Heads from her head and body seem'd to grow,
Whilst her vast hands 'mongst Crouds did firebrands throw.
No humane measure could her compass take,
For she was of the Devills Legion-make.

These

These Visions if to Allegory joyn'd,
All without help of Verse their sense must find:
Wherefore a while we'le leave 'em in the Air,
And this fierce Battels deeds in brief declare.
For challenge both sides fir'd their loudest Gun,
E're here that early morning-fight begun;
When soon their bodies fiercely did engage,
That bloud might quench their hearts inflamed rage.
Brave *Rupert* first the Foes Right wing does meet,
And gave their daring Troups a quick defeat:
Pursu'd, and kill'd beyond their Armies Rear,
Which Victor like he boldly Summons there.
But no return from them he could receive,
Other then what their Cannon-mouths did give.
Fully resolv'd, in spite of this bad cast,
That Fortune's Nick would win for them at last.
This valiant Prince, who in Wars daring Toyls
Had to his Perill oft led foremost Files:
Was destin'd more by onset to attain,
Then his succeeding Conduct could retain.

Which ſad diſaſter had been his before
At *Edge-Hill* Fight, but worſe at *Marſton-Moor.*
And now had by attack diſpers'd the Force
Of Zealous *Ireton's* Phanatick Horſe.
And him his Captive did a while retain,
Till from his fierce purſuit return'd again,
He met with foes that forc'd him to reſign
The taken *Ireton*, and the field decline.
But e're verſe does ſuch accidents diſplay,
That gave a period to this Fatal day:
My Muſe reſerves, for *Lyles* eſpecial Grace
And fair *Flavira's* deeds, a ſignal place.
Whilſt other valours, to contract our ſtory,
Are left unto more large Records of Glory.
This Gallant Virgin from Loves power had choſe
A Warlike Room where Ranks did neareſt cloſe
To a Batallion then Brave *Lyles's* Command,
And fought to aid him with an armed hand:
Whilſt as ſhe ſaw the perills of that Field,
His dangers there ſhe moſt concern'd beheld:

And

And when in doubt leſt he might want her aid,
Her Soul, that elſe could not, was then afraid;
So bravely did her mind Loves fear Imploy,
Till ſhe, to aſſiſt him, did Foes deſtroy.
And as ſhe now had his diſtreſs perceiv'd,
In Tears ſhe fought and kill'd till him reliev'd.
Whoſe valiant perſon having fallen to Ground,
Enforc'd by weight of Blows and bleeding wound:
She leaping off her Steed did him embrace,
And being not known, perhaps then kiſs'd his face;
Helping him ſoon unto his horſe to riſe,
And guided next his way from Enemies.
Heroick *Lyle* whom grief did Indiſpoſe
Far more then toyls of War and hurts from foes:
As then he weigh'd diſaſters of his King,
And conſequence which that days loſs might bring.
A Soldiers thanks to her he gave in brief,
Conceiving her to have been ſome youthfull Chief
That him reliev'd, and thus they Gallop'd on
Till he loſt her among the flying throng.

When

When furious *Cromwell* had diſpers'd this Wing,
As he with bloudy Swords approach'd the King:
And ſtout Commanders had and Soldiers kill'd,
That Furrows there with Sanguine ſtreams were fill'd.
When the Magnanimous Sovereign this beheld,
And ſaw his powers by Subjects force compell'd,
As Irrecoverable did appear the day;
Yet he as Chief, and Soldier did aſſay
His Men to rally, and with chearfull look
Encourag'd them to ſtand the utmoſt ſhock.
But how could Majeſty or duty win
Perſons to fight when fear enforc'd their Sin.
Who now, inſtead of ſtop, ſo rudely run
As the King's forc'd to fly amongſt their throng.
So Boyſtrous waves an approv'd Ship convey,
Againſt the Pilots will, to remote Sea.
The Royal General thus compell'd to flight
By thoſe, tho' led by him, that would not fight:
With ſuch becoming Grandeur bore that fate,
As ſuited Majeſties afflicted State:

Or Prince, that of beſt Fortune ne're was Proud,
And would not by adverſe in Soul be bow'd.
The wondrous figures that Spectators ſtood
In Sky, (as here diſplay'd a Scene of bloud)
And Order ſhow'd and Grandeur of his ſtate,
Now Trembled to behold this Battels fate;
And after him, like Storms in Clouds, did fly,
Untill obſcur'd, to fight, below the Sky.
But Piety, Heavens Influence on his heart,
That in extremes was his conſpicuous part;
Above, as here deſcrib'd, attends his flight,
By his Soul ſeen, tho' not by other ſight.
Whilſt Diſcord, Rebellion, Anarchy, that then
Was hov'ring o're the Houſes fighting Men,
Did with their Iron-hands ſuch Clappings make,
As ſeem'd the Fabrick of the Heavens to ſhake.
The Royal Infantry of aid bereft,
As the Kings Cavaldry the Field had left:
(Which Fate in mighty Battels does foreſhow
The valiant Foots enſuing overthrow)

Endeavour'd

Endeavour'd now by valour to repair
The loſs, howe're of Fortune they deſpair:
As boldly they their Enſigns wav'd on high,
And cloſing of their Files did foes defy.
Brave * *Lindſey*, *Aſhly*, *Ruſſell*, led their Ranks,
And, tho' they wounded were, both Fronts and Flanks
Had by their valiant Conduct long maintain'd,
With other Chiefs that with them Glory gain'd.
Stoutly they here their Enemies compell'd,
And had, oft charg'd, their flying backs beheld.
Till *Fairfax* led againſt 'em Horſe and Foot,
Whoſe Number more then Valour caus'd their Rout.
Too tedious 'twere all actions here to tell,
Or what by wounds or death the Brave befell:
Nor ſhall my Muſe by Catalogue convey
The Names or Sum of Captive men that day:

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* The Earl of Lindſey, Lord Aſhly, Noble Collonel Ruſſel, all then Eminent Commanders under King Charles the Firſt.

Let

Let volum'd ſtories ſuch particulars treat,
Whilſt her * *Compendium* does enough relate;
That all the brave, by Heavens permiſſive doom,
On the Crowns ſide at *Naſeby* were o'recome.
Of whom ſome Thouſands hence were Pris'ners ſent,
And for the Houſes Triumph after went
Like Slaviſh Captives thorough *London*'s Street,
When foes durſt there rejoyce their Kings defeat.
Tho' this to *Fairfax* Honour may be ſaid,
Howe're bad Cauſe, for Crime, to him is laid;
That to the Conquer'd he was ne're unkind,
But Gentle, as became Heroick Mind:
If not ſo modeſt that to them his Mene
Was liker one ſubdu'd, then Victor ſeen.
And had not wicked Men his Soul abus'd
By Counſells which they ſpeciouſly infus'd:

---

* A Method in all the Martial parts of this Poem chiefly obſerv'd, to avoid a prolix mention of Proper Names, the Clogs of Poetry, and are more properly enumerated by Hiſtorical relations.

From his Complyance no ſuch Ills had been,
That did Inhance his Armys bloudy Sin.
Yet here, from verſe, to give their valour praiſe,
With the *Encomiums Naſeby's*-field does raiſe:
As became Engliſh bloud their perſons fought,
And marks of proweſs, to their fame, thence brought.
Of whom the daring * *Skippon* did appear
Highly renown'd for his Atchievements there:
Who would not, tho' much wounded, leave the field,
But fought till all, to give off fight, did yield.
So bravely wicked were ſome in that time,
Whoſe fortitude was deprav'd by their Crime;
Or not ſo happy from their Souls to know,
How great a Sin was to their valour due.
This Field thus loſt th' unhappy King no more
Diſplay'd his Standards as he'd done before:

---

* He was Major-General to the Parliament Army, as is mention'd before in this Poem, and he was no leſs a knowing Commander, then valiant in Perſon.

Or with joy heard Drums beat or Trumpets ſound,
As dayly he his forces weaker found:
O'repower'd by Foes and routed every where,
Untill to aid him longer they deſpair.
When ſome to Forreign Countries took their flight,
Hoping, in future time, for him to fight.
With theſe *Flavira* did unknown retire,
If truth does rightly here with Verſe conſpire.
Where we ſhall leave her unto after day,
When of this *Heroin's* worth we more ſhall ſay.
Thus ſwiftly had the Royall Cauſe declin'd,
The Field firſt loſt, and Garriſons next reſign'd;
As them th' Enemy pleaſed to Command,
Or March'd to Force 'em by an Armed hand.
Whilſt full diſtreſs'd the beſt of Kings could gain
No looſers Peace, which Subjects now diſdain:
As they at *Weſtminſter* did Voters ſit,
And thought all Kingly Rule below their Wit.
Neglected thus he *Oxford* left at laſt,
And unto *Scots* Beſieging *Newark* paſt:

When

When Noble * *Bellace* bravely did oppoſe
Attempts of *Engliſh* and worſt *Scottiſh* Foes.
Untill his Sov'reign out of Prudence thought,
'Twas fit *Scots* there ſhould not be longer fought,
But have the Town ſurrender'd to their force,
As for Crimes paſt they ſeem'd to own remorſe:
And promis'd to allay the Houſes heat,
That their King might with them the gentler treat.
To which effect the *Scots* did, for a ſpace,
Speciouſly give their deeds ſome Loyall face.
As they to th' Houſes applications made:
And in diſpute, on both ſides, ſharp things ſaid;
That words did ſeeming difference promote,
Till mony came to give the caſting Vote:
For which the *Scots* ſoon ſold their Gracious King;
Whom Guarded back, the Houſes Power did bring:
And him to *Holmby* Pallace next remov'd,
And kept by *Preshyterians* they approv'd.

* A Noble accompliſh'd Perſon, now living, who Gallantly defended that Town againſt all Oppoſers.

But this their ſawcy Army did reſent,
And * *Joyce* an Independant Cornet ſent
With fifteen hundred horſe to ſieze from thence
The Royal Perſon by high Impudence.
Thus to this Army was the King convey'd,
And march'd their Priſoner till a Plot they laid:
That turn'd him over to the *Iſle of Whight*,
Where Curſed *Hammond* with a Jaylors ſpight
His King Impriſon'd, in the higheſt Senſe
Of Subject turn'd to Traytors impudence.
And thus reſtrain'd he liv'd above a year
Under vild Guard in *Cariſbrook Caſtle* there.
Debarr'd from all beſt comforts his had been,
Since hopeleſs then e're more to ſee his Queen:
Or Royall Children whom Heaven did Enſoul
For higheſt Glory of Monarchial Rule.
When nothing for his ſolace here remain'd,
But what his Piety from above obtain'd.

* Said to have been a Taylor by Profeſſion.

The NINTH BOOK.

The Argument.

In England, Wales, *and* Scotland *Subjects rise,*
To free their King from vil'd Impriſonment:
The Houſes force diſpoſe theſe to ſubdue.
Till when on Loves account the Poet ſpares
Verſe, by which Roſaline *retir'd is found,*
And Old Hermanders *character deſcrib'd.*
Flavira's *Gallantry and Fate expreſs'd.*
Fam'd Colcheſter *ſurrender'd, and the deeds*
Of Lyle *and* Lucas *with their ends declar'd.*

WHen Impious Men by Series of Bad Deeds
Do one Compleat that all the reſt exceeds:
What Satyr can the horrid fact explain,
Or ſpread it's Mediums by their broadeſt ſtain.
Thus Gradually appear'd the wicked Courſe,
Both of the Houſes and their armed Force:
The Laſt of which compell'd 'em to obey,
And vote for Militants the vildeſt way.

As

As Joyntly they their King a pris'ner made,
And all poſſeſs'd of his they could Invade.
To ſubdue next his Mighty Soul they ſtrove,
Whilſt outward Comforts they from him remove;
Not ſuffering Friends, or ſpirituall men to pray
With him, 'gainſt bloudy ends, a Chriſtian way.
And when their Helliſh ſpite this deed had done,
They Fear'd his Contemplations moſt alone:
Leſt his Majeſtique Thoughts, and heavenly wit,
Should in his words to Tax their Crimes be writ.
On which account, they Pen and Ink deny,
Tho' to the Sacred hand of Majeſty.
Whilſt thus their Evill deeds their King afflict,
Heaven would by outward wonders them Convict:
As by his holy Touch the Lame and Blind,
Their * Cures from him Miraculouſly finde.
Tho', like the world's Redeemer, he was then
Rejected by the Crowds of faithleſs Men.

* That the King by his touch did cure ſome perſons that were brought to him, being Infirm, as above-mention'd, during his Imprifonment in the Iſle of Wight, was credibly Reported.

Whileſt ſome admir'd that in his Zodiocks line
The Sun could uneclips'd at that time Shine ;
When Royall Beams, far more divinely great,
Obſtructed were by Interpoſing Fate.
Tho' virtually no Cloſure could withſtand
The Kingly Influence which he did expand
Throughout his Nations, howe're Captive he
Was made by guilt of arm'd Impiety.
When many their Kings ſuff'rings did deplore ;
And ſome, who'ad been his Enemies before,
Renounc'd the Houſes Cauſe, and next contriv'd
That by Freſh power their Prince ſhould be releiv'd.
Howe're, 'gainſt prevalent Foes, the Outward Face
Of war was Intermitted then a ſpace.
Tho' Loyall hearts disdain'd Pacifick hours,
As their King liv'd reſtrain'd by wicked powers.
Whileſt ſome from Noble ſorrow dy'd for Greife,
Becauſe deſpair'd their Soveraigns Juſt releiſe.
Others unto their homes, in hope retir'd,
As with their Freinds they Loyally conſpir'd

To

To arm again the moſt Heroique way,
And by a Second war Oppoſers ſlay.
Thus had affairs ſome Monthly periods ſtood,
And no Campaign freſh ſtain'd with Engliſh bloud.
An Intervall in which verſe does deſign
To find out the retired *Roſaline*,
Whom *Lucas* Love and valour Nobly free'd
From the Intended Rape which was decree'd
By Fierce *Vanbralder*, whom he bravely kill'd,
And to her wiſh releiv'd her from that field.
Who by her womans help found the abode,
Of old *Hermander*, Standing far from Road:
And to the Chaſe of *Whittlewood* adjoyn'd,
Where he to quiet life himſelf Confin'd.
Whoſe age compar'd, 'twas hard to finde a Tree,
Within thoſe ſhades, that older was than He.
His abſtinence prolong'd his wondrous years,
Which harden'd were by his auſterities.
Oft Faſts he kept condoling wicked Life,
And bloudy deeds, that time of Impious ſtrife:

And to Chaſtiſe his body allways Lay
'Twixt hair-cloath Sheets, yet ſlept enough that way.
Gen'rous by birth, and was by Bloud ally'd,
As from our Muſe his Mentions verify'd,
Unto th' Attendant of fair *Roſaline*,
Whoſe Care her Lady thither did deſign:
Comely his Face, as ſmooth there white and red,
As when a youthfull Prime his viſage had:
His hair nor Beard by age chang'd as they hung
In locks that Curl'd unto his Boſome Long.
Clear ſeem'd his eyes, yet could no ſight retain,
But when by wonder he did that obtain:
At other times no glimps he ſaw of Light,
Or object uſuall unto humane ſight.
Yet could in ſhaded paths, to him long known,
Near to his dwelling ſtedfaſt walk alone.
Tall and erect his figure did appear,
As he a comely Robe of Green did wear.
With him had long a faithfull Servant liv'd,
Who tho' both dumb and deaf the words perceiv'd

His

His Maſter utter'd, by whoſe Lips he knew,
If Speech-like moving, what he would bid him do.
When firſt his kinſwoman had with him ſpoke,
And told why thither ſhe had undertook
To guide her Beauteous Lady, to whoſe fame
Virtue and Love did Merit Joyntly claim.
Unto fair *Roſaline* he bowed Low,
And his full welcome did on her beſtow:
Telling how he oblig'd was to that day,
By womans beauty the Refineſt way.
Tho' now no Leave unto his eyes was given
To view her Feature, till the act of Heaven
Should from thoſe Orbs obſcurity remove,
And manifeſt to her his wondrous Love.
Which in due time he doubted not to ſhow,
That his eſteem of her ſhe thence might know.
Much ſhe admir'd at what this perſon ſaid,
And why to her he had addreſs thus made:
And more becauſe by age depriv'd of ſight,
He talk'd of ſeeing Beauty with delight.

But Judg'd 'twas beſt, however paſs'd in Minde,
From Time the meaning of his ſpeech to finde.
Wherefore beyond thanks, an obliging way,
For her reception, little ſhe did ſay:
And thus a while without his houſe they talk'd,
Till handing of her kindly In they walk'd.
Pleaſant and Clean his dwelling tho' but ſmall,
And rooms enough contain'd to ſerve 'em all.
Of which he One appropriated with Care,
For pious uſe, and call'd his place of Prayer.
A decent Altar on that Surface ſtood,
Rais'd by his hands, and bleſs'd by him the wood.
To this place firſt he guides his beauteous gueſt,
And kneeling with her there ſome prayers addreſt.
Which done, to an appartment her he Led,
That Neat was and contain'd a Handſome Bed.
A Room within it where her woman might
Lodge, and be near her Ladies call at night:
Telling fair *Roſaline*, that he had Choſe
That Bed to give her perſon ſoft repoſe:

In which an admir'd beauty once did reſt,
And at that word he three times Croſt his Breſt;
Adding that he, for her ſake, hop'd to find
The Soul of *Roſaline* unto his kinde.
Theſe words unto the virgin ſeem'd yet more
Miſterious, then ſome ſpoke by him before.
Wherefore ſhe bluſhing ask'd him to diſpenſe
His meaning, and unriddle ſo his Senſe.
To which he anſwer'd, that as yet no power
He had, that could preſage the hower;
On which account the explanation muſt
Be left to time, which might the deed Adjuſt:
Wherefore he then no more to her expreſt,
And after Supper, brought her to her reſt.
Fully contented *Roſaline* was here;
Who quiet valu'd above Coſtly Fare.
Tho' ſometimes to make delicate her Food
His Servant caught choice birds in field and wood.
Thus had this Virgin paſt ſome Months away,
Yet ſtill did longer here deſire to ſtay:

A place remote, and whither none did come,
The Maſter Blind and Servant deaf and dumb.
And where unknown ſhe might beſt thoughts enjoy,
Not hearing when fierce War would more deſtroy.
Betimes her Bed devoutly ſhe forſook,
And next of Natures Mirrour proſpect took:
More pleas'd then in her Morning glaſs to view
Reflections, which could there her beauty ſhew.
The early Lark ſhe oft obſerv'd on high,
As mounting he Sung Carrolls to the Sky,
And ſaw how other birds did next awake,
And their Love-Songs in Joyfull Couples make.
Happy ſhe thought theſe birds, that could appear,
So like Immortalls, in an earthly ſphear:
Reſembling as they Sing and as they Love,
The Joys, by Bleſſed Souls, perceiv'd above.
But when ſhe ſaw the furious Hawk affright
Theſe from their us'd abode and Lovers ſight;
And that in Air, as well as earth, liv'd Foes
That could diſturb the Mated hearts repoſe:

She Judg'd It might with her diſtreſs compare,
And what, for *Lucas* ſake, oblig'd her Fear.
Yet, this war ceas'd, ſhe ſaw ſome birds could meet,
And for paſt dangers Chaunt their Lovers Treat.
May Heaven ſhe wiſh'd ſuch Bliſs for her ordain,
And unto him ſhe'd ſing when met again.
Thus ſeverall days ſhe paſs'd, till one did more
Amuſe her Soul then all ſpent there before.
Which time *Hermander* met her in a Grove,
And unto her again diſcours'd of Love:
Letting her know that ſhe had underſtood
From him, in part, what now he ſhould make good,
If with him there a ſpace ſhe would remain,
Till his Love's Secret might it ſelf explain.
Much did the virgin his addreſs reſent,
Doubting if modeſt were the Love he meant:
Since ſhe had heard of men tho' old and blind,
That had warm appetites for woman-kind:
And as ſhe view'd his ſmooth atd Ruddy Look,
Her virtue then afreſh allarum took:

And thus concern'd ſhe moving was away,
Till on his knees He begg'd her longer ſtay:
Which ſpoken, ſoon by them was heard around
A Harmony beyond Lute's choiceſt Sound,
And ſuch as heaven might give to humane ear,
If bleſt with muſick of the moving ſphear:
When of the fineſt Subſtance of the sky,
An Airy form deſcended to their eye;
That firſt, *Chimera*-Like, appear'd to ſight,
Yet did, tho' Shapeleſs ſeen, their view delight.
It's various Beams did moſt refin'd convey
The Diamond, Ruby, and the Emralds ray:
Till by degrees contracted was it's ſpace,
And chang'd to womans comely ſhape and Face.
Her veſt of Azure-Colour, like the morn,
When Brighteſt Eſtearn Streaks her ſphere adorn:
Her amber-locks, unto her Boſome long,
In ſhining Curls to admiration hung;
And dallying with the air did ſeem to play,
Like fineſt Goſſamours in Summers day:

And as they mov'd was ſeen the Ivory white
That in her neck's ſoft form diſplay'd to ſight.
Whoſe preſence did, by miracle, Reſtore
Sight to *Hermanders* eyes, tho' blind before.
Such wondrous Intervalls to him was given,
On Love's account, by the ſole Act of Heaven.
Him ſhe beheld, towards her his eyes did move
Kind as when they, time paſt, aſſured Love.
Tho' ſomething more did her ſoft Beams Imply,
Then Languiſhments of Love in Beauteous eye.
And ſometimes bluſh'd, and ſometimes ſmil'd a ſpace,
WhoſeBluſh her ſmiles, whoſe ſmiles her bluſh did grace:
More Gay then ſuch on virgin Cheeks are ſhed
On the firſt night within th'eſpouſ'd bed.
To kiſs her Roſy Lips he did aſſay,
As baſhfully ſhe ſeem'd to yield him way:
But when he thought t'arrive unto that bliſs,
He could not feel the Lip he thought to kiſs.
Which ſhe excus'd, and ſaid no ſenſe could finde
The Method by which ſhe to him was kinde.

A Secret that hereafter he'd perceive,
When Heaven his Soul Eternity ſhould give.
To *Roſaline*, who had devoutly kneel'd
Since miracle, ſhe Judg'd, this ſight reveal'd,
She kindly ſpoke, and bid her underſtand
That ſhe would Commune with her hand in hand:
And thus a while this viſion with her walk'd,
And of refined Souls divinely talk'd;
Aſſuring her that Love could only be
In Heaven poſſeſs'd by full felicity:
Which ſhe found there becauſe her youth Inclin'd
T'affect *Hermander* with no earthly mind.
And promis'd had, If ſhe that Grace could Merit,
To viſit him, as thus beheld in Spirit:
A Miracle he had perceiv'd before,
When Heaven to ſee her did his ſight reſtore;
And from above had leave now to appear,
As by *Hermander* was deſir'd by prayer,
That ſhe might unto her Sublimly tell,
Whoſe Grace and Beauties mortalls much excell,

How

How ſhe hop'd ſoon to meet her form above,
Where no Fate could be Enemy to Love.
But *Roſaline*, who'ad of Prognoſticks heard,
By holy Spirits ſaid to'ave been declar'd,
Doubting leſt words by this bright viſion ſpoke,
Were Ominous to her Loves mortall hope:
Whoſe tender Soul, not willing to allay
The wiſhes which ſhe plac'd on future day;
When ſhe might *Lucas* ſee from dangers free'd,
And to her Boſom peaceably decreed;
Deſirous was ſome ſuch preſage to hear:
When ſoon this Beauteous form diſpers'd to Air.
And as it did now wond'rouſly depart,
Voices were heard that ſung by Heavenly art:
As ſuch Stupendious accents then did ſound,
That in no Humane Speech were ever found.
Which done *Hermander* Leads her back again
And, this ſight paſt, did after Blind remain.
When *Roſaline* had theſe ſtrange deeds admir'd,
And of his wond'rous Love enough Inquir'd:

He kindly told—
That since she Leave did to her virtue give,
In his Society and home to Live:
The entertainment that he deem'd most great,
He had Implor'd as his divinest Treat:
Which in his Loves bright vision she perceiv'd,
And Heavenly Comfort had from thence receiv'd.
An object that, till then, no other eye
But his restor'd by wonder could espy:
Which Intervall so fill'd him with delight,
As he to see her only Car'd for sight:
Thus his discourse had of this Subject end.
At other times he his converse did Blend
With pleasant stories of his younger years,
And things most facile to divert her Cares.
Relating how his youth in war had been,
Where bold he fought yet no wound receiv'd then.
And wish'd that her renouned Lover might
Be so preserv'd when next engag'd in Fight.

But wiſhly told her, that tho' humane Minde
To wellcome beſt events was moſt Inclin'd:
Yet when no adverſe-fate the Soul could ply,
God-like appear'd it's then Security;
And next, his prudence ſuitably advis'd
Her Guardianeſs, near unto him ally'd:
Whom he oblig'd, ſhould Martiall tidings Come
To her, by means unthought of to his home:
No ſad Intelligence or actions to declare,
That might provoke her Ladies Grief or fear.
Since after he had Faſting Spent a day,
That with more Zeal he for his King might pray:
By Dream he bloudy Battles ſaw at night,
And perſons ſlain in cold Bloud after fight.
Some ſhot to death, ſome Murder'd to diſport
Of Impious Men, and their Mock-Juſtice Court:
Where, to his horrour, he in Viſion ſaw
His King Condemn'd againſt Imperial Law.
After which dream he little had deſir'd
To hear of War, or how bad men conſpir'd.

Wherefore he did with caution her adviſe,
Leſt *Roſaline* were griev'd with Novelties,
That ſhe'd no Cruel fights to her relate,
Or what, to him ſhe Lov'd, might bode ill fate.
To which his prudent Kinſwoman reply'd,
How ſhe her Circumſpection had apply'd,
That no bad Tidings might ſuch paſſage find,
As ſhould afflict her Ladies tender Mind.
Tho' in due time by promiſe ſhe muſt tell
Great *Lucas* where his *Roſaline* did dwell;
Howe're remote her perſon might reſide
From hearing Novells that might worſe betide.
Thus they expreſs'd—
Whilſt, as by dream, *Hermander* was foretold,
His Nation Wars Irruptions did behold.
As * *Hambleton* had Scottiſh powers prepar'd,
And 'gainſt the Houſes forces had declar'd

* Duke Hambleton who before had been, for ſome Miſcarriages of his or doubted Loyalty, Impriſon'd by the King at Pendennis-Caſtle, and being after freed, march'd into England in the year 1648 and was taken, and beheaded ſoon after by the Impious High-Court of Juſtice, which wicked Tribunal had firſt Sentenced to death K. Charles the Firſt.

Hoſtility,

Hoſtility, that the Impriſon'd King,
He might by Arms to Royal freedom bring.
Brave *Langdals* Levies met him in the North,
By Riſings Seconded which firſt brake forth
In powerfull *Kent*, where *Goring*, *Capell* then,
With *Lyle*, and *Lucas*, and renowned Men
Were Num'rous form'd the Houſes to reſiſt,
And by bold deeds the Royal Cauſe aſſiſt.
Theſe Voluntary Files of *Kentiſh* force,
Led by reputed Chiefs of Foot and Horſe;
Beſides the Inſurrections then begun
In *Wales*, to aid what in the *North* was done:
Occaſion gave the Houſes to provide,
That to fight theſe their Army ſhould divide;
Who *Fairfax* to make War in *Kent* Injoyn'd,
Whilſt *Cromwell* to march Northward was deſign'd.
But firſt to reduce *Wales* they him Imploy'd,
E're by his Conduct Scots muſt be deſtroy'd.
At *Maidſtone* Kentiſh valour did exceed
Wonders, which Martial Men in ſtories read:

When long there *Fairfax* Army did Aſſail,
Before his powers by Fighting could prevail.
And if a foot of Ground they ſeem'd to win,
With greater fury 'twas forc'd back again.
The Women here their Heroine Leader ſought,
And under her, like *Amazons*, then fought.
Not *Penthesilia*, to aſſiſt *Troy's* King,
So fiercely did her Warlike Females bring,
As theſe at *Maidſtone*, for their Sovereign's Aid,
To repell Foes by Valour had aſſay'd.
Whoſe dauntleſs ſeed in Girls and Striplings young,
To ſecond them, 'gainſt daring force, did throng.
Who with ſharp Stones, inſtead of ſhot, ſome kill'd,
And ſtreets, where late they ſuck'd, with Foes bloud fill'd.
What eye could not have wept to 'ave ſeen this ſight,
Where Children did for bleeding Mothers Fight:
And the fair Virgin, and young Beauteous wife,
Dy'd, to ayd Fathers, or the Husbands Strife.
As here from Evening unto Midnight paſt,
'Gainſt Enemies, did bloudy Combats laſt:

Thus

Thus bravely they had long this Town maintain'd,
Till from both Sexes *Fairfax* it obtain'd:
Glad that his Trophees might that Glory ſhare,
Since women, brave as Men, oppos'd him there.
Soon many Valiant did from hence Retreat,
That they to make War might in *Eſſex* meet.
Where *Goring*, *Capell*, had with *Lucas* joyn'd,
And Levies, which to aid them were deſign'd.
Tho' much the loſs at *Maidſtone* did impair
Th' Aſſiſtance they expected in this War.
When many, dreading of the Houſes Force,
Declin'd to bring them promis'd Foot and Horſe.
That ſome held fit to take into Debate,
Whether not Wiſeſt then to ſeperate.
And more recruits not Venture to obtain,
After their firſt attempts in *Kent* prov'd vain.
But Gallant *Lucas*, in whoſe Soul was found
Courage, that did in Wars Extreams abound:
With ſome diſdain ſuch Counſells then did hear,
That ſeem'd, tho' Wiſe, accompany'd with fear.

And with a Steady Confidence thus ſaid,
Let Rebells be of their vild Cauſe affraid,
And Prompt their wicked Senate to Confeſs,
That Civill War was Voted wickedneſs:
E're Loyall Man to oppoſe them ſhould ceaſe,
Or, to give up his Sword, oblig'd by Peace:
Unleſs he would a Tame Spectator live,
On Slaviſh Terms, which ſuch Dictators give.
Or Pitiouſly his Kings reſtraint bewail,
And Nation ruin'd, and yet not arm'd aſſail
The Foes of Both: Let rather Stories ſay
That *Lucas*, 'gainſt his Life, advis'd this day:
Who is reſolv'd, if but one Valiant File
Of Militants ſhall company his Toyl;
The Royal Cauſe ſhall not deſerted be,
What e're his Stars unhappily decree.
When *Goring*, *Capell*, and brave *Lyle* did hear
This Martiall Speech with all their Armed there:
Like Men whom *Mars*, to wonder, had inflam'd,
Their full reſolve to do brave deeds proclaim'd.

And

And next their Valiant Chiefs, to quicken hearts,
Declar'd their hope of aid from Northern parts;
As *Hambleton* his March did thither guide,
And promis'd had to aid the Royal ſide.
In *Eſſex* many diſcontented were,
And 'gainſt the Voting Houſes welcom'd War:
After Impriſon'd by their force the King,
To whom for Peace they'd duly nothing bring.
Incited thus, a haſty March they made,
And *Colcheſter* well Strengthen'd with their aid:
Reſolv'd their Enemies there to withſtand,
And Conquer, when beſieg'd, by Armed hand.
Whoſe Garriſon Numbers could not ſoon prepare
Materialls for their bold ſubſiſtance there:
No Granaries they, wanting Time, could fill,
Or Magazins of ſhot that Foes ſhould kill:
Nor leiſure had they Regular line to form,
Whilſt nobler Fortify'd to repulſe Storm,
On Courage they for their defence rely,
Eowe're aſſaulted by the Enemy.

When *Fairfax* ſoon his Army thither guides;
Contriving, their diſtreſs, all ways beſides.
And in his firſt Attempt perceiv'd the Town
To bravely Man'd, by onſet to be won.
Where *Goring*, *Capell*, *Lyle*, and *Lucas* were,
And famous Chiefs, who to increaſe files there,
Like Common Militants, for Glory's ſake,
Did ranks of Foot and Horſe more Gallant make.
Which *Fairfax* finding, by Wars ſafer mode,
He timely ſtraightens them with want of food.
That Famine might force them to yield at laſt,
Since no Hearts long can fight whoſe Mouths do Faſt.
Thus leaving him before this Leagur'd Town,
My Muſe a proſpect takes of what was done
By *Cromwells* Conduct, as he March'd through *Wales*,
Where 'gainſt the Valiant *Welſh* he ſoon prevails;
And Gallant *Owen*, *Powell*, *Langhorn*, *Poyer*,
With others fam'd, made Captive by his Power.
Which being done, and full ſubdu'd that Clime:
His furious Soul does next delay no time,

That he with Scottiſh *Hambleton* might meet,
And him in Field by armed force defeat.
At *Preſton* ſoon theſe oppoſite Armies fought,
Where this *Scotch* Duke receiv'd a Totall rout.
Nor could brave *Langdail* with his Loyall Powers,
Joyn'd with this Peer's, prevail by bloud thoſe hours:
When adverſe Fortune had inclin'd to bring
Ruine on all, that by War ſerv'd their King.
And more admir'd, becauſe this battells day
The odds of Number on the Kings ſide lay.
As hapleſs had ſome Riſings been before,
In *Surrey* made againſt the Houſes Power:
Which * *Holland* did, and Loyall Nobles Head,
And with bloud loſt were ſwiftly vanquiſhed.
So ominouſly did Stars that time conſpire;
As beſt Men were depreſt, and bad rais'd higher.
Thus Fatall War had Royaliſts undone
A Second Time, and every Strong hold won

* The Earl of Holland who as the Chief Commander Roſe with the Duke of Buckingham his Brother the Ld. Francis, who was kill'd in that Action, and other Perſons of Quality.

Thus

But *Colchester*, where unto higheſt Glory,
The deeds of *Heroes* fix their Fame on Story;
Full forty days had th'y been diſtreſs'd there,
By all the Miſeries of Cruell War:
Their numbers much impair'd by bloudy Fights,
And waſted by long hardſhips days and Nights.
When *Fairfax* and his Mirmidons thought fit,
That ſtraits ſhould force that City to ſubmit:
As Monſter famine, whoſe hungry Hectic kills,
And ſeems to eat, tho' her Gorge never fills,
When her devourings Jaws and Bowells waſt,
And them compell to Pining deaths at laſt:
Did by degrees her Ghaſtly Viſage Spread
In *Colcheſter*, where ſcarce was Meat or Bread:
And could not long or healthfully ſuſtain
Valours, that nobly did that place maintain.
To Forrage Fields they often foes aſſayl'd,
And ſuſtain'd lives as that way they prevail'd:
When their bold Swords did food the Aged give,
And Mothers, on whoſe breaſts, did Infants live.

Some

Some Virgins wept in Fear what would betide
The Men to whom their Souls had been ally'd.
Whilſt other Females, more Heroique hold,
To aid their Lovers durſt fierce weapons hold:
And like *Virago*'s with locks looſly ſpread
On Naked breaſts, and tuck'd up Veſts did ſpeed
Their ready Courage to defend the Poſt,
That then requir'd ſuch fierce aſſiſtance moſt.
Thus bravely had they Loyalty endear'd,
And neither Enemies Swords nor famine fear'd:
Reſolv'd whilſt they life's ſinews could ſuſtain,
Tho' by courſe food, no Force the Town ſhould gain.
Flavira now return'd from Forreign ſoyls,
Where ſhe experiene'd more her Martiall Toyls;
And hearing of this City's ſad eſtate,
With what thence might unto her *Lyle* relate:
By quickeſt means had gather'd Loyall force,
Compos'd of Reliques of brove *Langdall*'s Horſe,
Which joyn'd with others that diſperſed were,
As *Holland* roſe in *Surrey* to make War,

About

About an hundred Cavaliers in Sum,
As from Fame's Liſts they to us Number'd come;
Who deeming that ſhe was ſome youthfull Chief
Imploy'd to give the Royal Cauſe relief,
Gladly did to her ſprightly Conduct yield,
As ſhe to lead 'em had appear'd in Field:
Diſcreetly cautious, as that time requir'd,
When for Brave Deeds men ſecretly Conſpir'd.
Whilſt want of Circumſpection oft did bring
Ruine to ſuch as Roſe to ſerve their King.
Her Truſty Black-a-Moor Page to *Lyſle* ſhe ſent,
Letting him know by Letter her intent
Was, with that Party, t'wards the Town ſhe led,
To aid him there or leave her perſon dead.
And where the poſted Enemy ſhe'd charge,
And by her Proweſs march to him enlarge;
Reſolv'd that ſhe, by days next Early break,
Would this attempt with her beſt Conduct make.
Obliging him, whate're might her befall,
That he'd her Name and Sex conceal to all.

This

This Meſſage highly did Fam'd *Lyſle* ſurprize,
Her danger weigh'd, and ſad extremities
The Town endur'd, which could not many hours,
In all reſpects, withſtand oppoſing powers.
Yet much admir'd her Loyalty and Love,
That would thus ſignally their worth approve:
Tho' with a Lovers great and tender Mind,
He wiſh'd no Perills to her Glory joyn'd.
But judging that ſhe would not now recede
From Acting what this juncture ſhe decreed,
As honour and Affections brave Effort,
Did to her Soul with Fames beſt pride reſort:
Soon he determin'd, when ſhe ſhould Invade
Their Common Enemies, that he'd her valour aid.
Imploring Stars her perſon to defend,
And make her Victreſs, tho' his Life they end.
By help of Night his Anſwer to her came,
Her Page in paſſing having Swam a ſtream;
And now as ſoon as Mornings Bluſhing light
Streak'd the Horiſon's Cheek; to Furious Fight

The

The dauntleſs Virgin led her Party on,
And from the daring Foes had paſſage won:
As *Lyle* to aid her boldly then aſſail'd,
And thus both Lovers equally prevail'd.
When to their Camp their fierce oppoſers fled,
And of their Numbers left ſome perſons dead.
Impow'r'd by Victory theſe Lovers met,
What Martial Glory e're appear'd ſo great;
Their greeting ſuch, as in ſome glorious Field
One Armed Chief would to another yield:
When to endear their Valours proſp'rous toyl
The heart rejoyceth as the Eye doth ſmile.
Tho' Love 'tis ſure did in their looks convey
Some intermixtures of his kindeſt Ray.
But how to ſerve her who ſuch deeds had done
For his Affection, and her Souls renown;
Not leſs his thought Imploy'd, then caus'd his grief,
As hopeleſs he judg'd *Colcheſters* relief:
Where food was wanted to ſupport the brave,
Whoſe Valours did that place to wonder ſave:

Doubting

Doubting leſt fair *Flavira* there might find
Diſtreſs, which above all would grieve his mind.
Howe're his Soul did ſigns of Comfort place
Upon his looks, for joy to ſee her Face.
Whoſe kindneſs with ſuch Grandeur could appear,
As ſhe might leaſt his ſtraits or perill fear.
And now, as they retir'd towards the Town,
Diſcourſing of ſome deeds in War were done:
The Enemy did force in Ambuſh lay,
To Cut off them as they withdrew that way:
Furious the Conflict was, as Love did Guide,
And Nobleſt Valour Engaged on their ſide.
When ſometimes *Lyle* did fighting interpoſe
'Twixt her and peals of ſhot, and Swords of Foes.
Whilſt ſhe, his wond'rous Courage to requite,
Her Perſon him defends by dang'rous Fight.
Fame tells that ſhe, by Combat then in Field,
Had a Fifth-Monarch brawny Champion kill'd:
And how an *Antinomian*'s Head ſhe lopt,
That for a ſpace upon Earths ſurface hopt.

Which ſeen the Amazed Enemy retir'd,
And at more diſtance his lowd Muſquets fir'd.
Theſe Acts ſhe did, and doubtleſs more had done,
Had not a ſhot, too diſmally was ſtrong,
Her Armour pierc'd and body by its force,
That dying ſhe was falling from her Horſe;
Till *Lyle*, full griev'd, had ſtaid her on her Steed,
At which her Soul reviv'd with ſo much ſpeed,
As her Arm cloſely did his neck embrace,
And ſeem'd to kiſs him with her dying face.
Aſtoniſhmena and ſorrow fill'd his breaſt,
More then by words and Tears could be expreſt:
In which ſad poſture back with her he mov'd,
Her ſnow-white arm yet circ'ling him ſhe lov'd.
But as he ſtood oblig'd by her requeſt,
Reſolv'd that unto none ſhould be Confeſt
Her Name and Sex: and next as Time gave leave,
With Decency convey'd her to her Grave;
Whate're account the future Age may gain
Of this fam'd *Heroine* bury'd thus or ſlain.

So

So Fatally had Love a period here:
When ſoon the worſt extremities of War
The Town endur'd, as want of foods ſupport
Enfeebl'd Nerves of Heroes and th'Effort
Of braveſt Militants, who now Lament
That they can't longer keep Curſt Famines Lent;
And that the hungry Houſewife Nature ſhould
So meanly Humane Compoſition Mold;
As unfed Bowells might the Soul diſtreſs,
Altho' Immortal, when for food they preſs.
Thus had Complain'd the Valiant late and ſtrong,
Impair'd by Fights and Hunger ſuffer'd long:
And ſaw their ſtouteſt Soldiers Famiſh'd dye;
Or kill'd, near ſtarv'd, when fought the Enemy.
The Steed that had couragiouſly before
His Gallant Rider in fierce charges bore,
Now fall'n in Creſt and ſhrunk in Body ſtood
Imploring, of his wanting Maſter, food.
Who then inſtead of yielding him relief,
Whoſe ſtrength by routing Foes had ſav'd his Life,

Ingratefull made by Famines rigid Force,
Murders, to feed himſelf, his belov'd Horſe.
Yet even this food too ſoon their Perſons ſpend,
That ſuff'ring did thus *Colcheſter* defend:
When Carcaſſes of Steeds that tainted lay
In Fields, where ſhot did them and Riders ſlay,
By Force they ſeize, their Valour to ſuſtain,
Till this vild Meat no longer they could gain.
Thus Famine, ſtill encroaching, them Compell'd
On Warlike Terms unto their Foes to yield.
Which *Fairfax* did Indefinite Mercy call,
Tho' by their coment not then meant to all:
As that falſe Court of War condemn'd to dye,
Brave *Lyle* and *Lucas*, to their infamy.
The wicked *Ireton* whoſe ſubtle Tongue,
And Pen, had Miſchiefs diſpers'd all along;
Demureſt ſeem'd, with his White-Liver'd Face,
When his Soul Bloudy ends deſign'd apace.
And 'gainſt theſe renown'd Chiefs had impious ſpite,
Becauſe their Conducts worſted his by Fight:

Whoſe

Whoſe wiles had now his eaſy Gen'ral won
To kill theſe Heroes in Cold Bloud with Gun.
Thus *Cromwell* whilſt he Manag'd other War
In *Ireton* had his Cruel Deputy here,
Who with his bold Aſſociate Miſcreants lay'd
The Tragick Scene which *Colcheſter* diſplay'd:
And unto *Englands* laſting ſhame could kill
Their fellow-Natives by their Merc'leſs will.
Whilſt *Goring*, *Capell*, for ſucceeding fate,
Muſt on the Houſes diſmall ſentence wait.
Theſe Noble perſons, Great in Soul and Birth,
Strove to o'recome, when Men, the ſhame of Earth,
Their King Impriſon'd, and by wicked Guilt
The Bloud of Subjects barbarouſly ſpilt:
Whilſt they, from perfect Magnitude of mind,
Were more then Stars to aid their Monarch kind.
And ſhould diſloyal Arms ſtill proſp'rous prove,
Reſolv'd the Conquer'd Cauſe they'd dying Love.

Or if enforc'd at Lawleſs * Bars to ſtand,
They'd defy Rebells without Armed Hand:
Deeming if there vilde power their death deſign,
'Twould Honour add unto their Noble Line.
Brave *Lucas* firſt muſt by their direfull rage
Be brought to dye on their appointed Stage:
By Starrs deſign'd his Theatre of Fame,
Where his laſt act moſt Elevates his Name.
Serene and Reſolute appear'd his Brow,
As when in Fields he fac'd the Armed Foe;
Or from diſaſtrous War endur'd diſtreſs,
That could no Greatneſs of his mind ſuppreſs;
Who thus beholding the Commanded Files
Ordain'd to kill him by his Enemies:
And how amongſt ſpectators ſome there were
That for him wept, whilſt he did ſhed no Tear.

* This referrs, for want of other Room in this Poem, to the Tryalls of theſe two Peers before the then pretended High Court of Juſtice, which was Subſequent to the death of King Charles the Firſt, when Goring Earl of Norwich was ſav'd (as was thought) by the favour of Lenthall, Speaker to the Parliamentary Uſurpers, but the other, the Lord Capell, Sentenc'd to death, whoſe Heroick Speech and End is well known to Story.

With

With an Erected Countenance thus ſaid,
Death's ghaſtly proſpect no ſurprize has made
In *Lucas*, who would not by Mercy Live,
If Begg'd to take it, which the guilty give.
Nor can their Guns or all their pointed Steel,
Give me more wounds then gladly I would feel:
If killing me they would their Crimes relent,
And to their Injur'd King, on Knees, repent:
Then bids 'em boldly ſhoot againſt his Breaſt,
Whilſt in his Looks ſuch courage he expreſt,
As Valiant * *Sceva* did for *Caſar's* ſake,
When he by Num'rous ſhot did Life forſake.
Next whom, ſtout *Lyle* his Tragick Scene muſt end,
By the ſame Guns that ſlew his Valiant Friend.
Death he before had wiſh'd, as he beheld,
In Cruel Fight, his Dear *Flavira* kill'd,
And had from Loves Impulſe then ſought to dye
By deſp'rate charges of the Enemy:

* A Famous Commander under Julius Cæſar highly renown'd in Story for his extraordinary Atchievements and Fortitude at his death: to whom Heroick Lucas may be deſervedly parallel'd.

Had not his Loyalty and publique Spirit,
Been more endear'd by him then his Loves Merit.
Not much he ſpoke, reſolv'd that Actions more
Should win on hearts, that would his worth explore:
Aud witneſs how brave Subject and beſt friend
In him conſpicuous were to his Lifes end:
Who as he *Lucas* body did perceive,
Lying near the place where death he ſhould receive,
Often he kiſs'd his friends yet dying Face,
And whilſt he kiſs'd his Eyes ſhed Tears apace.
Then with expanded Arms their ſhot receives,
As his laſt word his Murtherers forgives.
Thus dy'd theſe Chiefs, above what verſe can blaze,
At leaſt ſuch here, as would Inſcribe their praiſe
Longer then Sculptur'd Lines in Marble tell,
How Glorioufly at * *Colcheſter* they fell.

---

* Where King Charles the Second ſoon after his Reſtauration, in Honour of their Memory, erected a ſtately Monument.

The TENTH BOOK.

The Argument.

Wars laſt great ſtake at Colcheſter *thus won,*
The Bloudy Armies Inſolence Improves,
As on the Houſes Members they Impoſe,
And violate the Treaty with the King.
In ſhape of Friend the Devill Cromwell *Tempts*
By wickedeſt Ambition to aſpire.
The Trayt'rous Court and Characters deſcrib'd
That Murder'd by their Doom K. Charles *the Firſt.*

THE Army Leaders who by Faithleſs guilt
Had Cruelly Heroick Bloud thus ſpilt:
Soon fonnd how Engliſh hearts their deeds did hate,
And wiſh'd the Authors an accurſed fate.
T'Imprifon'd King, whoſe Soul had hop'd to hear
Some happy progreſs of that furious War,
(Which his Brave Subjects for his Scepters Aid
And pers'nal ſafety Loyally had made)

Too ſoon, alas, deſcern'd the ſad Novell
That told what them and *Colcheſter* befell,
And how the Valiant *Lyle* and *Lucas* were,
In Cold Bloud kill'd, by Conquering Rebells there.
Heroick *Capell*, *Goring*, and of Fame
A many Chiefs whom verſe here needs not name,
Forc'd to ſurrender and attend the will
Of Tyrant Subjects as they'd ſave or kill.
Which Tydings *Hammond* by the Juncto made
Their Sovereigns Jaylor, boaſtingly convey'd:
In hope that Grief his Kings Soul might depreſs,
As his Tongue durſt theſe Horrid facts expreſs.
Whilſt Guns, for wicked Joy, from *Carisbrook* Towers,
And ſhouts of Foes divulg'd theſe dreadfull Hours.
The Royal Breaſt where ſtreams of ſorrow flow'd,
Above what Parent e're for Children ſhow'd,
Piouſly did in Secret Thought complain
That he ſhould Live, at that Time, King in vain:

* A Caſtle in the Iſle of Wight in which the King was then in Priſon, and had been there Reſtrain'd by Hammond for ſeveral Months before.

Since

Since Heaven did not his Sword and prayers allow
Mighty enough the wicked to ſubdue.
Whilſt grievouſly reſtrain'd, he heard the Sounds
Of his beſt Subjects deaths, and Kingdoms wounds.
Wiſhing that Heaven had his Lifes end decreed,
When Braveſt Men for his juſt cauſe did bleed
At *Keinton-field*, or *Naſeby's* Fatall Toyls,
Where as a Soveraign Chief he led bold Files.
Or if Clandeſtine Fate muſt be his doom,
Why did not * *Ralph* to kill him ſooner come,
Or was diſcover'd e're his Piiſtoll ſhot
King *Charles* had ended by their ſhorteſt Plot;
Then to their ſhame let him ſurviving ſee
A longer ſeries of their Villany.
Happier he thought was Second *Edwards* fall,
Or *Richards*, next to that, deplor'd by all:

* This Heinous Traytor had been employ'd by ſome of the Army to Piſtoll the King in Carisbrook-Caſtle, where he was reſtrain'd; but as he endeavour'd to make two Gentlemen his Aſſiſtants, that there attended on the King, he was diſcover'd, and accus'd by them: but in that wicked Time found favour enough to ſave him from death contrary to his demerit.

Since

Since by a quicker guilt, uſurped Power
Forc'd on their diſtreſs'd Lives their dying hour.
So Seldom priſon'd Monarchs period have
Other, then Murder'd laid within a grave.
Yet how'ere dreadfull unto humane ſenſe,
Such terrors might their diſmall ſhapes diſpenſe,
He Judg'd, in Prince, 'twas next the Sin of Fear
To apprehend Fates ſteps, however near;
If Impious Men who had no right to Live,
Could killing power unto Deaths Scepter give.
Reſolv'd, what'ere his foes 'gainſt him deſign'd,
His glory to his Soul ſhould ſtill be Joyn'd:
Confirm'd by patience full to undergo,
What Royall fortitude could ſuffering ſhow.
And as theſe words unto himſelf he ſaid,
A Circling Flame around his head diſplay'd;
If not ſome brighteſt Angells ſpreading wing,
That did to him Caleſtial comfort bring.
As thus the King divinely great here ſpent
Severeſt hour's of his Impriſonment:

His

His Loyall friends, far more concern'd then they;
Fear'd that their Soveraign would ſoon Murder'd be:
As Fame's bold Tongue diſpers'dly did relate
Deeds that Conſpir'd with that ſad Juncture's date.
And as ſwift means ſuch horrors did convey,
By Fatall accident they paſs'd a way
That near was unto *Roſalin's* abode,
Where then her Woman walking on a Rode,
Had met a Paſſenger that did declare
How *Lucas* dy'd and *Lyle* at *Colcheſter*.
She having been by Wiſe *Hermander* taught
That by her means no Tydings ſhould be brought
Unto her Lady, that her heart might grieve,
Or worſt of wounds for *Lucas* death receive.
This prudent Female having theſe words weigh'd;
T'amuſe fair *Roſaline*, on purpoſe made
A ſtory, that no other ſtreſs diſplay'd,
Then that great *Lucas* was by Foes decree
Baniſh'd his Country for his Loyalty.

Having

Having on purpoſe ſo contriv'd this Tale,
As't did not only *Lucas* death conceal,
But to her Lady apt occaſion give
To travel, where ſhe thought he yet might Live.
When *Roſaline* did graciouſly Addreſs
All that her thanks and wonder could expreſs
Unto *Hermander*, bidding him farewell;
And next declar'd ſhe was reſolv'd to dwell
By choice an Exile in Outlandiſh Clime,
Hoping abroad to hear in happy time
Of her Lov'd *Lucas*: where her womans Care
Long kept ſad Truth from coming to her ear.
But how her perſon ſhe diſpos'd when known
His fatall Loſs, or how ſhe did bemoan
Her Lov's Misfortune, verſe can't fully ſay,
Or in what Cloyſter was her ending day.
Thus Nobleſt paſſions deepeſt did deplore
The Impious progreſs of Uſurping power:
Whilſt in this Nation no Juſt ſtate of Life,
But did Lament that War's prodigious ſtrife.

When Haughty *Cromwell* did in Embrio Lay
Aſpiring thoughts, to riſe a future day.
If he could firſt his Soveraigns Life deſtroy,
And next by Bold degrees his Throne Injoy.
To aid which ends he Bloudy Men Cajol'd,
That for King-killing were alike him Soul'd.
But theſe thoughts cans'd ſome ſtrugling in his breaſt,
As guilt of Conſcience would have them ſuppreſt;
Tho' at a time when his proud heart was Swell'd,
By routing the Scotch * Duke, and riſings quell'd
Throughout the Nation, which the Royall ſide
Did unſucceſsfully that Seaſon guide.
One Evening as he Towards *London* went,
Pondring paſt deeds and what to come he Meant:
His Inward horror did his Soul aſſail,
And 'gainſt his dire ambition did prevail
So far, that now his haughty Minde did yield
To force of Conſcience all his Boſom's field.

* At Preſton in Lancaſhire, where Duke Hambleton was defeated by Cromwell in the year 1648.

And as he thus awhile had walk'd alone
Near to a lofty Grove perceiv'd by None:
Fix'd to the Ground, on ſudden, his feet ſeem'd,
As he upright then ſtood in trance, or dream'd;
Amaz'd his looks, erected was his hair,
Like one that did ſome diſmall object fear.
When for more wonder round him figures ſtood,
That from their Boſom's t'wards him ſpouted bloud:
Like ſtreams that from the Marble Image flow,
Whoſe Sculptur'd ſhape does ſome fam'd perſon ſhow.
Their viſage reſolute as he had beheld
Them fighting, or in furious Battle kill'd.
But as amongſt theſe he did * *Cavendiſh* view,
And ſaw the wounds that his brave perſon flew;
And call'd to mind the whiſper that he gave
Which caus'd the death of this Illuſtrious Brave;
As he unlors'd Surrounded was by Foes,
And ſtead of quarter received killing Blows:

* Which Noble Gentleman was ſaid to be kill'd by the Secret Intimation of Cromwell to his Souldiers, when he might have ſav'd his Life.

Unto remorſe his Soul did him affright,
And ſeem'd to wiſh he never more ſhould fight.
Admiring that throughout his wicked part,
No Sword or Bullet had yet Pins'd his heart.
Thus far did ſtrength of Conſcience over-rule
Horrid Deſignes of his Aſpiring Soul,
Inciting him to hate his former Cant,
And Specious guilding of his black Intent,
Whence he might Simulations paſt deplore,
And vow by which he promis'd to reſtore
His Gracious Soveraign when at * *Redding* he
Weeping aſſur'd that act of Loyalty.
Whilſt Conſcience thus her Enſigns had diſplay'd,
And by reſiſtleſs Oaſets victrix made:
He thought he now could happily awake,
When all theſe figures that before did take

* At which place Cromwell having formerly fix'd the King by his Contrivance at Holmby, where he was kept and attended by Commiſſioners of the then Parliament, he ſolemnly engaged at Redding to reſtore him: Inſomuch as this afflicted Prince ſaid openly, if Cromwell had a Soul he ſhould be reſtor'd to his Throne.

Their Sanguine Station to affright his eyes,
By ſaddeſt Inſtance of their Tragedies,
Appear'd no more, nor had left ſigne of Bloud
Where he thought they had round him bleeding ſtood.
At which rejoyc'd, on Bended knees he pray'd
That their death's guilt might not on him be laid.
And thus his Crazy Conſcience for a while
Paſt deeds reſented, and the wicked Toyl
Deſign'd by him in future, 'till his eye,
As he was kneeling, did to wonder ſpy
A Throne, that from Earths Bowells ſeem'd to riſe
Adorn'd with all Majeſtiqne Dignities.
At which, tho ſomething penitent in Trance,
He could not chuſe but caſt a Liquoriſh Glance.
As when a Wolf does ſée his belov'd prey,
He Licks his Jaws and turns his Eyes that way;
Altho' his Entralls had been Clogg'd with ſtore
Of Carnage that he had devour'd before:
So did this Man, as he the Throne had view'd,
Aud from that Object appetite renew'd.

But as he ſaw the Bloudy ſtreams and Rills,
That ſprung from Vales as well as higheſt hills,
Till Joyn'd in Current, 'twixt him and the Throne,
They in a Crimſon River ſeem'd to run.
This Viſion more then t'other him affrights,
Who thought it caus'd, to tempt him, by Hells ſprights.
When three times a ſtrong voice bids *Cromwell* come,
And boldly ſeize a Royal empty Room.
I can't, he anſwer'd, and behold this Scene
Of Horrors, to my Conſcience, Intervene.
Then Conſcience, not Ambition is the Choice
Of Haughty *Cromwell*, Laughing ſaid this voice.
Next perſonated unto him appears,
And with a * Friends embrace this Chief endears:
Having in Soul, a Patriot been, ſome ſay,
That had in Body fought a certain day

* The Devill who in the ſhape of a dead friend, more to Inſinuate his Execrable Deluſion and Temptation, is thus ſuppos'd to have appear'd to Cromwell.

At *Chalgrave-field*, and there did wounds receive
That did his Mortal life a period give:
Bidding the Mighty *Cromwell* from him know,
That there was no ſuch thing as Hell below:
Or Malefactor damn'd at *Pluto's* Court,
Which he aſſur'd, and ſmiling made his ſport
At all ſuch Tales; Nay ask'd him if he thought,
As he his figure freely to him brought,
That Souls had ever felt Infernal pains,
Or in Hells *Newgate* dragg'd about their Chains.
Who without leave, if call'd by Grand Import,
Can to aid Mortalls Night and Day reſort.
Then handing *Cromwell*, howe're yet in dream,
Boldly Conducts him o're the bloudy ſtream;
Bidding him look if Sanguine Tincture lay
Upon his perſon as he paſs'd that way.
The Chief admir'd to ſee on him remain
No ſpot, as he through Bloud of Thouſands ſlain

Had

Had thought he mov'd; and to the Feind declar'd
That Fopp-like Dreaming he had Conſcience fear'd;
Which never more enfeeble ſhould his mind,
Or from his Speech a Nomination find,
Other then as he'd ſpeciouſly Cajole
Such Factions, as for ends, he meant to Fool.
Then ſwell'd in heart upon the Throne he ſits,
Where being Rob'd, Hells ſprights, like to ſome Witts
Whoſe eloquence did him in future treat
When he with Grandeur took his Princely ſeat:
In Long and Short Robes did they Reverence pay:
As ſome did there both Canting ſpeak, and pray.
A Monſtrous Regiſter of Hells vaſt ſize,
That was to Book and Proclaim deſtinies,
Which by Fates Rigid Sifters had been ſpun;
To Crowds of Ghoſt, with a hoarſe Gyants Tongue
Declar'd, the Engliſh Nation to deſpight,
That Mighty *Noll*, the darling Son of Night,

After his horrid deeds did height obtain,
Should Bloudily Five years Protector Reign.
Which words pronounc'd, Dark Vapours overſpread
The Surface, with which Miſt-like vaniſhed
The Throne and Viſions, as himſelf he found
Stretch'd out, like to dead Corps, upon the ground.
Till waken'd from his Trance, by ſome ſuch Wind
As bluſtring * *Eolus* did for him find,
When on his dying day the tumbling Sky
Did rowl his Soul to ſad Eternity:
Upright he boldly ſtood, and hop'd the Noiſe
Did but reſemble future Cannon Joys:
Which from this Viſion he judg'd ſhould ſucceed,
As he reſolv'd to heighten wicked Deed;
And by his daring Spirit Ghoſts affright,
If they ſhould him deterr by day or night.

* Poetically taken for the God of Winds; and by the ſubſequent Verſes is here Intentionally deſcrib'd the prodigious Tempeſt at the death of this horrible Uſurper.

Like

Like one, whoſe fortune and his utmoſt good
Could have no other Fond then deeds of Bloud
To diſpoſe perſons for his purpoſe fit,
He well Cajol'd the Men of Impious Wit:
But moſt the Arm'd, of whom then many were
That o're their Nation ſtrove to domineer.
But leſt they ſhould not to his methods Bend,
As to aſpire above them was his end,
He covertly does that Ambition Guide,
And ſeem'd but Inſtrumentall to their Pride:
As their bold Power ſhould King and Laws take down,
And be Joynt Sharers of a Conquer'd Crown.
Soon with him *Ireton*, *Lambert*, *Harriſon* joyn'd,
And others that as heinouſly combin'd:
To whom this falſeſt Man, thus Glozing ſpake;
How great I would your approv'd Valours make
Heaven is my Witneſs, as I zealous pray,
And ſeek God with you our ſelected way:

If words of mine can prompt you to be wiſe,
And from Inferior Orbs to higher riſe,
As you may ſpoils of Majeſty ſoon ſeize,
And feaſt at will in Royal Palaces;
Where your briſk Wives with an exulting flame
Shall you Embrace, and in their Queens Beds Teem.
Church and Crown Lands we will make ſpoils by force,
And Command Senats by bold Foot and Horſe:
If firſt the Soveraign owners bloud be ſpilt,
And 'ſtead of us, on him laid this Wars guilt.
From which bold deed ſuch powerfull rule will ſpring,
As ſhall have Riſe from us without a King.
Theſe words when heard by men who before ſought
How vile deſigns might be to Iſſue brought,
Like Harpies waiting for a Luſcious prey,
Agreed to fill their appetites his way.

Who

Who tho' their Maſters with the King then were
In * treaty to prevent all future War;
And near obtain'd ſuch grants as without ſhame
They could not Royal Condeſcenſions name;
When they ask'd more then Subjects did become,
And left for Kingly Rule a narrow room:
As Arm'd Uſurpers they all Methods break,
And once again their King a Pris'ner make.
Next purg'd the Houſe of Members that did own
Complyance by their Treaty with the Throne.
When a Caball of Traytors left behind,
Of their vilde Senate, horridly combin'd
How a Prodigious Court they might deviſe,
That ſhould the Murder of their King diſguiſe:
By ſuch pretexts as ſub'tly they'd Infuſe,
And that way People, the deed done, Amuſe.

* Which was held with the King in the Iſle of Wight by Commiſſioners from the Houſes, notwithſtanding which his perſon was ſeiz'd in the time of treaty by the force of the Army.

That fam'd * Appartment where to ſerve the State,
In happy times oft Lords and Commons Met,
And to their Loyall Glory did Confer,
On means to make Kings great in Peace and War:
Gave now reception to a Crew of Men,
Whoſe figures Liken'd Feinds in *Pluto*'s den:
When in their diſmall ſhapes they Councells Joyn,
And vent with Forked Tongues their black deſign;
Whilſt from Earth's deepeſt Caverns winds ariſe
That Sigh as they'd Alarum Earth and Skys,
By telling how Hells Boldeſt Imps Imploy
Wit, more then uſuall Wicked, to Deſtroy.
The Bloody *Cromwell*, in whoſe Direfull Face
His Nations Fatall Comet ſeem'd to Blaze,
Had Impious Men Inroll'd that by his skill
Were guided to advance his Monſtrous will.

* The Painted Chamber in Weſtminſter the uſual place for Parliamentary Conferences.

Ireton

Ireton his Gaſtly Son in Law Accurſt,
Prepar'd their Regicidall plotform firſt;
When *Hariſon*, a Butchers Son by Birth,
Cruell by Nature like theſe Sons of Earth,
And in Cold Bloud, as fame his figure draws,
Inſtead of Beaſts ſlew men to Glut his Cauſe:
Thought he poſſeſs'd deſervedly a Chair
Amongſt ſuch Regicidall Patriots there.
With whom had cloſe Caball'd the Plodding *Vane*,
Who had more Subtile Theorems in his Brain
Then Schoolmen teach when *Ubi's* they define,
Or Entities which no Space can Confine.
From ſome ſuch refin'd Siſtems perhaps He
Reſolv'd that Rules of State Immenſe ſhould be.
And if the Soveraign Power were laid aſide,
Deſign'd no order Longer ſhould abide
Then the *Ideas* of his Brain ſhould pleaſe,
That with no Government could be at eaſe.

Who

Who thought the Pop'lace but his Lump of Clay,
Which he'd, *Prometheus* like, ſtill mold his way.
And was for Pious phraſe and Mene admir'd
No leſs then if the Man had been inſpir'd.
Whilſt *Scot* and *Martin* who did not pretend
By Inſpiration Men or State to mend,
Did from their Vicious Taint and Lawleſs Soul,
Avow that Change was Luxury of rule:
And thought new Government was like freſh Choice
Of Women they'd Laſciviouſly rejoyce.
And as this Luſtfull Tenent they explor'd,
In fancy they with the Republick whor'd.
Thus theſe debauch'dly had their Wit employ'd
That the beſt King and rule ſhould be deſtroy'd,
By ſuch pernicious Maxims they'd convey,
And *Martin* us'd at this Courts Meeting day:
Letting 'em know that in lowd Vulgars Name
They muſt their Sovereign, e're deſtroy'd, defame;

And if the Charge, by which King *Charles* ſhall dye,
Be call'd the Peoples, who dare ſay we Lye.
Well, Anſwer'd *Harriſon*, thou haſt deviſ'd,
For which thou Merits to be rebaptiz'd
Amongſt the Godly unto whom I Preach,
And to aſperſe the Man did ſuch words teach.
Nor can ought * blacken more his Rule and Fame,
Then to fall Charg'd in the Lowd Peoples name.
Thus they conſpir'd as each here took their ſeat,
Where Regicides with plaudits them did Greet:
And fully Number'd, by their Mutual Vote
Did *Bradſhaw* their grim Preſident promote;
Whoſe pettyfogging Genius ſoon embrac'd
That wicked Grandeur howe're Law debas'd.
Which tells that if worſt Cauſe be gainfull found,
'Twill want no aid from Malefactor Gown'd.

---

* The very wicked Expreſſion that Harriſon was charg'd with at his Tryal when Condemn'd for this Execrable Treaſon.

Hugon

Hugon in Black Coat like Hells Peſtor there,
As Feinds, 'tis ſaid, ſometimes that Livery were,
Diſſembling of a Goſpell Mene and face,
Pray'd for their ſakes without all ſenſe of Grace.
And had 'twas thought by help of Witches ſpell,
Who was his Punck, tho' Succubus to Hell,
Convey'd with Scripture ſuch Preſtigious ſenſe,
As more Inflam'd their bloudy Impudence.
This vaſt ſtupendious wickedneſs thus lay'd,
Whoſe Horrors did all Loyall hearts Invade,
And like worſt prodigies that Men amuſe,
More then unuſual terrors did Infuſe;
When ſome by grief were Metamorphis'd ſo,
As they Gray-hair'd before their time did ſhow:
More ſtunn'd with ſorrow then in that ſad day
When *London* in vaſt heaps of Cindars lay,
And Crowds by Millions did with dread retire
To Fields, where Bedleſs they deplor'd the fire;

Hopeleſs

Hopeleſs that from her aſhes e're ſhould riſe
A Fairer *Phœnix* to delight their Eyes.
In Zeal to *Weſtminſter* a many went,
At Sacred Tombs of Sovereigns to Lament,
Doubting that Foes preſumptuouſly would be
With Royal Reliques there at Enmity.
Or worſe then *Goths* or *Vandals* ſoon deſtroy
Repoſe which duſt of Monarchs did enjoy.
Tho' to their wonder each Effigy'd Face
Of Kings ſhould weep, to pitty this King's caſe:
And the Fam'd Virgin * Queen with Bluſhes ſhed
Tears, in her figure, on her Marble Bed.
One Man that Night who from devouteſt Zeal
Found means a while his Perſon to conceal.
Addreſs'd to Holy * *Edwards* ſacred Shrine
For Saint-like aid unto the Royal Line:

* Queen Elizabeth.

* King Edward the Laſt of the Saxon Monarchs, and for his Holineſs of Life Sirnam'd the Confeſſor.

When

When he conceiv'd a Voice thus to him ſaid,
Heavens high permiſſive will muſt be obey'd,
Nor think Great *Charles* leſs Glorious ſhall dye
Then Martyr'd for his ſteady Piety.
Whoſe Faith, tho' not call'd by Catholique Name,
Shall have a Univerſall Chriſtian Fame.
And from the Merit of his Sacrifice
Agrandiz'd ſhall the Engliſh Scepter riſe;
And in a Second *Charles* and *James* dilate
Above what e're in Britiſh King was great.
Theſe accents utter'd, or elſe fancy'd ſo,
As Thought ſometimes may future things foreſhow,
This devout perſon from the ſhrine retir'd,
And as Heavens words th'Imagin'd ſpeech admir'd.
Thus holy Men ſought Comforts from above,
Whilſt Impious hearts were eager to remove
The Life of Majeſty, and next that deed
Settle a Deform'd Rule without a head.

Crom-

Cromwell, whose Cous'ning face could Laugh or Cry,
As Grave or Comick was his Villany,
With feign'd Humility did them desire,
Not in the least to judge he would aspire,
But serve their Common ends, like one that fought
To raise their State, whilst he no greatness sought;
Who to no Annalls did pretend or Line,
That could him more then private Life assign:
Wishing his Wife and Children might partake
No Blessing, if sincere he did not speak.
Thus he allur'd 'em, whilst his Inward Soul
Smil'd to think how he'd their Ambition fool.
And now their Bloudy Court presum'd to sit,
Where *Bradshaw* Mouth'd what he and they thought fit:
Like Judge to *Pluto* was he seated there,
And Men, that Feind-like his Pack'd-Jury were.
Furious his looks, his Gown high Crimson Red,
Who sate for Bloud and suitably was clad.

If Poets paſt had like this heard of Court,
Their Indignation had rais'd their tranſport
Beyond what they of *Stygian* Monſters tell,
Whoſe loathſom rout Tribunalls fills in Hell;
And had, inſtead of thoſe, to us deſcrib'd
The Repreſentment by Imps here Contriv'd:
Since never of Hells deeds, or Earths 'tis read,
That Goblins there or here ſo Judg'd their Head.
Yet worſe then ſuch this wicked Court durſt do
'Gainſt the beſt Prince till then the World did know.
Th'Excellent King being brought unto this place,
Where none of them deſerv'd to ſee his face,
With reaſon, as Majeſtique as his Cauſe,
Baffl'd their Senſe, and ſhew'd to them his Laws.
But this muſt not confute their horrid Crime,
However Monſtrous left to future Time:

When

When ſoon their Haughty * *Minos* did reply
That they could O'rerule pleas of Majeſty,
By power, which they held much a finer thing
Then yielding due ſubmiſſion to their King;
Yet could not better reaſon for it give,
Then that it might with Vagabond Commons Live;
As theſe courſe repreſentatives in fact allow'd,
Who had no other title to their Crowd.
Whilſt their Sollicitor, Sputtering *Cook*, did plead,
That Juſtice was by them too long delay'd:
And of his Lordſhip much did it intreat,
To make their farce-Tribunal ſeem more great.
As thus Currs did the Royal Lyon bait,
And by their forked Tongues deſign'd his fate,
Far more Inglorious then the pointed ſteel
That *Caſar* did from *Romes* pack'd Senate feel.

* Feign'd by Poets the Judge of Hell, and may in ſome ſort reſemble Bradſhaw Preſident of this wicked Court.

None there was found that durſt by Loyal Speech
This horrid Courts high wickedneſs Impeach:
Untill a * Lady did with Grandeur ſay
Words, that her Husband ſhould have own'd that day,
By which, ſhe did, unto their guilt, imply
Their bold Contempt of Royal Dignity.
So far the Woman did the Man out-do,
Whoſe power could not correct their fury now.
Above Treaſons height this Court ſoon Sentence paſs'd,
Deeming time long whilſt their Kings Life did laſt:
That at his end, Regalios of the Throne,
By Sacrilege before that time unknown,
Might with Church-Rapines to them Incom's yield,
As if the ſpoils of Heaven they'd won by Field.
The Rebell Soldier who from Thirſt of Gold,
And Lawleſs power, thought conſcience richly ſold,

---

* Wife to the Lord Fairfax, General of the Army.

Conducted

Conducted by the Scum of Humane-kind,
That on State Ruine had their rife deſign'd;
By ſound of Trumpet and by beat of Drum
Prepar'd for Triumph, when the hour ſhould come,
In which by a New-Modell'd Jewiſh way,
The King, their Nations Saviour, they would ſlay:
And like Unchriſtned Files when Martyrs fell,
His Bloud by parcells for their Lucre ſell.
To faſt and pray their * Leaders durſt pretend,
When to no rules of Heaven their Souls did bend:
And could their prayers ſo horridly Intrigue,
As they ſtill more Improv'd with Hell their League.
And ſince by Upſtart force they much had won,
And Men of place and dignity undone;
They defy'd Scutch'ons becauſe never ſaid
That Coats of Arms had Rebells famous made:

* Who for the moſt part were the meaneſt of their party, and of Low Extraction.

Or ſuch, in Birth, did with Plebeians ſhare,
And ought, by right, to be diſarmed there.
Yet this truth could not their courſe Pride abate,
Who raiſed were, in ſpite of Fame, by Fate.
Their Rampant Wives and Daughters that before
Had never comely Tire or Garment wore,
Now pamper'd with beſt Meat and pleaſing Wine,
Choſe their Gallants, and, Lady-like, kiſs'd fine.
As thus deprav'd of Mankind did aſpire,
And by their Monarch's death ſought to riſe higher:
The Gen'rous Engliſh, who in Field before
Had bravely fought to aid Majeſtique power,
Now being confin'd to homes and full oppreſt
By Methods which the Juncto's Votes expreſt:
Wiſh'd that their ſep'rate Numbers could unite,
And tho' diſarm'd with Armed Rebells fight.
When many hearts that had before endear'd
The Senates Cauſe, Abhorrers now appear'd,

As

As of that Body was a Faction made
Of Men that endleſs Scenes of Miſchief laid:
And had appointed by their heinous power,
To the Worlds wonder, their Kings dying hour.
One worthy perſon who ſometime had been
A bold Complyer with the Houſes Sin,
At Midnight time did to the place arrive,
Where a Caball was ſitting to Contrive
The Circumſtance and manner of this deed,
That to the Nations ſhame was to ſucceed.
Half Naked was he, upright ſtood his hair;
And like diſtracted Man his Eyes did ſtare:
Who to them theſe words ſpake———
Dumb for ſome days I've been, and at this time
My Speech reſtor'd by Heaven to ſpeak your Crime.
Too long alas, as my wounds may declare,
I was aſſiſtant to your Cauſe in War.

And now my Soul Englighten'd is to know
What guilt was Mine, and how much worſe you do,
As you to Supreme wickedneſs Aſcend,
And guide the blow meant for your Soveraigns end:
In hope to plume your Junctos Callow State,
Which before fledg'd ſhall with you diſſipate;
As your own Armd will fleight your ſway and birth,
And move you from your Seats with ſcornfull Mirth.
Does *Cromwell*, your *Vliſſes*, want deceit,
Or Soul that ſwells with hope of being great;
Tho' low your heads preſumptuouſly he lays,
And for his Brow Uſurp Imperial Bays.
But when his Bloudy Rule ſhall have an end,
You ſhall with one another next Contend;
Till Anarchy, the Leveller of State,
Does give your confus'd force a finall date,
As unto Royal Power without won field,
Your Armed Bands and Nations hearts ſhall yield;

Deſtin'd

Deſtin'd by Heaven, as its reſtoring day
The Throne ſhall have an Admir'd ſplendid way:
When Regicidall Patriots ſoon ſhall find
That 'gainſt their hearts an Arm of Steel's deſign'd.
This and much more to me by Viſion's ſhown,
Which I this dreadfull Night to you muſt own.
And if Fates terrors may your hearts unſear,
Or ſlack the Iron Crimes yet harden'd there,
Know with affright and ſorrow I beheld
Your quarter'd Limbs on Towers and Steeples pil'd.
And like your Treaſons height erected high,
Heads that on Bodies here I now eſpy.
And *Cromwell* think, tho' Death-bed end you'l have,
And with vaſt pomp born to an Uſurp'd grave,
Where for baſe Glory, amongſt Royal duſt,
Your Carcaſſe ſhall be impudently thruſt:
That Sacred Vault it ſhall not defile long,
Before thy Bones with *Tyburn*-Rebells throng.

And as thy head did Monſtrouſly aſpire,
Its Skeleton ſhall be advanced higher
Then any loathed Skull whoſe brain with you
Plotted both King and Nation to undo:
Till yours and their vil'd reliques to duſt fall,
As the Suns angry Eye will burn 'em all.
Enough I'ave ſaid, and if by heavens decree
I'm Dumb again, and ſtill ſo doom'd to be;
The Sacred Power that prompted this addreſs,
If penitence it does on you impreſs,
Will grant, for your ſakes, whenſoe're I'm dead,
That on my Grave that Epitaph be read.
The Cruel Grandees when they heard this ſpeech,
That did their King-killing deſign Impeach,
On which they plac'd their Avaricious aim,
And thirſt of Rule which did their hearts inflame:
They bit their Lips, and with a haughty frown
Denounc'd that he his Life ſhould ſoon lay down;

Till

Till when to their Loath'd Priſon him they ſend,
And haſten with more rage their Monarchs end.
Soon to the World did Fames loud Tongue relate
The Kings diſtreſs and his ſad Nations fate:
When Forreign hearts no leſs then Engliſh ſtrove,
For this Great Prince, to blaze their grief and Love.
As paſſionately their Souls did apprehend
That juſt dominion every where would end:
Since *Englands* rule in him, on Earth the beſt,
Could not upon its Royal Fabrick reſt.
Thus as the World had one great Mourner been,
And fear'd the dire effects of *Englands* Sin,
As Kings and Subjects did at once lament
The Horrid Nature of that Preſident:
Like which none burden'd e're the Tongue of Fame,
Or for Mans Overt-act had Treaſons name;
That 'gainſt all Crowned Heads durſt vent deſpight,
And vulgars give, to rule at will, bold right.

Allarum'd,

Allarum'd thus, Scepters and Mighty States
Soon own'd themselves this Junctos opposites.
Yet did to serve King *Charles* so condescend,
As, by their leave, their Envoys low might bend
To such who had no Right to seats they claim'd,
And for their Actings worser far defam'd.
But when the August Deputies appear'd,
And Sov'raign Rule before vile Grandees clear'd,
Letting 'em know th'injustice of their cause,
With its offence to Majesty and Laws:
By Natures Scepter to Mankind convey'd,
When the World her prime Monarchy obey'd.
Nor could they fetter Ligaments of State
Which Heaven did in the Souls of Men create.
Tho' Fortunes slur has on your Nation past,
When for your side Wars winning Dye was cast,
Expect that she will soon her mean cheat scorn,
Since you it rais'd, who to obey were born.

And

And if with due submission you'l rely
On duty, and your Princes Clemency:
Like Envoys from great States we'l Intercede,
And beg his Pardon for your boldest deed.
The Grandees stung to hear these words addrest,
Which in the Worlds large sense their guilt expresst,
Bearing their Noses high presum'd to say,
That of their power and right they'd judge their way:
What e're the dictates were that Forreign Prince
Or testy States by Narratives dispense;
Whose wav'ring Politicks, like Winds that blow
O're Seas their Envoys, back and forward go:
Whilst by a trifling Grandeur they afford
Threats by Legations when fast sheath'd their Sword.
Nor did we judge when our Votes did decree
The Ruine of the English Monarchy,
That Princes Souls, where State Intrigues reside,
Could be to Kings Misfortune firm ally'd.

Since

Since by their practiſed Maxims more they fear
A Monarchs Grandeur then employ their care
To ſupport Prince, whoſe power ſucceſsleſs falls,
Or rounded by Wars ſtraits for their aid calls.
This our aſſurance was when firſt we arm'd,
And next by bolder deeds the world allar'm'd;
When your great States were calmly lookers on,
Till our force had in field King *Charles* undone.
Nor fear we, as prov'd Legions us ſurround,
If denounc'd War on Sea and Land does ſound.
Which told your Maſters, Menacings they'l ceaſe,
And Court us next to be ally'd by Peace.
Thus ſpoke this daring Juncto, ſwell'd with Pride,
As Crowns and States with ſcorn they vilify'd:
Of which ſome where, as verſe muſt needs confeſs,
Who to their diſrepute did ſoon addreſs,
Below their greatneſs, ſuch barefac'd Intrigues,
As did with theſe vild Regicides make Leagues.

And

And ſhews that Kings diſtreſs'd like other Mortalls find
The Courtly World in words, then deeds, more kind.
Great Brittains Queen who left no means untry'd,
That on this high concern could be apply'd;
Which ſhe from Mighty Potentates obtain'd,
O're whom ſhe judg'd her Royal Husband Reign'd
A King of Hearts: And hop'd that ſhe might hear
(Since for his Life Crowns Interceſſors were)
Such comfort as would in her Soul allay
The diſmall thought of his Lifes ending day.
But finding that unhappy rumours flew
With ſad Novells, unto her grief found true;
Her Soul, Heroick highly prov'd before,
Had choſe that juncture to avow it more,
By all expreſſions that a Royal Wife
Could make to ſave her King, or with him end her Life.
Who thought it was too Womanly to own
That death ſhould her deſtroy by grief alone;

Or

Or not ſalute his Lip his dying day,
And next his fall ask death the ſelf ſame way:
Of her Kings vile Condemners did deſire
* Paſs-port to him, and with him to expire.
This offer, (tho' the Queen had been decreed
By them to dye, as they durſt vote the deed)
Was held too great for their Senſe to allow,
Who wiſh'd her dead but fear'd to kill her ſo.
Thus was the Period of this mighty King,
Whoſe end Three Kingdoms did to ruine bring,
Preſented by all ſuch unhumane ſpight
As could diſplay Men Monſters unto fight.
When on a Scaffold rais'd by Crimſon guilt,
The Sacred Royal bloud was to be ſpilt;
As in diſguiſes, worſe then Hangings bear
When Ruffian Murderers are figur'd there,

* To which purpoſe the Queen ſent a Letter to Lenthall, the then Speaker of the pretended Houſe of Commons.

Two Perſons were in Beards and Vizards found,
More dreadfull look'd then *Bradſhaw* had ſat gown'd:
Deſign'd by wicked Execution to compleat
What he pronounc'd on his falſe Judgment Seat.
By armed files that were to ſee him dead,
The Holy King to this dire Stage was led.
Who but a Biſhop, whom his Soul had choſe
For his Attendant, then deſir'd to uſe;
When ſtanding on this Peerleſs Trayt'rous floor,
His Royal Speech corrects their guilty power:
Whilſt glorioufly, exceeding humane Race,
Appear'd his words, his geſture, and his face.
The Antick Villain, who the Axe muſt hand,
Embolden'd was to ſtrike by his Command.
So highly great does his End raiſe his ſtory
Above what could have been his Earthly Glory:
That even the Tragick Theatre of his fall,
Adds reverence, by his death, unto *Whitehall*.

FINIS.

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